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one officer who can devote a large share of his time to advancing its interests and those of local organizations which may enter the confederation. The A. S. A. should stand to local societies, in a relation analogous to that of the General Government toward the several States, and needs the services of an executive, who shall combine wisdom with zeal, courage with caution, patience with perseverance, enthusiastic devotion tempered with discretion, and a respect for Spiritualism, profound, yet free from superstition.

Having secured a working force through accessions of members to the parent body, first of individual members and then of affiliating societies, the A. S. A. will be strong enough to begin work in directions most pressing. In the meantime its mission must be to a considerable extent, one of education. That is to say, it must agitate the subject of organic work, and through its friends on the platform, in the lecture room, in the home, in the Spiritualist press and on all proper occasions, strive to call attention to the desirability of organization, both general and local, upon one common basis, for common purposes. Honest objections must be kindly met and removed; the fears of those who have escaped theological bonds and whose undue timidity causes them to draw back from all co-operative effort, must be patiently handled and effectually dissipated. The abnormal individualism so strikingly prominent among Spiritualists—in common with other free thinkers, must be modified; and every agency calculated to round out and even up individual character, should be actively and continuously employed.

The American Spiritualist Association should at once be made a legal, corporate body with all the powers and privileges granted to religious and philanthropic organizations, in order that it may have a standing in the courts and be able to hold property under the most favorable conditions. An active correspondence should be at once inaugurated for the purpose of organizing new State associations and securing charters of those already in existence. During the coming year the work must be largely in the direction of building up and strengthening the parent body, and aiding the formation of State and local societies; all this must be done before the real work to be accomplished by organization, can be fully entered upon.

The work of a well equipped Spiritualist organization is so stupendous as to preclude more than the briefest outline this morning. Various activities should be entered upon at the earliest practicable moment. Among them a plan for aiding lecturers in securing lecture circuits, which shall give them continuous employment with the least possible expenditure of time and money in travel; this may be done through a branch to be known as the Lecture Bureau, or otherwise; but care must be exercised that speakers seeking the aid of the Association are qualified both morally, intellectually and spiritually, to reflect credit upon the Association and the Cause. The most pressing demand from the inquiring world is: Give us honest, well-developed mediums, those who can not only through their medial gifts satisfy us of the continuity of life beyond the grave, but whose moral and spiritual equipment is so pure and elevating that every home shall be the purer and better for their presence! Give us mediums for whose integrity, veracity and moral character you can vouch; mediums with well disciplined wills, who can withstand temptation and aid us in bringing about our homes the purest, most angelic influences of the Spirit-world.

In every quarter we hear of confirmed Spiritualists, some of them able exponents of the spiritual philosophy, who, against their desire, are being, one by one, forced to affiliate with some one of the liberal Christian sects. Prompt steps must be taken to arrest this tendency and retain this desirable constituency, where it can be made to conserve the best interests of pure Spiritualism; and this can be done. It will be accomplished when conviction reaches them that through the efforts of this Association, a permanent and congenial spiritual home will be opened to them; where they can associate with those striving to lead moral, upright lives; and study the problems of Spiritualism in the right spirit, free from all bigotry, superstition and narrow sectarian spirit.

We greatly need a school for mediums, where the inexperienced sensitive may learn all that shall tend to make him or her as perfect an instrument as possible, and where they can be taught how to attract only good and wise spirits to them; and to successfully repel degrading influences, whether from mortal or spirit sources. Only by systematic, well ordered, intelligent, scientific methods can mediums be developed to their best capacity; and thus only can they be effectually defended, protected and encouraged. It is now an indisputable fact, proven by long and careful experiment and observation, that indiscriminate charity, bestowed spasmodically and under the impulse of emotion, tends directly toward the increase of poverty and crime. A lesson to Spiritualists is contained in this fact which need not be here enlarged upon and is only alluded to, to incite reflection; all can readily see how it applies both in the social and moral phases of life.

Yesterday my esteemed friend and fraternal co-worker, J. Frank Baxter said: "We need organization; but how?" He but voiced the conviction and desire of tens of thousands. When a need exists the only true way is to go to work in a determined and manly fashion to supply it. That all the details of organic effort may not be clearly discerned at first, should not deter us for a moment in making the attempt. Let us subordinate undue individualism, let us make up our minds to join hands with all right-minded, order-loving Spiritualists who can agree upon fundamental principles, as surely all such can, and hold in check all individual opinions where it can be done without violating any essential principle of morality. In this way we shall differentiate the good, that worth preserving and cultivating in Spiritualism, from that less good, inherently bad and deserving of suppression. Then shall we see in the not distant future a reasonable fruition of our hope; then shall we have solved the query voiced by Brother Baxter; then shall we have triumphantly shown how to do it!

DR. J. K. BAILEY.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, the next speaker, said he had for years been in favor of organization on the basis of the Declaration of Principles at Sturgis. The earnest, though small number at Sturgis, determined to make an effort to inaugurate a movement in the line of practical organization; they claimed to represent only themselves, and the sentiment and hope of many intelligent Spiritualists who had expressed desire for the attempt. And it was not then, nor is it now pretended, that the American Spiritualist Association is a completely representative national body.

It is only an associated effort of American Spiritualists to band themselves together in systematic and organic effort to present and promulgate the truths and import of rational Spiritualism. While they hoped to incite local effort and organization, it was not expected, in his opinion, that this body would undertake more than incitive and advisory methods and help to bring about the needed result of systematic and general organization of local societies. These societies may, or may not, establish a national, representative body, either by the modification of this, or the formation of one which might naturally grow out of the movement. From his standpoint it seemed absurd to fear to undertake organization lest we should thereby become sectarian. Every one who believes in the principles he proclaims, is in a sense a sectarian, as he has a creed. Some Spiritualists are very much afraid of a creed—your creed is simply your belief, nothing more and nothing less. Creeds in the past have been adopted and proclaimed as for all time; but we believe in progression and do not put up a creed that shall bind us under all circumstances and for all time. Human ambition and human selfishness ever seek to grasp power; but Spiritualists need have no fear of an oligarchy in this plan of organization; the Constitution provides that the officers of the Association shall be the servants, not the masters—they are to carry out the will of the Association as it is expressed from time to time.

MRS. LITA BARNEY SAYLES OF CONN.

succeeded Dr. Bailey, and spoke as follows: It is conceded by a thinking portion of the law-abiding class of Spiritualists, that some consolidation is desirable to the accelerated success of the movement. Many years ago we had a flourishing organization which was, however, swamped by coming into the possession of some who were not law-abiding. Two years ago there was a gathering of friends at Detroit, Mich., who took counsel together and drew up a declaration of principles and defined the objects and aims of the proposed organization. These were afterwards clarified and improved when the A. S. A. took life at Sturgis, and accompanied by the President, Mr. Jackson, who is present with us, have been printed and scattered through the country, arousing much thought and interest, and to-day we meet together in furtherance of their work.

The question before us to-day is: "How shall we proceed;—what are the best methods to insure success?"

"In union there is strength," and for this reason the thirteen original States of this Union became federated. While individual effort must not be underrated nor suspended, yet in the aggregated power of the multitude we gain a prestige that shall speak in thunder-tones, and command attention, when the individual would fail. The effect of the "still, small voice" should not be depreciated, but the Czar of the Russias had to be blown into eternity by dynamite, before the ear and heart of the world could be attracted to listen to the pitiable condition of the Russian people. We may justly pride ourselves upon a civilization which ought to adopt wise and peaceable methods, to command the same attention, for we live in a land where the voice of the people is expressed by the ballot, and not by bullets or dynamite.

It was said by friend Baxter yesterday that the need of organization was fully recognized by most people, but the best manner of effecting this was not clear to him. It must be accomplished by individual effort, and may I say that one so potent and so gifted as himself, may, if he chooses, be mighty in his utterances, to guide and educate the people into the necessity for this combination. He declared himself well convinced of the desirability of concerted action; it seems only needful that he iterate and re-iterate this, giving his reasons therefor to the many audiences before whom he appears to awaken interest in the subject, obtain membership and the promise of intelligent and hearty support. If we gain the active interests of the speakers at present occupying the platforms of our societies, we have the most useful auxiliary that we may desire. The literature of the Association in shape of leaflets or tracts or newspapers should be in their hands as an assistance.

This is the first step in organization; educate the people to see that the combined efforts of all will aid the Spirit-world to accomplish their projected work, very much quicker than individual action alone can do. The two worlds must act in harmony in order to purify and elevate and enlighten the denizens of each, for both worlds interact upon each other, and aid, or destroy the other spiritually. When people become thus assured of the wisdom of concentration in effort, they will just as naturally gravitate toward it, as the iron follows the loadstone.

Organization is the need of the day—not as an ultimate, but as a means to an end, as have all the organizations of the past proved to be. Spiritualism belongs to no sect, it can have no creed save the recognition of the fact of spirit intercourse,—it is of the eternal verities, and from the home of spirit which is within us, and before us, and above and around us,—we cannot bind it,—we do not wish to do so,—it enters every home and sits by every fireside, and it has come to stay; it shows itself by the side of the rich and the poor alike; it brings life and consolation to the living as well as to the dying; it is at home in the church as it is in the beautiful pine groves of Lake Pleasant; it had no beginning and shall have no ending, for it is inherent in all things. It is the heaven which, hid in the three measures of time, shall eventually reveal the whole lump—the spirit of truth and love. Let us as Spiritualists, awake and be earnest in our efforts to aid to the best of our ability, the day when justice shall be done on the earth. And in up way can we do this so effectually as by thoroughly organized co-operative effort.

The next speaker was

MRS. M. H. FLETCHER OF LOWELL, MASS.

who said she had not been so long in the work of Spiritualism as many present; but she knew a little of Spiritualism and its teachings, and she believed it to be one of the noblest truths that has ever been given to men and women. She knew of large numbers of Spiritualists in Lowell, but they have no meetings there, except when some one gets so hungry that he or she gets up a meeting. If they had an organization they could have meetings every Sunday, as well as the church people. We ought to come together and reason upon this important subject that pertains not only to the life beyond, but to this life; for the nobler and truer we live here, the nobler and truer we shall be hereafter. We should have some way of standing by honest mediums, and then we should not have so many vile ones crowding into our ranks. Mediums should be educated to discriminate as to what was told them by spirit, and reject that which was wrong and untrue. They should not listen to low spirits. If a medium does a mean thing, it is all the meaner to lay it to the spirits. Mediums

should not lose their identity. She deplored a spirit that would lie just as much as a mortal that would lie. This national Organization is for the good of Spiritualism—for the needs of spirits in this world and in the other.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

Judge Bailey now suggested that the subject under discussion was not the need of Organization, but how to proceed in the work of the Association; and he would request that the speakers confine themselves to the discussion of this question.

MRS. MAUD E. LORD.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord expressed her pleasure in listening to what had been said from the platform and her desire for organized effort on the part of Spiritualists. "Spiritualism lacked the dignity it might have if it possessed an organization. One of the troubles of many mediums is that they are nonentities; and this demands that we should have some organized effort which can protect and educate them. Unless the Spiritualism that is in our midst shall lift us up and broaden us, it is nothing. Better that we form into a strong Association to which mediums can point and say: 'That is what we are working for.' She had been interested in the work of Spiritualism for twenty-four years, ever since childhood. She would have all hearts united in this great effort. She thought there was no place so well adapted for increasing the power of this Association as Lake Pleasant. She believed the angels would be with us in the work; she believed we had good people with us. She prayed for the kindly working of every well disposed person to disseminate the truths of Spiritualism. Spiritualism is not iconoclastic, but seeks to build up all that is good and true, and to hold up the weak of purpose.

Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles then presented the report and resolutions of the business committee.

On motion of Dr. Bailey the Resolutions were considered separately. Judge Bailey moved that the first resolution be amended by inserting the clause: "that it be also the duty of this committee to seek to aid in, and promote the organization of societies in their several localities." As amended the resolution reads:

RESOLVED: That the Association shall at its election of permanent officers, choose a Committee of Correspondence whose duties shall be to solicit membership and contributions for the printing and distribution of literature; who shall also render a monthly statement of the condition of Spiritualism in their respective localities, and make any suggestions that they may deem requisite therefor; that it shall also be the duty of this Committee to seek to aid in, and promote the organization of societies in their respective localities. The President is authorized to add to this Committee at his discretion. And further, that the Association issue a large edition of its Principles, Objects and Aims, together with the circular address of the President, which has been already printed, and other tracts and leaflets upon the subject, for distribution.

The resolution as amended was adopted. After some discussion, it was voted on motion of Mr. Bundy that the remaining Resolutions be laid on the table and taken up the next morning.

The Association then adjourned until Saturday morning.

THIRD DAY'S SESSION.

The third session of the Association opened with singing by the Glee Club, President Jackson in the chair.

The first business before the Association was action on the resolutions offered by the business committee, which had been laid on the table at the previous meeting. The resolutions read as follows:

Resolved: That we recommend to Spiritualists generally to organize local societies based upon the Declaration of Principles of this Association; suggesting, to avoid expense, that these meetings be held at different homes until some other means present themselves. That we recommend the establishment in all communities of social societies to promote pure social relations, humane and charitable work, and the dissemination of spiritual knowledge.

Resolved: That we encourage the education of children in spiritual truths, and in our theories of religion; and also that we recommend the formation of classes in Physiology, Hygiene and the Natural Sciences.

Resolved: That the Association elect a Committee whose duties shall be to avert, and change, obnoxious legislation and to further that which is essential. A discussion followed in which Mr. J. Clegg Wright, Miss A. M. Beecher, and Mr. Hudson Tuttle participated.

Mr. Wright thought the subjects treated of by the resolutions were of extraordinary importance. The growth of any movement depends upon the energy put forth in promulgating its fundamental principles; and in the fundamental principles of modern Spiritualism you have something more than speculation. You have the science of observation and experience. Organization comes to develop the philosophical expression of reason. It is to get an intelligent expression of the thinker, who is always wanted. Organization is not destructive of the thinker, nor of mediumship, which can never be destroyed by any organization. You cannot change the laws of nature; but you can make conditions which will enable you to explain the phenomena. Your liberty and your conception of its necessities are all expressed in the formula which you call your constitution; and it is a misconception that any body's rights can be trampled on by an organization based upon free thought. No danger can come where the people have the free expression of opinion; where there is a breath of liberty, despotism cannot live. Where a man or woman has something to say to the world, the world wants to hear it. No organization can stop it; organization will extend its power. Organization is not destructive of liberty, nor will it crush free thought; but it comes to preserve order and intellectual life. By strict discipline the Roman character grew in solidity, developed in power, and conquered the world. The speaker admired the conflict caused by intellectual differences. He wanted a man to be able to do more than merely assent. He could reverence a man who could contribute to the consolidation of the reformatory movement. A man who has something to teach is heroic to his age. Organization cannot make a man a genius, but it can make conditions for him to be heard. Spiritualism is for organization and organization for Spiritualism. A party, a clique, anything partaking of the character of division, can have but one part in the great revolutionary and evolutionary thought of the day. Combativeness is necessary to free thought, for in this way new thoughts are born. It is in fighting that we grow in the furtherance of thought. You need tools, and you want the best tools of expression that can be provided. The world has written down its successful efforts; learn from the lessons of history. Learn to venerate truth and character and inspiration as necessary for the permanent promulgation of the science of modern Spiritualism; and remember that age and length of service are entitled to respect in this movement. Young men should remember that hard workers have gone before, that hard battles had to be fought thirty years ago. Reform does not mean destruction of the old; it does not mean trampling upon others. The

young men need the enthusiasm that their fathers had in order to carry on successfully the work that the fathers in the movement began. The speaker wanted enthusiasm in the matter of education. Let your mediums, said he, learn that a thing nicely done is better than not nicely done; and let them aim at the best way of doing their work. Culture is the order of the day. Conquer the intelligent men of your day, and the unintelligent will follow. Present your philosophy in an intelligent style and the world will feel the power of progressive thought.

Miss A. M. Beecher, the next speaker, said the fact of organization had already been established. The next thing was to discuss the efforts to be put forth. The Resolutions in question dealt with some of those efforts: That social societies shall be formed for the promulgation of pure social relations. One of the stock objections to organization is, that it is going to push out somebody who feels that he has just as good a right to a position as anybody else. You can't mix oil and water. These social differences will right themselves, if you let them alone—social attraction will do all that is necessary. The frequenter of the groshop will not find your society congenial; and it is useless for you to stoop to him. These Resolutions require us to form societies to promote pure social relations; and let each member of the Association be pure and look to the purity of his or her own character. By being pure you exclude no one; the impure exclude themselves. The question might come up as to what spiritual truth is. It might perhaps be defined as any truth that elevates the spiritual above the material. For the promulgation of these truths, the Association is formed. We do not give the world a religion; we do not give the world a theology in these truths; nor is it necessary that the words, "God," "angel," "spirit," be used in teaching them. You find them written all over nature—in the hearts of men, in the lives of men, in the faces of little children.

The speaker would have the children instructed in the natural sciences and in the theological theories of the past, that the child may himself draw a parallel between the irrational theories of the past and the rational theories of the present. Charitable associations are desirable. The word charity means a great deal. We have it defined as love and also as benevolence; the two should be correlative terms. We are apt to misapply the principle of charity. We should mean the kind of charity that takes every man and woman by the hand; but not the kind that covers up any kind of rottenness—that kind destroys. The whole system of education should be made practical. Classes should be instructed in the laws of health, that we may live properly and give to those who come after us a heritage of strength—physical, intellectual and spiritual.

MR. HUDSON TUTTLE.

Mr. Tuttle said he had no expectation of being called upon for remarks; he had come for the purpose of listening. He had felt the need of organization during the many years he had been in the Spiritualist ranks; and he had been actively interested in different attempts at organization in the past. Had seen these organizations start up, grow apparently strong, and then go to pieces. But this should not discourage us. Organizations must not necessarily be eternal. The organization dies when its use ceases. The educational branch of Spiritualism had his heartfelt endorsement. He wanted organization to preserve our Spiritualism. In the past, there was a great gulf between us and the churches. Now the churches have got about all of our Spiritualism; and if we don't look out they will get all of it. He wanted to have it gathered up before the Universalists and Unitarians and Free Thinkers should get it away from us. He was proud of the name of Spiritualist.

The old theology teaches that everything noble and grand comes from heaven, from God; that man is a miserable worm of the dust. The old system has all from without; the new system has all from within. Man is his centre; all that we put forth is in the interest of man. The speaker knew nothing about God; as a finite being cannot comprehend the infinite. He felt infinite reverence, but he could not comprehend. Everything that is good comes out of man; and let us know enough, and we will do good. If we fail, it is because we don't know enough; not the fault of morality per se. So let us go to work to know something.

The speaker contrasted the system adopted at the Spiritualist Camp Meetings with that of Chautauqua. The Spiritualist lecturers are expected at such meetings to lecture on nothing but Spiritualism—nothing on science and the live issues of the day. In this way, the meetings instruct nobody. But at Chautauqua the people go there to tell how much they know; that is doing something; it is work. He considered some of the topics taken up at Chautauqua rubbish; but the general system of organized work, he regarded as admirable. If the members of the Association come to Lake Pleasant simply to talk the matter over and don't work, nothing will be accomplished by their coming together. They must take what they learn home with them and put it into practice. The small number of workers should not discourage them. He presumed that many of those present claimed to be Spiritualists. They had heard the raps and seen the shadowy dead form; but that is not Spiritualism; it is simply an eye-opener. Man stands between two lands; he has got to begin his education here. If he has reason and intelligence, it is his duty to cultivate them and fully understand all his powers. Spiritualists have got to do something worthy, not merely to point the finger of scorn at church members. The church member might say: "Look at that man; he is a Spiritualist, and yet he is as mean and selfish as any one else. What is his Spiritualism good for?" If you don't carry it out in practical life, your Spiritualism will fail. You have men in your ranks who know something, who will take hold of this educational branch if you will give them the lead. You can make Lake Pleasant a school of culture, as they do at Chautauqua; avoid the rubbish that is taught there. But there are truths as infinite as God; we want the teaching of these truths inaugurated, and we want to inaugurate in a modified form what is known as the "Chautauqua System."

The Resolutions were then adopted.

Dr. J. K. Bailey offered the following resolutions which were adopted:

Resolved: That we have received with fraternal appreciation Mrs. E. D. Smith and Mrs. Sue B. Fales who have co-operated with us as delegates from the Southern Spiritualist Association, and

Resolved: That the suggestions made toward consolidation with that Association, are worthy of earnest thought; but the time is not yet ripe for such a step, as it cannot be taken with propriety except upon co-incident objects and aims and sameness of declaration of principles.

Judge Bailey offered the following resolution:

Resolved: That this Association will accept the services of lecturers who can within their respective

districts, enter the field to lecture for the Association and the good of local societies.

Adopted.

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN OF ENGLAND, expressed her interest in the work proposed by the Association and hoped those present would manifest their interest in the work by "thought, hand and pocket." Mrs. Britten was pressed to speak at length, but having only just arrived after a long and dusty journey, she begged to be excused.

After a short recess to enable those present who so desired to join the Association, the election of officers for the ensuing year took place. The following were unanimously elected: President, J. G. Jackson, Hockessin, Del.; Vice President, Dr. F. B. Spinney, Detroit, Mich.; Secretary, F. N. Pennock, Kennett Square, Penn.; Treasurer, John Winslow, Bristol, Conn.; Trustees, J. B. Young, Marlon Iowa; H. V. Ladd, Brooklyn; Newman Weeks, Rutland, Vt.; J. C. Bundy, Chicago; Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, Killingly, Conn.

On motion the Secretary was instructed to send to each member of the Association a list of the officers with their post office addresses that correspondence may be opened with each. The Business Committee offered a list of names of persons to act as correspondents for the Association. After some discussion and the addition of other names to the list offered, Mr. Bundy said that the selection of such names required consideration, as while every member would undoubtedly be willing to undertake the work, if business and time permitted, some persons could not give the attention to the matter; he would suggest that members present who were able to undertake the work, should volunteer as correspondents; and he would recommend that every member of the Association consider him or herself a member of the Committee and write every thing of importance, while it is fresh in their minds, to the Committee on Correspondence.

It was then moved that the Association resolve itself into a committee of the whole to correspond with the President on all matters of interest that may come within the experience of each member during the coming year. Carried.

The thanks of the Association were then tendered to the secretary and treasurer pro tem, Mr. David Jones and Dr. Ripley for services rendered; and also to the New England Association of Spiritualists for kindness in granting the use of their grounds, and to the Amphion Glee Club of Troy, N. Y. The meeting adjourned sine die.

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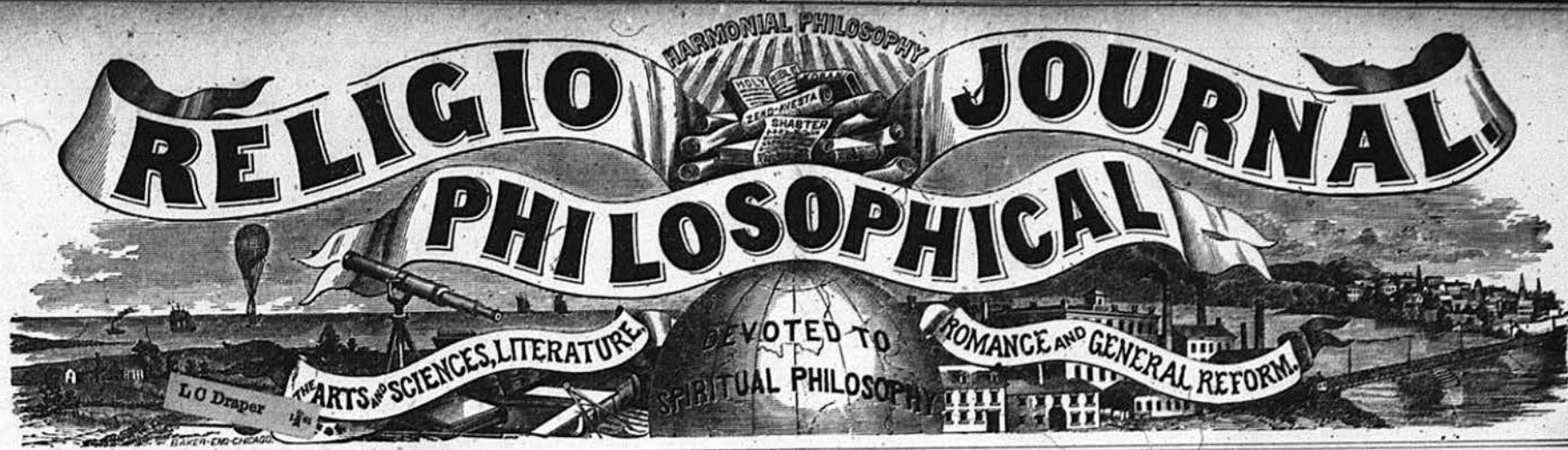
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THE GOLDEN RULE OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Lecture Delivered at Lake Pleasant, Camp Meeting, August 26th, 1884, BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Six hundred years before Christ, Thales, the Greek sage is recorded as saying: "Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing." Five centuries before, Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, said to his disciples: "Do to another what ye would he should do unto you. Thou needest this law alone; it is the foundation and principle of all the rest." The Golden Rule: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets," was not first spoken by Jesus, but was seen by others and expressed even among widely different races of men. I accept the inspiration of these sages, so far ahead of their times that even yet we fail to catch the full meaning of their words. The shepherds tending their flocks by night on Syrian plains, may not have literally seen the flash of a great light, and still illumine the world, and their voices, chanting the refrain of the purified, float across the ages. The sweet melody of their words speaks of one divine brotherhood with these great souls of light—earth's saviors! They stand like Pharo's light on the headlands overlooking the stream of human progress. I am thankful for one and all, and my breast swells with gratitude for all they have done and dared. Sages, heroes, martyrs, men of deeds, and men of thought; their radiance blends from the horizon of the past, like the countless orbs of the milky way.

Their strength was in their self-sacrifice. I recall their teachings and their lives, to find they devoted themselves for the good of others. They crushed instinct beneath the iron heel of the spirit, and opened wide rifts through the clouds of selfishness, revealing the possibilities of human nature.

The followers of Jesus have been content with the Golden Rule, forgetting that he fashioned his own life after a higher ideal. The teachings of his life as recorded in the Bible are a nobler and higher motive. It is because of this grander life that he has become the ideal of the hopes and aspirations of a great civilization, and the light from the ignominious Cross increasing over the wide expanse of eighteen hundred years, beacons the nations toward the highest conduct of life.

The secret of his power lies in the depths of his love, expressed by the ashen lips of mortal agony: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Not the grandeur of his moral precepts; not the profundity of his intellect; not the brilliancy of his eloquence, but in the self-abandonment in the love he bore for others, lay the talisman of his power. I care not if the existence of Jesus be denied or proved to be a myth, there yet remains the eternal fact of this ideal which is new and distinct for every soul, and in the full measure of it all men: what they ought to become, and what they are capable of becoming. In an age of iron, when the law said: An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood, he said: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he trespass against thee seven times in a day and turn to thee saying I repent, thou shalt forgive him."

THE DOCTRINE TAUGHT BY THE DISCIPLES.

When he sent forth his disciples to preach the gospel he held out no earthly reward, only loss. Position, honors, home, friends, all men hold dear, were not to be theirs; but, on the contrary, scorn, contumely, hunger, thirst, poverty, stripes, and death. The Church at Jerusalem was not supported by the sale of pews to the money changers, nor did the Young Men's Christian Association at Corinth call Peter or Paul at a salary of two thousand a year to minister unto them. Paul was not sent to Rome by a Mission Society. In the application of the Master's principles he swerved not from their most refined significance. Charity, which is another name for love, "suffereth long, and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not, is not puffed up, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, endureth all things."

The recorded life of Jesus transcended the Golden Rule, that would have us do good that good may return to us, and thus is rooted in selfishness. We recognize the fact that if we do wrong to others, they will return wrong to us. As we desire others to be just to us, we will be just to them. We should not do right because it is for us to do, but because of our own gain. We must not do that which would be unpleasant to have returned. We must not take our neighbor's goods, because we do not wish him to take ours; we should be injured if others bore the same on us. Lavishly as the Rule has been praised, ideal and Utopian as it has been deemed, it is the outgrowth of selfishness, and has the flavor of earthliness, which Jesus discarded by word and deed. He is represented as saying: "But love ye your enemies and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the highest; for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." Judge not and ye shall not be judged; condemn not and ye shall not be condemned; forgive and ye shall be forgiven; give and it shall be given unto you."

Is this a practicable morality? Practicability is not a measure of absolute truth, and these high truths came down from a higher sphere of light. No one will dispute their practicability in a purer and less selfish condition of life. How is this better state to be gained, unless these principles on which it rests are brought to the point? There is, however, no truth which is impracticable. The adoration of mankind of those who have devoted their lives for the good of others, proves that truth, however Utopian, can become a part of practical life—practical life as typified in the life and character of Jesus, idealized as a sacrifice for the sins of mankind. He lives in the mind as its highest, purest aspiration. He is the perfect, unselfish One to whom it bows in reverence, because such embodied love and self-sacrifice is Divine. The silver tongue of oratory need never be silent in words of praise; the poet may idealize the painter at no loss for a subject, for this quality allies Jesus to the celestial.

It allies not only Him, but all like Him. Six hundred years before his time, Lao-tze, a Chinese, uttered the same doctrine: "The sage does not lay up treasures. The more he does for others, the more he has of his own. The more he giveth to others, the more he is increased." Eternal words of wisdom, for the more he sage teaches, the more perfectly does he understand his own doctrines.

BUDDHA.

To another people Buddha said: "A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love. The more evil comes from him the more good shall go from me: the fragrance of these actions always redounding to me; the harm of the slanderer's words returning to him." "Turn aside evil with that which is better," wrote the Arabian seer in Al Koran.

The Bhagavad-Gita, the most wonderful portion of the Mahabharata, the perfect blossom of Hindu intellect, triumphantly holds aloft the stern mandate of duty, the triumph of the pure spirit over the animal and selfish nature. The mission of Christ was to teach self-sacrifice, and it is well we have such examples, even if the gods punish them. Rather should we say, such examples are so essentially Divine, we defy the actors. Bhrengoo, a celebrated saint, tested the divinity of Christ by a kick, knowing that if he resented, he was a pretender. Christ examined the foot of the saint saying: "This breast of mine is extremely hard, you must have hurt yourself." Then the saint wept, knowing indeed he had found his master.

IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

Not alone with the deified sages, but penetrating the stratum of lower animal life where we recognize with pleasure its dim beginnings, the mother bird exposes herself to the storm to protect her cowerling young, or feigns wounds, and diverts danger to herself while her brood escape; and the tiny sparrow wins our respect, braving the hungry hawk. The fidelity of the dog is sung in verse and told in story; the geologist dealing in prehistoric sepulchral caves, exhumes the coarse skeleton of an early man, and by his side the skeleton of the dog which kept him company Affection, unselfish, fossilized in stone, telling us that even in that remote age, on the very threshold of man's advent, the fidelity of animals was appreciated. The dog watched by his master's grave, or as a spirit passed to the happy hunting grounds of the blessed, there to pursue the deer or engage the mighty bear, at bidding of his master and friend!

THE FOUNDATION OF HEROISM.

Self-sacrifice is the aroma of every day life; its ideal side relieving its rough realities. It is the foundation of true heroism and the hero

worship. It is a quality common to mankind, and prominent in proportion to spiritual culture. The names of the devoted the historian has recorded with grateful pen, and the poet sang in glowing measure: Paulus Amilius refusing to desert his fallen soldiers; Regulus advising his countrymen, and returning to Carthage to meet the tortures prepared for him; the Howards, the Nightingales, seeking the suffering in prison, the wounded and plague-stricken on the field of battle, an endless host, who cast aside personal ease and comfort that they might administer to others; these humanity reveres and loves.

The story of Leonidas and his Spartan band, at Thermopylae, will never grow old; not simply because they fought the Persian host, but for the motives which caused them to stand a rampart of flesh, and thus show by example to their countrymen the path of duty. It is a kaleidoscope, with variations, repeating the same story of the saviors, sages, martyrs, and the God-men who have by their lives and deeds given mankind the ideal of a true life.

Prometheus, chained on Caucasus, suffered that the people may enjoy the light of the gods, or their knowledge. To die for others! How the deed overshadows all deficiencies and exalts human nature. Mankind are loyal to their martyrs and suffer not their names to pass into obscurity. In the hour of great national calamity, when a gulf opens, which must be closed or the people perish, a noble deliverer comes to the call and fills the breach with his life. Rome, assaulted, finds an Horatius to defend the causeway to her imperial gates.

The great truths of the world have been heralded by men, clear-seeing, far-sighted, in the van of the race. Often have they died for the truth, loving their fellow men so much better than themselves they were willing to give their lives that they might be led to higher planes of thought.

LUTHER.

They, like Luther, could not rest under the burden of the great truths which struggled for expression. Emperor, king and pope were overruled, and the poor monk commissioned by his inspiration was greater than them all. When examined before the edict of Worms, his faithful friends saw before him the tortures and death of Huss; will he go? "I will go," he said, "if there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the house-tops." Alone he braved the temporal and spiritual rulers of the world. Said one in admiration of his heroism, touching him on the shoulder as he passed in the anteroom: "Little monk, little monk, thou hast work before thee that I and many a man whose trade is war, never faced the like of." In the enthusiasm of battle, the glory and heat of combat, before enlivening armies and nations, men rush on death. Luther stood almost alone, the representative of a cause already accused by the pope, amidst an assembly the majority of whom considered the stake his just punishment. Defeat, infamy, torture, and ignominious death, the curse of the Church, the hatred of posterity, were before him; yet, exalted by the truth he had proclaimed, he answered the demand to recant: "Popes have erred, councils have erred. Prove to me opt of scriptures I am wrong, and I submit. Till then my conscience binds me. Here I stand. I can do no more. God help me. Amen."

But at the close of that stormy day, the conflict over, and he was alone, he flung up his hands and cried: "I am through! If I had a thousand heads they would be struck off one by one before I would recant."

The fate of civilization turned on his brave answer, in giving which he sacrificed everything men hold dear, and laid his life on the altar of truth. That act has endeared him to the generations of four hundred years. The names of many superior in scholarship and culture, who attached to his cause, yet stood temporizing, explaining and compromising, are recorded, but for them is no attachment, and their simple names alone remain. There can be no compromise with error except by falsehood and ignominious loss of manliness. His was the courage and devotion to principle of Polycarp, bishop of Africa, when brought before the Roman tribunal, and commanded to recant his belief, and sacrifice to the gods of Rome. Although he knew that the Amphitheatre thronged with a mob gathered from the confines of the empire, and the hungry lions awaited him, he answered: "Burn my body to ashes and scatter them to the winds; throw me to the wild beast; I never will renounce the truth."

IN THE HUMBLE WALKS OF LIFE.

We need not search the pages of history for examples of self-sacrifice. They are seen in the everyday life of most lowly persons, for say as you will, it is love for others and not self that rules human actions at their best.

To bring the comforts of home, the warm hearth, the generous table, the means of enjoyment for wife and children, the sailor braves the sea, the miner delves beneath the earth, the citizen paves his task. The mariner goes out from the haven of home to a succession of battles. Oh, the suspense of the moment when he watches the approaching storm! Around him is perfect repose; not a breath of air, and the ocean at rest. The great sails are bound to the spars, and made ready for the encounter. The low moan of the whirlwind comes over the tremendous sea. Then the sun is blotted out. It is night, with crash of thunder, and shriek of winds, and roar of waves. Darkness above; darkness below; darkness around, through which comes the shriek and roar of wind and wave. The giant elements on the one hand, on the other,

heroic; keen of sense, quick of resolve, and indomitable courage.

Sometimes these men, strangely silent men, who have become so through the solitude of the night watches on the lonely reaches of ocean, are called on for a desperate courage, even to the death. On the vast solitudes, with sail nor land in sight, a cry goes up appalling as the word of doom—a dreadful cry, at which the blood stands still, and the breath ceases on the parted lips. Then the humblest seaman often places himself in the rank of earth's noblest ones.

When the "Ocean Queen" was burned, John Maynard was at the wheel, and steered for the not far distant shore. Three hundred passengers gathered on the deck, their lives depending on his remaining at his post. Could he, would he remain? The throbbing engine labored on, and held the ship to her course. The flames pierced the deck and wrapped him in lurid smoke. "Steady, John!" the captain spoke, and out of the flames a voice calmly responded, "Steady it is."

"One minute longer, John; can you remain?"

"Aye, with God's help I can."

One minute and the keel, harsh grating, drove high on the shelving sands, and on the beach three hundred saved called for the hero who had rescued them from death. Wrapped by the flames as by a mantle, his attitude expressing the last great resolution which held the ship to her course, his hands burned to the wheel, scorched and blackened as the crumbling pilot-house about him, they saw John Maynard; saw him only for a moment, as with a smile of victory he sank out of sight forever.

A tale comes from the far off Orkney Isles, washed by a sea restless with storms. A young girl watched her father's coming up from that terrible sea the long night, to go down in the cold grey morning to find him in the wrack of the tide, with the broken tiller in his rigid hands. That was fifty years ago, and ever since, her life has been consecrated to the toilers of the sea. As a light could not be kept on the reef, she placed one in her window, and all these weary years she spun each day to buy the candle she nightly burned to guide the fishermen into the little harbor. Not a night of all those fifty years did its flame fall; those who in the darkness battled with the storm. Such are the promptings of unselfish love in its ministrations for the good of others and forgetfulness of self. A candle gives a feeble light, yet it may guide as well as the far penetrating beams of Eddystone.

She grew old, but refined and beatified by her divine office, and adored by the northern people as one far more of heaven than of earth.

Genius is but another name for self-sacrifice.

Pestalozzi, who exemplified in his devoted life his teachings, said of the wonders he wrought: "All this was done by love, which possesses divine power if we are only true to the right and not afraid to carry the cross." Here lies the subtle charm of genius, removing it above the mask of common life and setting it as a star in the heavens. The child expressed this profound principle when to prove she had met a change of heart she said: "I feel all the time like giving my best things to my sister."

PERVERSION BY SELFISHNESS.

Wide and pure men saw redemption only through the power of love, and on this basis founded their systems, but always their followers misinterpreted them, and sought to extend their doctrines by force. The cunning of the brute triumphed, and soon the gentle power of persuasion gave way to that of animal might. It is said that in the islands of the far off Southern seas, when the chrysalis of a splendid butterfly is almost ready to expand its magnificent wings, a fungus fastens on it, and by filling the whole body with its roots, changes it to wood. The resemblance is perfect, but the indured shell contains no living butterfly that will float on the soft air like a wind-blown leaf, and gather the nectar of the flowers.

If a similar manner the fungus of ignorant selfishness fastened on the doctrines taught by Christ, and converted them into a semblance and a shadow. The history of the Church became the record of atrocious crimes against man in the name of God. Hatred, scorn, envy, the serpent brood; insidious, creeping, slimy with poison, hissing the venom of falsehood and slanders, became the leaders of the cause. They twined around the Tree of Life, and hissed amidst its blooming spray. They blighted the good and fair, and banished joy from the heart. I have no desire to present the terrible panorama of religious history; the struggle of civilization against the power of hydra-headed superstition, bigotry and intolerance; we can only exclaim, poor humanity, how dreadful has been thy martyrdom at the hands of self-appointed agents of God!

The law of Love has been held in abeyance to the law of force, and after almost nineteen hundred years the result is around us: penitentiaries, workhouses, jails, saloons, and places for which there is no name—poverty, crime, monopoly, and waste. The vast and complex machinery of government by force, a system of coercion, without a shade of mercy, and in attempting justice ever, shamefully unjust. A great criminal class rapidly increasing, scorned, despised, and ready to retaliate for injustice done to them. The failure of so-called religion to reform and purify, has opened the way for science, and in the latest development of evolution, races

have a system of morals based on Materialism, hard and unfeeling as granite.

IT IS THE ETHICS OF ABSOLUTE SELFISHNESS. Whatever morality there is in Materialism is expressed in the doctrine of evolution in its ultimate conclusions. When it enters the realm of mind, of motive, and attempts to account for the origin of the moral and emotional faculties, it introduces a cold, hard, and impassive view of man's relations to his fellow man, founded on absolute selfishness and ending in self gratification. Those who are conversant with its teachings on this subject, conscious of the drift of argument, shrink from the inevitable conclusions to which it invariably leads: The acceptance of such a view has not an elevating tendency, as they apologize for crime, if it can be shown that the crime is in the interests of advancement; and as success is the criterion and strength, the jumble, these terms are synonymous. When pain ceases to be repulsive, the fine sense of justice is lost. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest in the fierce struggle for existence in its application to the world of living beings, is as heartless as the course of revolving worlds, and as remorseless in its destruction of the weaker. It prepares the way for the study of morality after the same fashion, and when it enters that province it eliminates feeling, sentiment, and love, and substitutes crystallized selfishness.

Many shrink from the conclusions to which this theory logically leads, though there are those who bravely follow. If progress entails the necessity the destruction of inferior forms, and the same forces in history determine the supremacy of nations and races, the strong triumphing over and crushing the weak; if this is the creative plan, why mourn we over the inevitable? Why seek to shield the weak against the strong? Why exercise charity toward the oppressed and unfortunate? All these unselfish feelings are sentimental nonsense, unworthy an evolutionist, who should calmly fold his hands in regard not only of brute ascendancy but of intellectual, moral, and spiritual growth. By treating these as resultants of animal observation, they are ruled out as factors in the problem, whereas they are fundamental quantities in this vast equation.

The day has gone by when the drivellings of a mind, distorted by self-emasculation like Rousseau's, can gain a following in his praise of the superiority of the savage state. The trained senses of the savage, or his physical strength, are not superior to those of civilized man, who enjoys a greater length of life, and the oft-repeated assertion that increase in inverse ratio to intelligence is a most palpable misstatement. The ignorant are controlled by instinctive desire, and rear numerous children without forethought or care; while the wise control their desires, and rear children only when wanted, and as they have the ability to properly care for them; but the highest intelligence yet attained has not furnished the least evidence of diminished prolificacy. In fact the most recent views of the proper means of securing the most perfect health and longevity is by a rounding out by culture of all the faculties in harmony. Mental activity is not opposed to, but on the contrary, provocative of, health. The statistics of those engaged in purely mental pursuits, and the average number of their children conclusively shows that their longevity is greater, and that there is no appreciable loss of increase; yet these examples by no means represent the best results possible to achieve by a proper culture of the physical and intellectual powers in harmony.

Hence it is not necessary to rely on the brutal qualities of selfish brain and muscle to continue the race, and when knowledge and spiritual perception lead in the struggle for existence, the winner is not the strongest brute, but the noblest, purest spirit. The humanities are more potent than the brutalities. Love in its high qualities of doing for others, of charity, philanthropy, and self-devotion, destroys the doctrine of selfishness expressed in "progress by antagonism" so far as man is concerned, the agony of weaker races expiring under the pressure of the stronger; the starvation of the incapable; the suffering of the unfortunate, and the complacency the vivisectionist looks on the spasms of the animal tortured by his knife,—he assures himself that these are inevitable results. To pity is weakness; to sympathize, foolishness; charity belongs to childhood. He worships the strong, the triumphant. Public charities, argue the evolutionists, are mistakes, attempts to elevate inferior races, follies quite as great as for a philanthropist to attempt to preserve Surolo or Saurians of the early geological ages after higher forms had taken their places. What use of sustaining the incapable when the capable can take care of themselves and are of sufficient number? The failures best perish, the sooner the better, and why prolong their existence by charity? Alms are a premium on inferiority.

Here let us pause. Somewhere where man has become possessed of ideas of right and sentiment of love, the evolutionists claim these are the product of experience, and come from selfish consideration of what is for the individual's good. I do not care to analyze this perversion and sentiment; that they are ours is sufficient. I admit that in the struggle for the possession of wealth in its various forms, the old brutal plan of the strong, cunning, crafty, and treacherous against the weak, the unexpecting, is carried to its full extent. But I do not admit that this is just or in accordance with the highest motives of

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BY GILES D. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER V.

BENJAMIN F. WADE.

"Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,
More mighty is your simplest word;
The free heart of an honest man,
Than crowns or scepters of the great."

Benjamin F. Wade, United States Senator from Ohio, I knew well. E. B. Ward and Mr. Wade were warm friends, and no marvel; for they were alike in contempt of shams, in frankness of speech, in plain manners and large powers, and they held strong convictions in common. I was often with Mr. Wade. Some persons you see all at once; after the first interview they grow less rather than larger; with him it was the opposite, the more I knew him, the more there was of him. His hearty humor was always refreshing, his ready humor and quaint speech never failed, and the clearness and vigor of his views of men and things gave strength and instruction. He was one of the best judges of men I ever met, and would give the measure of the ability and reliability of public men with wonderful correctness. Especially clear-sighted was he as to a man's integrity. Not suspicious, but gifted with intuition; no double dealer could trap him with smooth words, or cheat him by any jugglery or sharp device. He saw the soul beneath, and so the smooth speech and the tricks went for nothing. He liked an open opponent, or a true friend, but a trimmer he despised, a trickster he held in contempt and would scourge stoutly. There was a flavor of healthy and wholesome naturalness in his ways. Once I told him of my long stage ride by the lake shore, from Buffalo to Ashabua, before railroads were built, and of the beating of the waves on one side and the roar of the wind in the forest, on the other, in the dark tempestuous night. "I travelled over that road before you, and I took the Apostolic way," said he. "What way was that?" I asked. "Afoot and without pack or scrip," was the answer. "What did you walk?" "All the way, over a hundred miles, and for a good reason, I had no money to pay for a ride." So he came to Ohio from the poor little farm at Feeding Hills, near Springfield, Massachusetts, without pack or scrip, and cheerful and hopeful trudging along in that wild region as he was in the Senate chamber. He had a hearty courage that never failed. He told me of going to a dinner at the White House, at which some twenty Senators and diplomats were present, with President Grant as host. Being the oldest person, he was seated by Mrs. Grant, and the talk around the table turned on the religious views of those present, all speaking freely and without controversy. Mrs. Grant says to him: "Where do you go to church?" and he replied: "I don't go anywhere." She was surprised, and said: "I know you are a good man, Mr. Wade, and I supposed, of course, you went to church. Tell me, please, why you don't go." "Well, I don't care anything about most of their preaching. I've been in this city sixteen winters, and I was never in a meeting house here. It's all right for others to go if they want to, but that's their affair, and the devil and all that stuff I don't care about, and so I stay away." "Then you don't believe in eternal punishment, in a devil?" asked his earnest questioner. "Why, no, how can I?" he replied, and she thoughtfully said: "Well, I have doubts myself."

He was charged with intemperance and habitual and vulgar profanity, never paying any heed in a public way to these charges. In 1868 he wrote a private letter to G. G. Washburn, editor Upper Sadsbury Republican (Ohio), in answer to one from that gentleman. Mr. Wade's letter was not published until after his death. He said:

"They speak of my profanity, which I utterly deny, to an extent more than is common with men of the world generally, though more, I admit, than can be justified. As to intemperance, it is all false. I do not believe I was ever intoxicated in the course of a long life, nor do I believe that in all that time I have ever drunk an gallon of spirituous liquors—never had a taste for it, and do not touch it once a year, and never except for medicine.... Do you believe that if I was the profane, vulgar, wretch that they represent me to be, the United States Senate would have made me their presiding officer, by a vote more than three to one over any and all competitors for that position? The Senators know me well, I have served with them through all our trials and perils for more than sixteen years."

In 1878 I wrote a letter to the *Detroit Post and Tribune*, from which the following is an extract:

"I have known Mr. Wade for ten years, have sat at the same table with him for months, have been a frequent visitor at his rooms, and a guest at the Ohio home of himself and his excellent wife, and have spent many hours, long to be remembered, with him. Surely I ought to know something as to what manner of man he was. During all those years there might have been a score of times or less when he broke forth into oaths in my hearing. He was too clean-souled a man to be a vulgar or coarse habitual swearer. In rebuke of meanness or treason to humanity, the expletives blazed out hot and heavy, as expressions of moral indignation; but the rare humor, quaint good sense and frank directness of his daily talk, had no such emphasizing. His ways reminded me of a word in a speech of Rev. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, in a campaign in anti-slavery days, while he was a member of Congress. In some criticisms on profanity, Mr. Lovejoy said: 'I do not approve of swearing, but give me the man who swears for freedom, rather than the fellow who prays for slavery.' I never saw wine nor spirits on his table nor at his room; never saw him go to a bar or saloon to drink, and never was told of his doing so by any one who ever did see him. During a visit at his home in November last, he was laughing about the stories told of his whiskey drinking and coarse profanity, and said: 'I don't think I've drunk the amount of a pint of liquor in thirty years,' and Mrs. Wade, sitting by, said, 'That is true.' In Washington he kept the plain and simple ways of his early New England life, was singularly temperate in diet, had 'early to bed, early to rise,' as his motto and practice, and attributed his fine health largely to these wise habits. From the age of ten years he became a doubter of theological dogmas and authorities, and grew to doubt a future life—fortunately holding with grand fidelity to the practical duties of life. Within a few years he became a Spiritualist, and expressed to me at his home just before his last sickness, his satisfaction in the light his views gave him touching this life and the life beyond." Thus much in justice to the memory of a fearless and true man.

HENRY C. CAREY.

"Sweet smiles of the glowing steel,
Dark feeders of the form's flame,
Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,
Repeat his honored name."

In 1867 I had occasion to write Henry C. Carey and a ready reply came. In a fine delicate hand writing, beautiful yet not easy to decipher. A few months after I called at his home in Philadelphia, at his request, and thus began a personal acquaintance very pleasant to me. I met him a score of times, and kept-up an occasional correspondence, writing mainly for information, always cheerfully and readily given. His house was in a block on Walnut Street, among the substantial citizens; externally a plain brick structure with solid square stone steps, after the old Philadelphia fashion. Its rooms and halls were ample and comfortable. The large parlors on the first floor were his library and sitting rooms, where he saw visitors. I found him seated by a large table, busy among papers and books, but he rose with an elastic readiness, came forward with eyes full of life and light, gracefully led me toward an easy seat, made himself at ease in an ample arm chair, and then said: "You've come in good time. I am quite at leisure and we can have a good talk." Surely it was a good talk, for I was soon trying to answer his quick questions, and listening to his pungent criticisms of men and events, his forcible massing of facts which seemed vital and warm, and his lively narrations and pleasant anecdotes, softened occasionally by some touch of tender pathos. His youth of spirit and person surprised me. He was seventy five, yet it was impossible to think of old age in that buoyant presence. He would be leaning back in his seat talking quietly; suddenly some comment or suggestion would stir him, and he would spring up, stand erect, utter his opinions in a most decided and emphatic way, and quickly drop back to his seat and into the quieter tone of easy conversation. With all this decision and vigor was no vulgar rudeness or lack of courtesy. He was always a gentleman in the true sense—a clean-souled and high-minded man—and his manners had a touch of the stately ways of a past generation mingled with a cordial and sincere simplicity. Of good stature and well-knit frame; his skin clear as that of a child; his black eyes, brilliant and beautiful; his features fine and firm; and an elastic readiness in every motion, I felt that he must have inherited good health, and kept it by pure and temperate habits and wise self-control, so that the ripe enjoyments of old age came naturally. My feeling was verified on learning the facts as to his personal habits. The spacious rooms with wide open arch were, indeed, but one; thousands of volumes were on their shelves; stately and choice pictures were in fit place; the wealth of books, the inspiration of artistic beauty, and the ample breadth of space and lofty ceiling seemed in correspondence with the man of broad thought and culture. At each succeeding interview my first impressions were still the same, but I realized more fully his wealth of thought and information. Political Economy had been his leading study for over thirty years, and the accurate readiness of his knowledge of facts and dates and statistics, I never knew equalled on any subject. He would write a pamphlet or an article and give these facts abundantly and correctly, without consulting a book, and his correctness was almost infallible. His reading was not cramming, such as deadens and narrows too many scholars, but was wisely used as help and inspiration to his own original thought. His masterly arguments for protection to Home Industry were deeply sincere and inspired by a belief that the well-being of the people, would be helped by the carrying out of his views in national legislation.

While John Stuart Mill declared that "political economy only concerns itself with such phenomena of the social state, as take place in consequence of the pursuit of wealth," and that: "It is essentially an abstract science, and its method is the *a priori*. It reasons, and must necessarily reason, upon assumptions, not from facts." Mr. Carey held it as connected with wealth of soul as well as of purse, as an aid to the best civilization most widely diffused among the people, and as illustrated by facts which verify and confirm its principles, as he held them. Both these men were sincere and able, but the "dismal gospel" of Malthus and Ricardo, upheld by Mill is in striking contrast with the hopeful and beneficent views of the unity of law and the progress of man as given by Carey; and surely the reasoning "upon assumptions not from facts" of the Englishman is poor beside the solid facts and their underlying principles as shown by the American. Not alone in his leading study was Mr. Carey at home. He was not a man of one idea, but was interested in literature, in reform and in the widening thought of the day. His many pamphlets and newspaper articles and his list of large books tell the story of a busy life as a student and writer; while many friends, the most worthy and eminent, testify to his social and personal worth.

I never asked of his religious opinions, for it is not decent to peer into the sacred depths of sincere souls, but better to wait until they open naturally. I sent him a book—a compilation of "Poems of the Life Beyond"—and wrote a note asking its acceptance as a testimony of my regard. Soon came back his reply, in that delicate hand-writing, the last note I ever had from him, and one of the best and most pleasant. He said: "I thank you for the book. I like it. My philosophy does not put a man dead in the mud as the end." That was enough; I knew that true soul looked out into the ineffable light. Not long after, at his house, he alluded to our correspondence and said: "I have had a vespers service in this house every Sunday evening for years, and I invite you to come." A little puzzled, yet not quite liking to ask its nature or ritual, I thanked him, when he said smiling: "Everybody calls it my vespers, and so I take the name. Sunday evenings at five o'clock, it is understood that I am at home to my friends, and to their friends. They fill my rooms. We talk informally of whatever comes up, religious, political or any matter of thought or life. We never dispute. We discuss everything, we settle nothing. Men of all opinions are welcome and come. We take some simple refreshments, shake hands in good season, and I sleep well afterward and hope the rest do."

Much to my regret I never was able to accept his invitation, for these assemblies were often made up of choice persons from far and near. In 1872, I think, he came to Detroit with his friend William D. Kelley and daughter, and they stopped a day at Mr. Ward's on their way up Lake Superior. The upper lake steamers left at night, and they wished to go up St. Clair river by daylight, and took a steamer to Port Huron in the morning to embark on their Lake Superior boat the next morning. Wife and myself went with them. In Detroit and on the boat, we admired his intercourse and talk with women. His politeness had the courtly grace of a past day, but it had, too, a tender and sacred reverence. His own beloved wife had long before passed away and he had lived in the light of her dear memory. It seemed as though his feelings toward her had made all womanhood sacred to him. He had none of the little nothings with which some externally polite

men try to entertain women, but talked to them on sensible things; in a sensible way, as though they were to be respected and not merely flattered.

At Port Huron the hotel keeper was to call me at a sure hour, that Mr. Carey and the rest might have longer rest, yet be up in time. I was up before being called and went to his door in due time, to call him. Rapping lightly, he answered, and I said, "You have a half hour to be ready in," when I heard him spring from his bed to the floor and run to the door as lightly as a boy, and few lads would have dressed sooner or as neatly as this rare old man, who had seen eighty winters. We all went to the boat and it was pleasant to see them start on such a fine morning, with the clear water sparkling in the wake of the vessel; and the bright sun over all.

In 1879 came the great change to him. No painful sickness, no mental decay, the pen busy to the last week and its record as clear as ever, his friends meeting at his "vespers" up to the last fortnight, and his last hour sweetly peaceful. The great city of his home gave fit honor and reverence to his life and memory, as did many in distant States of our Union, and a choice company of eminent Europeans, his friends and correspondents. Those who knew him best had most tender regret that a dear friend was absent, mingled with satisfaction that his long life here had closed so naturally.

(To be continued.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal
FROM DENVER, COL., TO THE CITY OF MEXICO

Overland and Return

EIGHTEENTH DAY.—Our train moved off at 1 P. M. The good appetites of the mules had relieved the cart of several bags of corn during the fore part of the night, much to my delight, and I found the situation more tolerable. But before dawn the wind blew up cold and with it clouds of blinding dust, making the travel more disagreeable than on any previous day. At 1 P. M. we came to Santiguillo, an old country seat surrounded by groves of venerable trees. With eyes, nose and ears full of white dust and a heavy coating of the same on all my apparel, I felt as deplorable as I looked when viewing myself reflected in the water of a stream that passed through the grounds and in which I made ample ablutions. I wandered into the grove and sat the remainder of the day at the foot of an immense tree—so large that some of our party coming along we found that six of us taking hold of hands could but just encircle it. There were grounds near by full of choice flowers—a very grateful sight to one who had passed so many days in a howling wilderness. There were extensive baths at this place, and I learned that they are quite a resort at certain seasons of the year. Many were bathing in the limpid waters, but the atmosphere was rather too cold for me, and I declined invitations to do likewise. Toward evening I fell in with the administrator of the place, who gave me a letter of recommendation to Sr. Carrillo, a military officer at San Antonio, where I expected to leave the train on the following day.

NINETEENTH DAY.—We left our encampment at two o'clock in the morning. Much fear was expressed by the younger Mexicans of the train, that we might be "held up" on the way before the break of day, and there was a good deal of bluster in getting firearms cleaned up and in readiness for an attack. Much was said of the robberies and murders that had been committed on the road over which we were to pass. During all the hundreds of miles we had traveled, not a word of concern had been expressed as to danger from robbery, and travel seemed to be as safe as anywhere in the United States. It therefore seemed a little peculiar to me, that all of a sudden fear should be expressed as to our safety. I concluded that I wouldn't allow myself to be scared "worth a cent" as I fancied my traveling companions wished me to be. I afterwards learned that there was a clump of buildings on the road a few years ago, infested by a gang of thieves and robbers, but that the State government promptly hung a good many of them; without judge or jury and razed the buildings, hence, which time there has been no trouble. The country I had passed through, during the day was very picturesque, and night overtook us at a pretty little place called Izoquite. The Mexicans passed the evening singing love songs around a camp fire, and some of them were quite plaintive and pretty.

TWENTIETH DAY.—We started away at day break and passed through several miles of cultivated land. The soil is plowed up to the depth of an inch or two, with a crooked stick. I had heard of such plowing before, but had never witnessed it until I went to Mexico. The soil is rich and were it subjected to the same kind of cultivation that American farmers employ, the results would be wonderful. At 7:30 we arrived in Guadalupe and I was set down at the depot of a tramway that I was to take for Zacatecas, three miles up the hills. The cars make a trip every hour during the day—are drawn up by mules and return by force of gravitation. The track was laid two or three years ago, and is eventually to be a part of the Mexican National system, when that road reaches Zacatecas. At 8:30 A. M., I was landed in the city just mentioned, and my baggage was taken to the custom house for examination. Express teams were unknown there, but a swarm of *cargadores* (carriers) stood around begging for the privilege of carrying my luggage to a hotel, and one fellow picked up my trunk weighing 160 pounds, and trotted off with it three quarters of a mile to the *Meson de Tacuba*, chaperoned by Barton, who met me at the tramway depot, and wanted me to stop where he was putting up. The strength and endurance of these *cargadores* is prodigious. I have seen them carry upon their heads a weight equal to three barrels of flour, and that without much apparent effort. Arrived at the *meson* we were ushered into a room, the furnishings of which consisted of two chairs, a table and a bench, about two feet high, the size of a bed, upon which we were expected to sleep at night. Travelers in Mexico have hitherto been supposed to carry their beds along with them. If you have failed to do so you can be furnished with a mattress which is included among the extras.

The population of Zacatecas is variously estimated at from 50,000 to 70,000, and from its size, compactness of build and the crowds of people who throng the streets you would quite as soon take the latter number for the true estimate as the former. It is built in a narrow valley or "gulch," as it would be termed in Colorado, surrounded by high hills, on the declivities of which, street rises above street, so that from the upper ones you can overlook the city and the streets below you. The buildings are of stone for the most part, and massive, and as high as some of our five and six story blocks. The streets are crooked and the city is full of surprises for the stranger on that very account. It takes one much

longer to find his way around over the city than though it were regularly laid out. In rambling around you often find yourself in a *cul de sac* from which you would naturally suppose there could be no exit, except by retracing your steps, but to one side you will see an archway which, at first, perhaps you would take to be the door of a house; but on close observation you notice that a great many people are entering it, and you follow the crowd, when you find yourself in a community of houses and a labyrinth of streets and lanes. The houses are of the tenement sort, accommodating themselves to the sinuosities of an irregular tract of ground, arched and bridged as the necessity required, and never filled in. These houses are lofty, and you descend or ascend to their apartments by stairways or other devices according to the exigencies of the case. After many a crook and turn you finally come out into a broad *alameda*—a park full of trees, shrubbery and flowers—along the sides of which range the residences of the more favored classes. There are several parks in the city, but kept in order at great expense by the municipality. The park-keeper or gardener is an Englishman who was employed thirty years ago by the government to lay out the grounds, and has been kept busy ever since. He has a Mexican wife and a grown up family, and never expects to see "Hold Hengland" any more.

Zacatecas is the coolest city in Mexico. It is seldom, if ever, very warm there, even in summer. The climate is not healthful, particularly in the city. There is no sewerage and no water to make sewers serviceable even if there were any. What drainage there is, runs into a deep gully in the heart of the town; and the stench proceeding therefrom, is horrible to nostrils any ways refined. This gully is cleaned out once a year, and that during the rainy season. In June and July the rain falls in torrents and the floods come sweeping and scouring away the year's accumulation of filth. The streets are all paved and kept clean. There is always a dearth of water, and there is always likely to be. Nearly all the water that is used by the inhabitants is pumped from old mines that honeycomb the foundations of the city. It is conducted to one or two central fountains by an aqueduct, and these fountains are kept dry from morning until evening. Male and female water-carriers throng around them from early dawn till late at night, and it is dip, scrape, dip, scrape, a spoonful at a time, from the rocky bottom of the tank, and it is only at midnight that any water is allowed to accumulate in them. If some enterprising American company could devise a plan for supplying that city with water, they could speedily make a fortune.

The markets of the city are well supplied with edibles brought from the low lands. A market building in the central portion of the town is of imposing appearance and proportions, and would be a credit to any one of our northern cities. Spaces are rented out by the city to vendors, and thither the citizens go for supplies. The fullest market is on Sunday morning and the greatest displays are made at that time, when the throng of sellers and buyers is immense. There are other market places and one called *el laberinto* (the labyrinth) is especially noticeable. It is so called on account of the winding and intricate streets that lead to it, which is found to be an open square; and there you find an indescribably dirty and motley crowd—squatting all over the ground with their wares and merchandise of different sorts spread out around them in spaces of a yard square, and all vociferating the excellencies of their goods to the fullest extent of their lung power. Customers come here not in crowds, but in swarms, and one who can pass through the pushing and jostling mass without getting a sprinkle of vermin, is in luck. KEYD.

(To be continued.)

HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR IT?

(Christian Union.)

A "Society for Psychical Research" has been formed in London. Its object is indicated by its title; it is to make a thorough scientific inquiry into certain unusual mental phenomena. The results of some of these inquiries are shortly, we believe, to be given to the public in book form; meanwhile some of them are reported in the pages of the "Nineteenth Century" by Messrs. Edmund Gurney and F. W. H. Myers. Their theme is "Apparitions." Their theory, if we understand it aright, is that, by some wholly uncomprehended method, thoughts vividly entertained in one mind can be and are transferred to other minds without any known physical medium of communication. Whatever may be thought of their theory, they have brought together a number of interesting incidents, apparently so well authenticated that they cannot be denied, and apparently of such a nature that they cannot be attributed to imagination or coincidence, both of which terms have afforded in times past a convenient cover for ignorance and for escape from the labor of investigation. In reading these stories the reader must remember that as Dr. Clarke tells us in his little book on "Visions," "sight is not a function of the eyes, but of the brain." Usually, it is true, the impression on the brain is produced by the eyes; but the picture may be produced on the retina of the eye, and yet, owing to a disease of the optic nerve, no impression be produced on the brain; in other cases nothing will be seen; and, on the other hand, an impression may be produced on the brain, without any corresponding impression on the retina of the eye, as in the case of fevers, dreams, and the like, in which case something will be seen though there may be nothing to see. What is peculiar about the cases which follow is the fact that the impressions produced upon the brain corresponded with realities, so that they could not be produced by disease; and yet with realities occurring at a great distance from the person receiving the impression, so that they could not be produced by the eye; and, in most of the cases, under circumstances which utterly preclude the idea that the recipient could have had any knowledge or anticipation of the event, so that they could not be produced by imagination. There are two theories to account for these extraordinary phenomena. One is that of thought-transference; that is, that, in some wholly inexplicable way, thought is transferred without material media from one mind to another. This is the most reasonable explanation of an incident like the following, narrated by the late Robert Browning:

An Italian Count visiting Florence was brought to his house, without previous introduction, by an intimate friend. The Count professed to have great mesmeric or clairvoyant faculties, and declared, in reply to Mr. Browning's avowed skepticism, that he would undertake to convince him, somehow or other, of his powers. He then asked Mr. Browning whether he had anything about him then or there which he could hand to him, and which was in any way a relic or memento. This, Mr. Browning thought, was, perhaps, because he habitually wore no sort of trinket or ornament, not even a watch-guard, and might

therefore turn out to be a safe challenge. But it so happened that, by a curious accident, he was then wearing under his coat-sleeves some gold wrist-studs to his shirt, which he had quite recently taken into wear, in the absence (by mistake of a sempstress) of his ordinary wrist-buttons. He had never before worn them in Florence or elsewhere, and had found them in some old drawer, where they had lain forgotten for years. One of these studs he took out and handed to the Count, who held it in his hand awhile, looking earnestly in Mr. Browning's face, and then he said, as if much impressed, "C'è qualche cosa che mi grida nell' orecchio, 'Uccisione, uccisione!'" (There is something here which cries out in my ear, 'Murder, murder!')

"And truly," says Mr. Browning, "these very studs were taken from the dead body of a great-uncle of mine, who was violently killed on his estate in St. Kitt's, nearly eighty years ago. These, with a gold watch and other personal objects of value, were produced in a court of justice, as proofs that robbery had not been the purpose of the slaughter, which was effected by his own slaves. They were then transmitted to my grandfather, who had his initials engraved on them, and wore them till his life. They were taken out of the nightgown in which he died and given to me, not my father. I may add that I tried to get Count Glinas to use his clairvoyance on this termination of ownership, also; and that he nearly hit upon something like the fact, mentioning a bed in a room, but he failed in attempting to describe the room—situation of the bed with respect to windows and door. The occurrence of my great-uncle's murder was known only to myself, of all men in Florence, as certainly was also my possession of the studs."

In such a case as this there may have even been some slight indication of knowledge or feeling in Mr. Browning, sufficient to be seized upon as an avenue by which the mesmerist gained access to his mind and its contents. But in the cases given below there was no possible medium of communication between the minds; it is difficult to conceive how the thought could be transferred. This gives rise to another hypothesis: that the body has its counterpart in a "spiritual body," that in death or trance, or certain other unusual physical conditions, this spiritual body may leave its tenement, and be instantly transported to the side of a friend, in which case he may take cognizance of its presence and receive from it more or less clear impressions and sensations. Whatever explanations, however, may be offered of the facts, there appears to be no room for a reasonable doubt of their existence. That extraordinary impressions are produced on the mind, by methods as not yet comprehended by us, appears to be very clear. This impression is not always a vision. Sometimes the pain of one person is experienced by another; as in the following instance, authenticated by Mr. Arthur Severn, the distinguished painter, and his wife, and furnished by Mr. Ruskin. We copy only Mrs. Severn's account; it is confirmed by her husband:

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, OCT. 27, 1883. "I woke up with a start, feeling I had had a hard blow on my mouth, and with a distinct sense that I had been cut, and was bleeding under my upper lip, and seized my pocket-handkerchief, and held it (in a little pushed lump) to the part, as I sat up in bed, and after a few seconds, when I removed it, I was astonished not to see any blood, and only then realized it was impossible anything could have struck me there, as I lay fast asleep in bed, and so I thought it was a dream!—but I looked at my watch, and saw it was seven, and finding Arthur (my husband) was not in the room, I concluded (rightly) that he must have gone out on the lake for an early sail, as it was so fine."

"I then fell asleep. At breakfast (half-past nine), Arthur came in rather late, and I noticed he rather purposely sat further away from me than usual, and every now and then put his pocket-handkerchief furtively up to his lip, in the very way I had done. I said, 'Arthur, why are you doing that?' and added, a little anxiously, 'I know you've hurt yourself; but I'll tell you why afterwards.' He said, 'Well, when I was sailing, a sudden squall came, throwing the tiller suddenly round, and it struck me a bad blow in the mouth, under the upper lip, and it has been bleeding a good deal and won't stop.' I then said, 'Have you any idea what o'clock it was when it happened?' and he answered, 'It must have been about seven.'"

"I then told what had happened to me, much to his surprise, and all who were with us at breakfast."

"It happened here about three years ago at Brantwood."

JOAN R. SEVERN.

Sometimes there is simply an inexplicable feeling which defies analysis, and cannot be termed in any respect sensuous, being neither a sight, a hearing, or a sensation, but only a purely emotional perception; as in the following case:

"Late last autumn my husband and I were staying at the Tynedale Hydropathic Establishment. One evening I suddenly laid down the book I was reading, with this thought so strong upon me I could scarcely refrain from putting it into words: 'I believe that Mr. C. is at this moment dying.' So strangely was I imbued with this belief—there had been nothing whatever said to lead to it—that I asked my husband to note the time particularly, and to remember it for a reason I would rather not state just then. 'It is exactly seven o'clock,' he said, and that being our dinner hour, we went downstairs to dine. The entire evening, however, I was haunted by the same strange feeling, and looked for a letter from my sister-in-law next morning. None came. But the following day there was one for her brother. In it she said: 'Poor old Mr. C. died last night at seven o'clock.' It was past mid-time, so I could not let you know before."

"R. M. DAVY."

This story, like nearly all those given by our authors, is confirmed by another witness, in this case by the husband. Sometimes the impression is more distinct, and yet it does not take the form of an actual vision, but rather of an inward perception:

"I live in Ireland, my nephew in London. At the end of October or beginning of November, 1881, when he was eight years old, he went one day with his mother and sister to Kensington Gardens. While playing there he had a severe fall on his back; his mother had to call a cab and take him home, then send for the doctor. He was very ill for three or four days, lying in a dark room and kept perfectly quiet. A sad accident happened on a Saturday, I think. On the Sunday his mother wrote to tell me of it, which letter I received on Tuesday. On the Monday night I was in bed, dropping off to sleep, when I

(Continued on Third Page.)

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

UNQUALLED.

DR. R. M. ALEXANDER, Farnetburgh, Pa., says: "I think Horsford's Acid Phosphate is not equalled in any other preparation of phosphorus."

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 4, 1884.

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Florentine Plummery.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"The first shall be last, and the last shall be first." A new and startling mode of explaining the above sentence is the following:

We know that contrast is a *sine qua non* in nature—light and shadow, good and evil, pain and pleasure, beauty and ugliness, virtue and vice, truth and falsehood, etc., etc., must co-exist, as also none would have a meaning; but there is, moreover, something beyond this necessary law, which, if we analyze it throws confusion in certain principles which form the basis of our civilization, and which we have been made to associate in our minds as undeniable truths from the cradle on. Good and evil, virtue and vice, are entities without which our life would be a blank, and they must, as I have said, co-exist, as otherwise none could fall under our observation. If such be the case, then the felon is in our earthly plot indispensable, just as much as the righteous man, and if the felon be indispensable, then must he have been purposely placed here by the All-wise; and if purposely placed here, his Creator must have judged proper to make him thus defective in order that he should prove equal to the task assigned so him; and as such task is naturally fettered to much sorrow, agony and woe, then the natural consequence is that they who are destined to assume such role on the world's stage must hereafter be rewarded for all they have thereby been made to suffer, and, therefore, "the first shall be last and the last shall be first."

There is in our legendary history of Florence, a curious instance which exemplifies and illustrates to a certain extent the above idea. St. Zanobi, Archbishop of Florence, found that to tolerate brothels was contrary to his mission, and he in consequence obtained that all prostitutes should be banished, and they were. After a certain time corruption became so rife in almost all families, that St. Zanobi felt convinced that their presence was a necessary evil, and he then (the public women) again recalled, styling them "*le nostre benemerite meretrici*," our worthy prostitutes! Now if he thought them worthy, their maker will probably from the self-same feeling of strict justice, have shown hereafter that the abject calling to which he had doomed them and which had caused them scorn, shame, ill-treatment and misery, claimed a fitting reward.

Thus also under the Spartan laws, stealing was allowed and brought no blemish on a person's character, if the victim could not trace out the guilty party, and this was done with a view of keeping people on the alert, and thus preventing them from carelessly, and too confidently snoozing.

You will say that it is dangerous to give out such preposterous thoughts as these, and yet if your root be traceable to justice, what have we to fear? "Light comes from light," the dying words of Goethe, are the universal cry of philosophy!

Florence, Italy, August, 1884.

The real meaning of our correspondent may not seem to some perfectly clear. His main point would seem to be that his quoted text teaches that the last in character shall be first in reward. This is, indeed, a "startling mode of explaining it," for which, thus baldly stated, he may himself hardly be prepared. Yet most of the drift of his argument is to this effect and indicates that this is just what he means. If so, we cannot say, as he expects us to, "that it is dangerous to give out such preposterous thoughts as these." Such preposterous thoughts are seldom dangerous. They find top limited acceptance to create alarm.

Had he said the last in privileges or opportunities shall often, or perhaps on the whole, find themselves ultimately first in achievement and reward, he would not have contradicted the common moral sense. Fidelity to known or knowable duty on the part of the humblest, most ignorant, or in any way most disadvantaged, cannot in the high court of perfect justice fail to be recognized; and all the difficulties or disadvantages under which it has struggled must enter into its fair appreciation and enhance its reward.

But this is not what our correspondent propounds. The considerations which he urges point rather, and, we are sorry to say, rather too distinctly, to a very different proposition. For instance, he argues—and his argument is polemical if it is not in behalf of "the felon" or "the prostitute's" claim, as such, to special rewards, (1) that sin is a necessity. It cannot but be. It is "*a sine qua non* in Nature."

Just as light requires darkness; pleasure pain; everything its "contrast" or opposite; so truth implies the necessary existence of falsehood, and indeed all good of all evil; so that men and women are not really to blame for their vices. If he disowns this inference we must ask him to what else his argument points, in the connection in which he has set it. His plea is to the effect that the felon and prostitute should be specially rewarded rather than punished; and his reason is that sin is a necessity, *a sine qua non* in nature. Does this mean anything else than that they could not have done otherwise than as they did?

"Virtue and vice must coexist," he tells us. And, by the way, his reason for this, that "otherwise none could fall under our observation," is very good as to the bare fact of their actual existence. But he is arguing quite another matter; the antecedent necessity for them in the scheme of things. For this he offers no proof that we can discover, except the assumption that everything must have its contrast—not in thought merely, which might be conceded, but in actual existence. Do we know so much as this? If, for instance, a perfectly wise spirit exists, must there be also of necessity a perfectly foolish or ignorant one? If a perfectly good one, therefore one perfectly bad? If an all-mighty one, therefore one all weak? So must there be bad men simply because there are good ones? Can the necessity for them be surely inferred from the supposed necessity of realizing every conceivable contrast?

But our correspondent takes also another and very different ground in behalf of the felon and the prostitute. It is, in substance, that God desires them. His plan requires them, and their sin is indispensable to it. Or to put it in his own words, their "Creator must have judged proper to make them thus defective in order that they should prove equal to the task assigned to them, and as such task is naturally fettered to much sorrow, agony and woe, the natural consequence is that they who are destined to assume such role on the world's stage must hereafter be rewarded for all they have thereby been made to suffer."

Now the defence of the felon is changed. It is no longer because he is a necessity in the nature of things—must be, because his opposite is—but because he is wanted. He was "purposely placed here by the All-wise," who desired his sin, regarded it indeed as "indispensable" to his plan, and fitted him expressly for this his assigned task. Is this so?

The question resolves itself directly into this one: Has the universe a moral Governor? Or is there any such thing as moral law and moral obligation? If there be no such thing, let it be acknowledged, and its logical issue accepted. Then vice is always as good as virtue, and indeed there is no difference between them. But if a moral law there be, is it conceivable that its author should ever desire disobedience to it rather than obedience? Can any absurdity be greater? The supposition destroys his sincerity, denies his supreme and unqualified love of righteousness, makes him capable of two opposite wills at once, requires him to contradict and stultify himself. A God really desiring the disregard of His own laws is no more God. Nor is sin sin. Such a government would be sheer idiocy.

"But God permits sin," it may be rejoined; "does it not follow that He must desire it?" By no means. The old dilemma on which so much Atheism has been built is a very weak fabric, though it may seem smartly put. "Either God could prevent all sin and wouldn't, or He would do this but couldn't. In the former case He is not good; in the latter, He is weak. In either, no worthy God." On neither horn of this is it necessary to hang. God, pure and perfect, may, nay must, regard all wrong doing as repugnant thoroughly to His own nature, and can in no instance desire it; but He may prefer its permission to such a modification or abandonment of the best system of government possible as might be necessary to prevent it. This is not to prefer its commission in any instance. He never desires his creatures' vice rather than their virtue. No imputation could be more grossly dishonorable to him.

If the "all-wise Creator," whom our respected correspondent seems to recognize as such, really desires the felon's crime and the prostitute's vice; if, to their abject callings He has doomed them, and then attached "scorn, shame, ill treatment and misery to the tasks to which He has assigned them," then by all means let Him make them all possible amends. Let them take the highest rewards He has to offer; and this without a pang of penitence or a purpose of reform. They are not properly sinners; only victims of infinite caprice and cruel injustice. They have not, in the language of the ancient Book, so much of which is true to human character and condition, "destroyed themselves," but He has destroyed them. Let Him remunerate them, if in His power. And for His immeasurable wrong to them let Him sink to the most abject depth of His chaotic universe. Here would be another "startling explanation" of the text: "The first shall be last and the last first."

And how surprising that St. Zanobi, Archbishop of Florence, should have proved himself at once so much better and so much worse than his all-wise Creator. So much better that he could not "tolerate" brothels, but must banish all the miserable prostitutes, no matter what might happen. And so much worse, in that he had after all to change his mind, to discover that "their presence was a necessary evil," and above all to command their characters. "Our worthy (literally, our well deserving) prostitutes!" Of course this

must have been quite spontaneous and sincere. But the story is left incomplete with no more than this cheap verbal praise. It should have added that the silly man promoted them to the highest honors and rewards in consideration of their former degradation and suffering; in the "abject calling to which he (!) had doomed them." So would every thing have been made right with them, and the last become first. He evidently went only half way in "strict justice."

The precise bearing of Mr. —'s second illustration—the Spartan laws respecting theft—is not obvious, unless it be to show that stealing, too, as well as prostitution, is really meritorious, or at least was so in the eyes of Lycurgus. A ploy that this famous old lawgiver, too, could not act up to his convictions and proclaim due honors and emoluments to "our worthy thieves." Had he done so he would only have done what our Italian friend seems to expect of his all-wise Creator.

Why She Should not be Elected.

An enthusiastic California subscriber asks: "Why don't the JOURNAL come out boldly and advocate the claims of Belva Lockwood for President?" We have been importuned, first and last, by some of their respective adherents, to commit the JOURNAL to each of the numerous willing martyrs who are candidates; but have heretofore refrained from publishing reasons for declining.

Great esteem for our correspondent, however, impels us to break silence in this instance.

We believe there are insuperable objections to Belva Lockwood, LL. B., for President, and that serious defects of life and character exclude her from the office. We don't like to speak ill of one who has broken bread in our house, but we propose to satisfy this Californian, even if it blasts Mrs. Lockwood's reputation as a candidate, and places her without the pale of political preferment. So here goes. By nature she is too forward, independent, and self-reliant; this is proven by the fact that at the early age of fourteen she taught school. Again, she is too aspiring; in proof of this it is only necessary to say that when forty years old she began the study of law, and boldly obtruded herself and trampled upon the prerogatives of the opposite sex, until she has coerced the Supreme Court of the Nation into permission for her to practice at its bar. Again she is opposed to Western farmers, in this, that she advocates the abolition of that great and profitable industry, whisky making, whereby millions of bushels of corn are yearly disposed of. She is down on the breweries, those benighted consumers of the honest farmer's barley. Furthermore, she lacks the culture necessary to grace the White House, for she can't serve wine with conventional propriety, not having been bred to the art. Then, too, she is in favor of universal peace, opposes war and wants differences arbitrated. This would never do! If we don't have wars, what will we do for a pension list? What use can we make of the large stock of ordinance now in store? What will all the army and navy officers do for a living? How can we dispose of surplus population? "Arbitration!" think of a lawyer proposing arbitration. How unprofessional and womanish! Where would all the lawyers land if arbitration should prevail? Where would Everts and Storrs and Ingersoll find themselves? Where would Beecher be to-day if he had arbitrated the little family differences with Theodore? No! give us any sort of a traitor for President, except an arbitrator. The people are accustomed to traitors, indeed in some sections it is an honor to have been one. Let us be content with them! let us know when we've got enough and not yearn for arbitrators. Leastwise, don't put one in the White House.

These are some of the innumerable reasons on which the JOURNAL grounds its implacable, unalterable hostility to Belva A. Lockwood, A. M., LL. B., in her candidacy for President. And we hope our California correspondent is silenced, if not satisfied.

The boundless affection for working-men disease is raging from ocean to ocean; accounts of its ravages occupy political papers to the exclusion of nearly all other news. The strange feature of this pestiferous plague is that it never attacks horny-handed wage workers, but always seeks victims among old political hacks, aspiring young "statesmen," and the constitutionally tired class afflicted with office itch in its secondary stage. The disease is endemic, though for three years out of every four its manifestations are sporadic; but every fourth year it assumes an epidemic form. The immediate cause of this quadrennial aggravation is said to be caused by bifurcated bacteria generated among ward bumpers and human rum-sewers. These pests affect the brain; and the unerring symptom of hollow sympathy with the "dear people" is at once violently exhibited. In times past, the "honest yeomanry" were more or less sympathetically affected through reflex action, but they have worn this out and now look with indifference upon the disorder.

One of these days, in the sweet by and by, these "honest yeomen" and "dear people," these millions of wage workers will grow so intelligent and wise, so united in interest as to be able to stamp out the Machiavellian disease. It may be done after the fashion that pleuro-pneumonia and the foot and mouth disease are dealt with, but somehow it will be done. In that good time coming, the office will seek the man, and only the wise, honest, virtuous and modest will hold official position.

The Patrol, and Temperance.

The Patrol is the name of a weekly newspaper just started at Geneva, Kane County, Illinois, by J. N. Wheeler. Temperance is its special field, but county news of general interest finds place as well. Mr. Wheeler is a native of the county, and ought to know what the good people of Kane need; whether they will take what they need is the conundrum he proposes to solve with his new venture. The Patrol presents an excellent appearance in its "make-up," and will undoubtedly be very much alive as long as it lives. The Patrol favors prohibition, but does not propose to "take that or nothing." It intends to make a point every time the chance occurs, even if it is not all that is sought; and to work steadily, but not crankily toward prohibition as a finally.

The Patrol well says of some cotemporaries: "Some who talk temperance in the editorial column, invite their readers into saloons in the advertising column." The JOURNAL has often noticed this and wondered what sort of ethics governed in such cases. A daily paper in this city, which lays special claim to being the family paper par excellence, owing to the purity of its contents, does not hesitate to publish as "reading matter" speciously written advertisements of John Smith's or Tom Brown's gin mill.

When temperance people can bring their guns to bear upon the "respectable" cappers for rum shops, with such effect as to deter them from their work, then total abstinence will make such headway as to render prohibition superfluous. Legal enactments alone will never make prohibition a success; total abstinence will; but this must come by education and example. So long as pious deacons in orthodox churches continue to sell space in their newspapers to be used in setting forth the merits of Mike's special brand of "Sour Mash," or the healthfulness of Hogg's "Old Rye," just so long will temperance workers find an obstacle between them and success.

"How can it be deleterious to health, happiness and morals," asks a son of his pious father, "when Deacon B., who belongs to your church, says in his paper that 'Rock and Rye is a delicious, health-giving tonic; we recommend it as the best medicine known for indigestion, and it cures a cough when all other remedies fail?'" "You are in error, my son," replies the father; "Deacon B. does not say that; he would scorn to utter such a falsehood; you are quoting an advertisement paid for by a conscienceless compounder of liquors." "But, father," persists the son, "it isn't an advertisement, it is regular editorial matter, and surely Deacon B. would not allow one of his editors to make him responsible for a falsehood." "Ah! my boy," answers the Christian parent, "you don't understand the ways of business; that is an advertisement, paid for at the rate of a dollar a line. Deacon B. is a consistent, benevolent Christian gentleman, and, as you well know, one of the most liberal givers in our church." The youth is silenced, but not satisfied, and later on becomes a moderate drinker, or worse, through the influence of such advertisements.

Tice on Roberts.

In another column may be found a communication from Mr. T. S. Tice, giving a brief account of his experience and that of his brother with Jonathan M. Roberts. The JOURNAL would prefer never to allude to this person Roberts, even indirectly, but in its capacity as a newspaper such references are at times unavoidable. Happily these occasions are infrequent, otherwise it would be essential to supply readers with a psychological deodorizer to render endurable the subjective effluvia which his name is apt to evolve.

In order to have the sympathy of a certain class of sentimentalists and soft-headed individuals, one must either be guilty of some offense against the laws of the land, or a chronic transgressor of the laws of decency; he must be off color, morally or socially. Sympathizers with such nuisances continually vent their spleen against those who assert their rights, or attempt in the interests of the public to abate these pests. This the Tice brothers long since discovered. They have had their motives traduced and their acts misrepresented in quarters where they had a right to look for encouragement and moral support in their attempts to get justice for themselves and the Spiritualist cause. Hence the statement of Mr. Tice in this number of the JOURNAL, made apparently in the interests of truth and Spiritualism.

In medical jurisprudence it is now very well settled that a man may be medically insane and at the same time legally sane, fully aware of the nature of and penalty for his offense. Whatever plea Roberts's friends may offer on the medical side of his case, they surely will not have the temerity to claim that he is legally insane.

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle of the 24th ult., referring editorially to this last arrest of Roberts says:

Mr. Thomas S. Tice deserves the thanks of every honest member of the community for causing the arrest of Jonathan M. Roberts, the editor of the spiritualistic paper entitled Mind and Matter, whom Judge Walsh has very properly held on the specific charge of criminal libel, in spite of the eloquent appeal of Col. Charles S. Spencer, the prisoner's counsel. It matters nothing that the criminal libel in question was published as long ago as December 3, 1881. The action of Mr. Tice is the more commendable because both he and his brother believe that there is some truth in Spiritualism. This made them the more determined to expose the frauds upon the public which Roberts defended in his paper. There can be no doubt that this man Roberts is in league with the impostors who gave the fraudulent seances which the Tice brothers exposed. The man who exposes such frauds and puts the impostors in prison deserves the gratitude of the public who are too easily made the dupes of these bogus manifestations which

result not only in swindling foolish and credulous persons out of money, but have, in many instances, bereft them of reason.

GENERAL NOTES.

Mrs. S. F. Pirnie has removed to 523 West Van Buren Street.

Mr. Wm. Nicol lectured again at Pacific Junction last Sunday.

Mrs. Maude E. Lord will hold seances in and around Boston for the present.

Mrs. Kellogg and Mrs. South of Jacksonville were among the numerous visitors at the JOURNAL office last week.

Brooklyn has to bury about one hundred paupers a month, and thinks of building a \$5,000 crematory and cremating them.

It is asserted that the chief substances used in adulterating beer are hemlock and soda, with a little rice malt to give it body and hold the foam.

Mr. L. H. Sawyer will conduct the People's Spiritualist meeting at Martine's Hall, 55 Ada Street, next Sunday at 2:45 P. M. Subject: The Joys of Life.

Prof. Buchanan's new book, on which he has been continuously engaged for some time and concerning which such wide-spread interest exists, will be published in a few days. The sale will undoubtedly be large.

W. Harry Powell writes to us that he will make an extended tour through the West, leaving Philadelphia about October 15th. He requests all letters of inquiry, to be addressed to him in care of this office.

Henry Slade reports that on one occasion during his stay in Texas, spirits carried on materialization in his room from two o'clock in the night until ten o'clock the next morning; as many as six appearing simultaneously.

Considerable pressure has long been made upon Dr. Buchanan to revive the publication of his *Journal of Man*. We are inclined to think if he could be assured of even fifteen hundred subscribers he might be induced to undertake it.

Stealing horses in Delaware is a bad business for the thief if caught. One was recently sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution, \$100 restitution money, \$300 fine, to stand one hour in the pillory, receive twenty-lashes, and then suffer eighteen months' imprisonment.

Several callers who have visited Mrs. Julia E. Burns the past week, speak in high terms of the results of their seances with her. We have heard of no failures so far. Mrs. B. is at 132 DeKalb St., and may be reached by Ogden Avenue car, by getting off at Polk Street and walking about a block.

"Prof" S. S. Baldwin who set up as a medium in Cincinnati several years ago, after having worked out the "exposure" business, is now in Australia and again in the exposing line of trade, as will be seen from the letter of a Sydney correspondent in another column.

A man in Hamilton, Ga., has written for a divorce to the governor of the State, because he doesn't wish to give a lawyer twenty-five dollars for one. His letter closes as follows: "Please see about this rite off, and doant wate until after I am ded befor you let me hear from you."

After an absence of over two months Mrs. Mary E. Bundy arrived home on Sunday last. She left the White Mountains ten days before reaching home; stopping at Montpelier, Vermont, Greenfield, Mass., Killingly, Conn., and Brooklyn and New York City on the way. She begs her New York and Brooklyn friends whom she failed to see, to remember the extremely warm weather of last week and attribute it as the cause of her neglect.

The number of foreign residents in the treaty ports of China last year, was 4,891, one-half of them being English. Great Britain is represented in China by two hundred and ninety-eight business houses, Germany by fifty-six, America by twenty-four, Russia by seventeen, France by twelve, Spain by seven, and Italy, Austria, Holland, Denmark, each by one. The total of exports and imports for the twenty-one ports in 1882, was 1,000,000,000 francs.

Our valued correspondent, D. D. Home, whose celebrity as a medium is world wide, contributes an interesting and very valuable letter in this issue of the JOURNAL. Those who are skeptical of spirit return will do well to study the testimony of this veteran medium, who, hopeless invalid that he is, daily communes with his spirit friends and from them receives support and encouragement. His testimony is all the more trustworthy because of his extremely critical habits of mind and intolerance toward all that is doubtful.

Owing to the non-forthcomingness of the requisite security for his appearance, it is reported that J. M. Roberts passed last Sunday in his now not unfamiliar jail environment. His powerful friend Loyola, whom he claims to have made a student of Robertsonian ethics, ought to have rustled around and so influenced the spirit of Mammon as to have brought sweetness light and liberty to his preceptor. Where now is the noisy gang of frauds who have for years egged Roberts forward in their interests? Why don't they come to the relief of their pugnacious champion?

Fifty years ago there was a boy in Africa who was taken prisoner in one of the fierce wars between the tribes, and was carried away from his home to be sold as a slave. After being sold and resold, now for sugar and again for rum, he was finally carried away in a slave ship. A British cruiser captured the slave ship. The boy is now Bishop Crowther of the Anglican missions in Africa.

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Voices from the People,

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Little Spirit Child Returns to Her Mother.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It may interest you to know that there are several families of old Spiritualists in this place, as well as a number of investigators, myself and husband belonging to the latter class. We hold sances regularly, and are, we think, progressing. But lately we have had such unmistakable evidence of a life beyond the grave, through my own mediumship, that now we are only looking for more light on the subject.

The enclosed poem, written since the death of our little Stella, from a clairvoyant vision which I had, speaks for itself. Its greatest merit in my estimation, is that it is true, and exactly describes what I saw, together with my feelings concerning it:

A Vision.

Mourning friends, if you will hearken,
To this story, which is true,
Sorrow's path which seems to darken,
May brighten up for you.

'Twas in the dark and lonesome night,
When the earth was hushed in gloom,
When the stars were hid from sight,
And silence reigned in every room,

That I lay, so sad and weary,
On my pillow wet with tears,
And my life seemed lone and dreary,
As memory turned to other years.

Ere our lives were marked by losses,
And our babies all were here;
When we heard their merry voices,
And we knew each form was near;

And we thought not death could enter,
And beat our gums away;
For he seemed a distant monster,
Whom we hoped to keep at bay.

While I lay thus sadly dreaming
Of the babe so lately lost,
Of her blue eyes, softly beaming,
That death had closed with chilly frost.

I thought of her lips, so rosy and sweet,
Of her ringlets of silken hair;
Of her tiny hands and her little feet—
Oh! my baby was ever so fair!

But the cruel old Reaper smiled her;
He entered and bore her away;
The blessing of life was denied her—
I thought she had left me for aye.

But the gloom was soon rent asunder,
By a softly beaming glow,
And my heart stood still in wonder,
While my breath came quick and low;

For my baby floated nearer,
In the lovely mellow light,
And her little face grew clearer,
While I gazed in rapt delight.

With her tiny arms extended,
And a smile upon her face,
She floated near—descended
Eager to my warm embrace.

O my precious little angel!
O my darling, little one!
Ah! she loves me, loves me well,
For see, my darling, she has come!

Thus I cried, and clasped her
Close against my aching breast,
While she cooed with gentle murmur,
Like a bird come home to rest.

O death! I cried, you shall not sever
From my arms this precious rover,
For the love that binds together,
Is stronger than your power.

She hath left the joys of heaven,
To behold her mother's face;
And I'll keep her, hide her even,
Where you cannot find the place.

But the words were scarcely spoken,
Ere I missed her little form;
My empty arms held not a token
Of my darling, fond and warm.

I gazed, awestruck, at empty space,
And grasped the vacant air;
I could not see my darling's face—
I could not feel her silken hair.

Vanished! Gone like the flash in a storm!
Back to the realms she had left;
But I felt not so sadly forlorn,
My heart not so sorely bereft.

For I knew that my baby was living;
That she loved me, as well as of yore.
I felt she was grieved at my grievings,
And resolved I would do no more.

Mrs. LOUISA E. STROCKWELL.
Flintonia, Texas.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Voices from the Farther Shore.

BY O. R. ORMSBY.

While the dews of eve are falling
Softly round my cottage door,
List I to the voices calling
From the river's farther shore.

Through the twilight shadows stealing,
Now I hear them sweet and low;
Paint as distant bell-tolls, pealing
From the isles of long ago.

Falling, falling;
Dews around my cottage door,
Through the shadows calling, calling,
From the river's farther shore.

When the ruddy light has faded
Slowly from the glowing west,
And the silent earth is shaded,
Robed in darkness for her rest,

Then I hear them softly singing
Songs of love and dear delight;
Hear the music faintly ringing
From the city out of sight.

Ringing, ringing;
While the dews fall round my door,
Through the darkness singing, singing;
Voices from the farther shore.

Murphyboro, Ill.

Answer to Inquiries.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since the publication of my article, "A Few Thoughts on Materialism," in the JOURNAL of June 25th, I have been in receipt of a number of requests for the names of the Unitarian minister and physician alluded to, with full particulars, etc., etc. Permit me through the columns of the JOURNAL to state that I, a few evenings since, had the pleasure of meeting in evening with the physician in question, and he has promised me to write a detailed account of his experience at the instance of Miss E. Gertrude Berry, to which I alluded, and will probably, should he have time, outline his experience as a whole with the Berry Sisters, for the benefit of the readers of the JOURNAL. Dr. Austin, the physician in question, is literary critic for the publishing house of Lee & Shepard, of Boston one of the largest in the country, and an author of several works and a specialist of some note.

The Unitarian minister who first informed me of the Doctor's experience, is the Rev. E. B. Fairchild, a pronounced Spiritualist, but up to the time of the Doctor's experience a disbeliever in the phenomenon of materialization; he resides at Stockton, Mass. Permit me also to return thanks to the Rev. H. L. Fiske, of South Union, Ky., for a copy of his book, "Shaker Theology," the gift of which was doubtless prompted by my article.

New Haven, Ct. GEO. F. A. ILLIDGE.

A. B. Arnold writes: I consider the JOURNAL the best educator and comforter, and a great necessity.

A dog in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, Cal., is passionately fond of honey and to gratify his taste he robs hives and is an opportunity offered. He has grown quite expert in the business and can extract the sweet stuff with great dexterity.

Clairvoyance.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Having seen the articles on the above subject which have been published in the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL from the pens of Dr. B. Spinnay, Lyman C. Howe and Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis, and having had nearly forty years experience as a clairvoyant physician, perhaps I may be able to throw a little further light on the subject, therefore this article.

The question has been often asked me: "Are clairvoyants always reliable, and can they make no mistakes?" To this query my answer has been: "Clairvoyants and spirits are finite beings, and are, therefore, subject to a certain extent to the influences with which they are surrounded; that as no finite being can possess infinite knowledge, clairvoyants, though they may see clearly, may not be able always to grasp the full purport of the vision."

Perhaps some cases in my own practice may more fully explain some of the sources of error than I can present in any other form.

CASE 1. A gentleman came into my office in Erie, Pa., in 1870, bringing a lock of hair for the examination of a patient, and without any word of explanation or clue to the case from him, I passed into the clairvoyant state and commenced a critical examination of the wife, which he saw correct in every particular. Then again turning to the lock of hair, I asked: "What does this mean?" I have not her hair. Ah! I see. The patient from whom this hair was taken lies in a back bedroom. He is so low with the typhoid fever that the life is nearly out of the hair, and your wife who cut it off threw so much of her positive magnetism into the hair that I could not at first get by it to see the real patient. This patient can be saved yet, if you can get to him with the medicine I will prepare in two hours." It was done, and the patient restored.

Now suppose my own physical condition had been less vigorous, impairing thereby the mental clearness—for clairvoyance is mind or spirit sight—doubtless the patient would have passed away, and I would have been denounced as a humbug and an impostor.

CASE 2. A very positively lady with a weakly constitutioned child, sent me a lock of her boy's hair, after I had been severely injured in a railroad accident. The child was of that dull, lymphatic temperament which imparts no magnetic impulse. On the contrary the mother was highly magnetic and threw her own magnetism into the hair. Her case was examined correctly; the boy was not noticed at all.

CASE 3. It had been the custom of some of the people of West Winfield, N. Y., to have their druggists—Mr. Wilcox—send to me for them, and have the prescriptions sent direct to him. One day in 1872, I received at my home in St. Charles, Ill., a letter about as follows:

"Dr. KAYNER, Dear Sir: Please find enclosed lock of hair and \$3.00. Examine and send examination and prescription to me."

In reply I stated: Examination of Mrs. E. N. Wilcox. This patient has had a fall by slipping on the ice near a tree and striking the head against the tree, injuring the back of the head and nerves to the eye, and the right eye is out.

To this I received a reply as follows:

"The lady you examined was my wife. She has had a fall as you described, and her right eye is as good as her left, and either eye is as good as yours or mine; but she has worn a switch made from a lock of hair given her by a lady friend who had lost her right eye and is since dead. Could you have gotten the two cases mixed?"

So much from my own experience. Now, Bro. Willis' explanation in mailing two letters with the same initials so as to give the diagnosis of the other, explains another source of error which might occur, and demonstrates that the patients themselves, instead of always seeking tests and putting, oftentimes, the overtaxed powers of the clairvoyant to their utmost stretch, should themselves do all they can to prevent a possibility of error arising from any source. Previous to my injury, like Dr. Willis, I would not allow any explanation or information about a case, I was going to examine; but since that time, with ennobled physical energies, as the whole object is or should be the relief of the patient, I have asked for the full name, age, sex and general symptoms of the disease. It is my opinion that in all cases the full name and age should be given a clairvoyant.

Now one word further with regard to educated physicians. All true education—that which furnishes facts and data without inculcating bigotry, self-sufficiency and a pompous pretence to knowledge not attained; claiming an established science as an ever-changing system of evolving errors. In short, an education which furnishes real, practical, reliable knowledge, cannot be too highly prized, and is useful in every department of mental labor, clairvoyant or otherwise. But when an attempt is made to set up any system of medicine as superior to clairvoyance, the thousand failures of that system to one of clairvoyance, stand forth as witnesses against the educated hobby.

All true knowledge has come to us, through the perceptions and intuitions of the human soul; and that intuition and perception, aided by clairvoyant powers, are infinitely more reliable than all systems evolved from the brain of some highly magnetic, self-willed and pompous pretender, or from any association, however large, of such.

Until such time as all the various opposing systems of medicine can be blended into one harmonious and reliable science, it is useless to set up either one or the other as superior to the clear perceptions of the clairvoyant's vision.

If medicine, as taught in the schools, is an exact science, why this difference? One claims that medicine acts by opposites—hence the maximum dose will soonest remove the disease (or the patient). Another claims that medicine only acts by similes—hence infinitesimal doses are the most potent and are the only ones reliable. Both these systems rely upon the most poisonous poisons—mercury, arsenic, lead, prussic acid, etc., in many cases.

Another system abuses those noxious drugs, and relies upon vegetable remedies, mainly, denouncing both the other systems. All have chartered medical colleges, with a retinue of professors to teach their system to others.

Which is right? If one is, can the others be also? Which is less liable to error in clairvoyance? Let those who are wise enough to decide, answer.

St. Charles, Ill. P. P. KAYNER, M. D.

"From Paritarianism to Spiritualism."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have read your valuable paper every week for many years, and have much enjoyed the most excellent work you are doing; but in my estimation, the best is comprised in the articles running through the JOURNAL entitled, "From Paritarianism to Spiritualism," by Giles B. Stebbins; and for this reason:

These articles demonstrate the importance of life passing itself out physically under the best conditions, to the end of attaining the highest spiritual development. At random, let me quote a sentence from one of his late articles as illustrating the view I take of the work of Bro. Stebbins:

"The long steady pull was the old way, and it brought the rich enjoyment of anticipation and the education of work—not merely the training of muscle and nerve, but the persistence of will and the disciplined courage that comes with unwaried effort."

Spiritualists are great on conditions. In these articles they abound for good spiritual manifestations of a practical nature.

I trust these articles will be published in book form. They should be read and re-read by all the youth as well as grown people of our country.

C. O. POOLE.

Metuchen, N. J., Sept. 17th, 1884.

The Leading Paper of its Class in America.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published in Chicago, is perhaps the leading paper of its class in America. The JOURNAL is devoted to modern Spiritualism and general reform. It is the exponent of the scientific method in the treatment of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and presents its subjects with a force and clearness that always commands them to consideration. It is particularly strong in its denunciation of frauds practiced in the name of Spiritualism, and uses its utmost power in presenting what it believes to be genuine manifestations in their strongest and most favorable form. Mr. John C. Bundy is the editor; and the publisher, George F. A. Illidge, has made in public opinion, the JOURNAL a standard of the efforts of the fearless journalist.

Independent, Bobocoyon, Ont.

A Correction.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In your issue of August 16th, I am made to say, when speaking of the action or office of the atonement in Christ: "The Father and the Holy Ghost were to be satisfied, but the creature reconciled unto God." It should read, as it does in the original (a copy of which I have before me), "The Father and the Holy Ghost were to be satisfied, but the creature reconciled unto God."

Rancho, Texas. J. B. COLE.

James Scofield writes: I like the JOURNAL on account of its opposition to fraud, and the wisdom and truth I find in its columns.

A Little Girl has a Spirit Playmate.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I was spending the day with a friend, and on my return home late in the afternoon, I called at another friend's house; they were about to start off in their buggy to town, but could not prevail on their daughter, two years old, to go with them. She cried, and seemed fretful about having her hood and cloak tied on. I asked them to leave her hood and cloak tied on her, and rest until they came back, which they seemed willing to agree to. I sat down with little Pansy, as I will call her; she reminded me of that flower with her large loving blue eyes, soft round cheeks, and rings of bonny brown hair, that lay on the finely shaped forehead. I sat down and proceeded to amuse her by "trotting her to Boston" on my knee, and showing her how to ride horseback on my foot. I knew she wanted a good play, for her parents kept no help, and she was obliged to sit and amuse herself the greater part of the day. I played in this way for, I should think, half an hour, when she began to act strangely. She did not pay any attention to me now, but commenced to talk and play with another child. She held out hands full of her toys to the spirit child, for I could feel its presence very plainly. She talked away in baby fashion, looking into the farthest corner of the room perfectly delighted, and sometimes she would grasp her hands full of toys tighter as her little friend attempted, so it seemed to me, to snatch them; and then she would sometimes lay her head down on my shoulder, and in a shy way, as if she would hide from a face in close proximity to her own.

I began to be frightened, and sat down with the back of my chair close against the wall, so that nothing might get there, and Pansy looked right up over my head and laughed, and held out both hands full of toys to some one, kicking her little feet against me and fairly screaming with delight. I put her down on the floor, and clasped my hand upon my lap. The greatest in great heads all over my face, I was so frightened. I had not read, nor even seen the dear old JOURNAL, then, and knew very little of the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, and what little I did know or had ever heard about, I thought was the work of the devil, for so had I been taught from my childhood up.

I watched this innocent child at play with her little friend, I became more calm, and fear left me altogether. There was no sign of fear on that baby's face. I called Pansy several times. She would turn her head to me only for a moment, and then the blue eyes would wander around the room and light up as they recognized the object of their search. She said a great many little baby words. Although an unconscious smart child, she was backward about talking, and sometimes she would hold her in my lap, and then putting her down on the floor by the crib and surrounding her with toys; but she was so brimful of happiness that she did not notice me but little. The shadows began to lengthen through the room, but little Pansy and her friend played on. I heard a step on the porch, and in a minute the mother came in the room, and I said to her: "I believe this child is possessed. She acts just as if she had the company of some other little one." The mother did not seem surprised, but said she was nervous, and picking her up she laid her in the crib impatiently saying, "There go to sleep!" She laid her head on the pillow, and as soon as her mother had stepped into the bedroom to lay off her things, she raised herself up to a sitting posture and looked around the room, and then at me inquiringly, and somewhat disappointed, she said: "Oh! oh! gone!"

"Bless the baby," I said. "What is gone, dear?" But the mother returned, and the little head went down on the pillow again. I believe this happened to convince me of the truth of Spiritualism, for I had been wishing for something of the kind for some time. I have known these people for a long time, longer, I may say, than the M. E. Church. The mother came away to a friend some time after this occurred. I will give you their names if you desire it.

Gilmore, Ill.

That Bequest of Benjamin Franklin.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Benjamin Franklin left \$5,000 to Boston to be loaned out in small sums to young married mechanics under twenty-five years of age, who had served an apprenticeship, had good character, and could give bonds for the repayment of the money in annual instalments. The changed condition of mechanics, the decay of the apprenticeship system, and other causes, have made the bequest of no value to those for whom it was intended under the rule of Franklin laid down. The fund now amounts to more than \$200,000, and is increasing at the rate of \$10,000 annually.

The above statement I lately copied from a leading journal of this city, and it seems strange to me that money, left for so good a purpose, has never been made use of. The excuse given, too, seems strange, for I cannot imagine what rule a good man like Franklin would make that would deter him from being used. The probability is that a good deal of selfishness has been connected with the matter, and, perhaps, no little dishonesty, and some undeserving rogues have received the benefits Franklin intended for others. If this is not the case, but the fault can be laid to Franklin's mistake, would it not be wise for his spirit to return, and through some one of our many mediums, correct his error, and make a request that this vast sum be applied in another direction where it would do more good? He was always fond of old rules and wise sayings, and the one—"It is never too late to mend"—could be wisely brought into play here. It matters not whether the Boston officials believe in spirit communication or not, or whether they would abide by his later request, should be decided to return and make it a duty to give to Bostonians generally, if he made a mistake, that he return and rectify it, and try to induce those who have control of this large amount of idle money, to place it where, during these trying times of great want and much suffering, it will carry out as benevolent a purpose as he first intended it would.

Cleveland, O. G. F. W.

Some More of the Mistakes of Dawbarn.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In Mr. Dawbarn's article No. 5, "Mistakes of Investigators," he says: "These facts clearly teach that very much we have been ignorantly attributing to spirits out of the body, springs from spirits in the body. [The italics are mine.] The intelligence that writes on the slates, raps on the table, and voices inspiration from the platform, emanates from a spirit. It is true; but that may be, and often is, of the sensitive nature of the human body, and not of the spirit, since, as we have seen, such spirits have advantages in sensing earth matters impossible to spirits out of the body."

Now, with all due respect to Mr. Dawbarn, I beg leave to inquire if he can cite a single well established instance, where a "spirit in the body" has written upon the inner sides of closed slates, or produced a single rap on a table, or other material object, by purely psychometric power, or by other than physical means? If Mr. Dawbarn is correct, I can see little ground for controversy between him and Mr. Truesdell. They agree that the various phenomena called spiritual, can be produced by "spirits in the body"; they simply disagree as to the medium of production; the one claims that it is of the sensitive nature of the human body, and the other that they are psychometric. The result so far as Spiritualism is concerned, is the same in either case, and simply tends to discredit the supernatural origin of spiritual phenomena. If Mr. Dawbarn's teachings are true, of what value is psychography as an evidence of immortality? and what becomes of Epes Sargent's proof, palpable of immortality? and M. A. (Orestes) Sargent, and that of others to the same effect?

Leadville, Sept. 11th, 1884.

A Correction.

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In your issue of August 16th, I am made to say, when speaking of the action or office of the atonement in Christ: "The Father and the Holy Ghost were to be satisfied, but the creature reconciled unto God." It should read, as it does in the original (a copy of which I have before me), "The Father and the Holy Ghost were to be satisfied, but the creature reconciled unto God."

Rancho, Texas. J. B. COLE.

James Scofield writes: I like the JOURNAL on account of its opposition to fraud, and the wisdom and truth I find in its columns.

The Work of the Unitarian Churches.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION PURPORTING TO COME FROM ORVILLE DEWEY, D. D.

The branch of the universal church to which I attached myself has done much to liberalize thought in the other branches. This progress is not wholly due to our work, however, something to the world-wide increase of more reasonable views on all points. Our branch is still to be of benefit in adopting the truths given by psychic power, and then passing them on in thoughtful minds to the receptivity of the more conservative minds. I feel it is in this way the church is to be redeemed from its gross error, rooted in selfishness and developing in the air of self-righteousness.

To my mind there is to be no separate spiritualistic church, but a new edifice is to be built on the old foundation, and all are to be harmonized. Pray pardon me if I seem intrusive, but being drawn here, as many always are to a medium as to a magnet, I have become aware of your sympathy with the church universal, and your true religious mind; therefore, I have been tempted to give you a few of my thoughts, that may be pleasant to you as corresponding to your own, or perhaps as being a little more farseeing.

Yours, very truly, ORVILLE DEWEY.

THE MESSAGE SENT TO A DISTINGUISHED DIVINE.

MY DEAR MR. SAVAGE:—The foregoing communication purporting to come from the distinguished Dr. Dewey, was lately received by me through a psychic sensitive of the finest quality, through whom I never receive a deceptive message so far as I am able to judge. I send it because it seems to me to indicate correctly the course that opinion is to take in the churches. It will not be so much by the multiplication of distinctive spiritualistic organizations, as by infusing the truths established by Spiritualism into the churches generally, that the grand advance of the future is to be made. Both movements are now most prominently under way, but ultimately the latter will be far the most successful; and I will with eager hope to see the Unitarian branch take the lead that belongs to it by virtue of its intelligence and courage in this march toward the religion of the future.

I have lately been re-reading Allan Kardec's "Genesis," and a few sentences I met in it so well express what I would say—not so much to you, for you don't need it, but to the public which does need it and may perhaps be reached through you—that I will copy them.

"Judging from the present state of opinion and knowledge, the religion which must one day attract all men under the same banner, shall be that which will the best satisfy the reason and legitimate aspiration of the heart and mind; which shall not at any point conflict with positive science; which, instead of following humanity in its progressive march without allowing itself ever to be outrun; which shall be neither exclusive nor intolerant; which shall be the emancipator of intelligence by admitting only a reasonable faith, whose moral code shall be the purest, the most rational, the most in harmony with social needs; in short, that which is the best adapted to found upon the rock of the reign of goodness by the practice of charity and universal fraternity."

"Among existing religions those which approach nearest these normal conditions will have less concessions to make. If one of them have all the requirements necessary, it will naturally become the pivot of the future unity. This unity will be formed around that which will have the least for reason to desire, (and to secure) not by an official decision—for one cannot regulate the conscience—but by individual and voluntary adhesion."

So far, M. Kardec. The leaders of thought in the Unitarian body cannot fail to see the advantage of their position, but if the body they represent is to become, as they hope, the leader of thought for mankind, it must not "allow itself ever to be outrun" by any other religion, and hold the truth. Will it not be a mistake for these thinkers to turn their backs upon whatever light streams on them from Spiritualism? They may, and indeed, must, disown its frauds, follies and inconsistencies. But notwithstanding these, there is light there for them, as many of them indeed suspect, and as thousands of most intelligent and experienced students of it know. Can they in fidelity to their mission refuse to recognize it?

If distinctive Unitarianism fall to make the progress in the world to which it seems entitled—as has been often complained—is it not, in part at least, for want of positive-material enough in its faith? I would not say, as a keen-witted merchant once said to me: "It doesn't mean anything; it holds nothing definitely nor confidently." But that it can strike a nerve, and do good, is a misfortune. And if there be any substantial ground for such an opinion, it is far more so than is not less than a sentence of death, nor in the far distant future. If, then, any certainties can be gathered from Spiritualism, useful for our guidance here, and full of animating hopes for the great hereafter, by all means let us have them.

See me at liberty, my dear friend, to make any use of what I have written that seems to you judicious. Sincerely yours, JOSEPH D. HULL.

3 Copeland Place, Roxbury.

Spiritualist Grove Meeting in Kansas.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Our Spiritualist Grove Meeting, which was in session ten days, closed last Sunday evening. The meeting from beginning to end, was an entire and a grand success. During all the time there was not a single policeman or marshal on the ground. We had the very best of order and good behavior during the entire meeting. There were several hundred regular campers on the ground. On Sunday, Aug. 29th, an immense mass of thousands of people gathered in from the surrounding towns and country. Among those present from a distance was G. H. Brooks, of Madison, Wis. Bro. Brooks gave interesting observations on lectures. He is also a psychometrist, and gave both public and private readings with great satisfaction. Among the other speakers present were Prof. Dutton, of Salem; B. B. Anderson, of Concordia; Mr. Blanchard, of Delphos; Hon. C. H. Moody (cousin to the evangelist), of Huron; and Dr. Ballou, of Delphos. We felt especially honored by the presence of the Doctor, as he is an own cousin to the mother of President Garfield.

The writer of this report is "only an investigator." This was my first experience at a camp meeting, and I was especially surprised at the great number of mediums present. Kansas seems to be a natural home for them. The principal phases seem to have been healing, seeing and trance speaking. The Society voted to have the next grove meeting at Delphos, Kan., August 30th, 1885. Note of it will be given in due time through the JOURNAL.

JACOB FULMER, Cor. Secretary.

Jameson, Kan., Sept. 14, 1884.

Physical Manifestations.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In company with all who believe in the spiritual philosophy, the writer of the highest human welfare in this life and the next. I thank you for the publication in the JOURNAL of August 16th, of the letter of Dr. Grimes, containing the two messages relating to dark circles and science for physical manifestations. I have considered them destructive of the finer attributes of human nature, but could not so well define the reasons. They are only valuable to non-sensitive who are typical of spirit existence and communion—to those who can only be convinced by sensuous perceptions. They are only valued by such persons and those who love the sensational. If every thing has its use, the only use of the sensationalism that I can conceive of, is that it is a necessary step in the evolution of the lower grade of minds up to the power of spiritual perception and inductive reasoning. The sensitive who aspire to the highest attainable grade of spirituality, should shun them as they would the drunkard's cup. Can we not rise to the study and cultivation of the intellect and affections, that combined wisdom and love that is ever drawing humanity upward.

FIDELITY VERITY.

Note from Boston.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have always liked the JOURNAL and gloried in the way you have dealt with frauds. No true medium fears honest and candid investigation, and mediumship that can't bear reasonable testing, is not worth anything, and ought to be discouraged. As the materialistic mind is so prevalent, that there is formation of truth in it, but that a very large proportion of it is sheer fraud. I keep as quiet here as possible, but some of the Spiritualists are terribly indignant because I cannot, and will not say that I

believe in materialization before I have seen any thing to convince me. Sometimes I think it is my duty to make public my experiences in trying to investigate it.

The cause of Spiritualism is very dear to my heart, and if there is any way under the sun to stop the practice of deception I should be glad.

I have all I can possibly do in my medical work, and expect to remain in Boston a few months without change, so far as I now see.

Boston, Mass. J. M. CARPENTER.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The Queen is said to be very gloomy again and visits the grave of John Brown every day.

Continued from First Page

humanity. It is more repulsive than the onslaught of tigers or lions on defenceless antelopes, because in human beings something more is expected. From ancient times to the present, with ever increasing strength, aversion has been felt and manifested toward the selfish and aggressive, and the worship of saints of the world have been those who opposed selfishness with the whole strength of their lives.

NEW ELEMENTS INTRODUCED INTO THE PROBLEM.

There are new elements introduced with humanity. It is no longer a question, and this has given value and lies at the foundation of the teachings of the various sacred books of the world, regardless of their age or the race which receives them. It is the seal of their inspiration; the evidence of their divinity. Whenever they introduce selfishness, it is the dross of the animal side mingling with the pure stream which flows through.

The essence of pure religion is self-sacrifice, devotion to the welfare of others, and in some of its many forms has been manifested from earliest times among all races of mankind.

IS IT PRACTICAL?

The true and faithful are unsuspecting and believe in the intrinsic goodness of their fellow men; rascals distrust and have no confidence in human nature. The theology which has been taught is the nightmare of religion and the despair of man. Its fruitage in the present is the doctrine of the right of might in the struggle for existence, and the scheming greed and insatiable selfishness in the marts of trade. The divinity of man is made a jest, and his immortality provokes a sneer. "One world at a time," the philosophy of well-fell science! To get money is the object of life, by means fair or foul, and revel in the pleasures money brings. The poor and the weak go down in wretchedness, that gain may triumph in its pride.

To one who comprehends the position of man as an immortal being, how contemptible are the pursuits of those who are praised in public places. The ways of the scheming politician, the business man, the striving, seething mass of aggressive selfishness, is worthy only of brutes, and is a disgrace to immortal beings. For these we have only pity. They may become criminal, for criminality is distinguished from "business," in many cases, only by a narrow film of law. Shall we hate the wrong-doer, or the wrong? To hate the former is to do the thing we would avoid. The spiritual cannot hate or despise. It has pity for the erring, and a better, higher way by which the wrong may be made right. Hatred of wrong and scorn for wrong-doers have been the venomous reptile twined from root to fruitage in all religions. It has made thinking a sin, erected scaffolds and gibbets, and applied the torch to the faggot pile. In the name of love it has tortured and lacerated, and not content has made in imagination a hell of torture unending in the future, and where the infinite anger and hate of an infinite God is wreaked on helpless humanity.

CHRISTIANITY.

The concrete embodiment in the churches of to-day, stands powerless in the flood seething around it. What has it to say in regard to the vital questions of the hour?—the emancipation of labor, the freedom from monopoly, the defence of poverty against avarice? Nothing. Yet, in the beginning it set out with the grand affirmation of the brotherhood of man. That brotherhood is based on the essential likeness of all human beings, and the possibility of their realization rests on the growth and perfectability of human nature.

THE IDEAL ANGEL.

When we picture in imagination angelic beings, they are arrayed in spotless purity, and no shadow of selfishness is upheld in their actions. They are absorbed in doing for others, and thereby gain the greatest happiness. That we are able to entertain such ideals proves that we are ourselves capable of actualizing them. We can become all that we aspire to become, for the ideal is a dim prophecy of what is possible for us.

Man as an immortal being, with infinite ages for progress before him, occupies the most exalted position conceivable, and as the next life is in continuity with this, the ways of angels are not and should not be foreign to him. The rule of the conduct of his life should be to do that singly which has relations to his future life as well as the present.

The angel-life should begin on earth. Man is a spirit, flesh clad, and stands in the very courts of heaven if he so desires. Circumstances and cares may impose their burdens, yet it is through such struggles, strength of will and nobility of purpose are acquired.

You have seen a plant whose lot was cast in a desert spot, growing amongst stones in a scanty soil. It strove to perfect itself in the fulness of its nature, and bear its beautiful chaplet of flowers, and mature its fruit; but the rains ran away and left its roots parched and the air refused its dew. A scraggy stalk, with ill-shaped leaves, and a few pale blossoms, are all of it, yet the fruit matured under these unfavorable conditions; its fruit is perfect. The plant has been true to the laws of its growth, and made the most of its surroundings.

Thus through the cares of mortal life the spirit should be perfected as its privilege.

But these cares may become all-absorbing, and dwarf the spiritual growth. We are in the midst of an age which, while boasting of its intelligence, would have us believe that the highest intelligence is that which gathers money. It is an age of trade, not only of commodities, but of souls. To accumulate money; to surpass in display; what are lands and fine equipages, luxurious clothes and gaudy dress, to the perfection of the spirit? The childish folly of this greed and pride are pitiable to contemplate. To man with immortality, a destiny outstretching the stars, these freaks and trappings are unworthy of a moment's thought. The ignorant may set up as examples, and praise with shouts the gory-handed chief, the grasping monopolist, the glory of this life; what are these to him who knows that they will vanish with the day like the mirage of the desert, the foam of the waves, and look beyond for its inheritance!

The spirit stands on the eminence of life, and sees before it an infinite vista of joys in acquisition unending. Terrible and sublime position! bringing magnanimity of thought and purity and fervor of purpose. Why should we hate those who injure us? The injury is only of the hour, and to morrow will be no more than a mark on the sands effaced by the waves. Why angry, when those who call it forth are so far beneath us? Why envy, when we have only to reach, and the qualities envied are ours.

Every soul inherits the possibilities of infinite acquirement, and some time we shall deserve this inherent quality, and find those now degraded, perfect, and beautiful beyond our present conception.

As the angels are perfect, and their realm is harmony, so ought we to labor to make the

present life as only a lower stage. Earth-life is too brief to waste in any pursuit which has nobility to the immortal state. Every selfish act is waste, for the deeds of love alone are treasures carried to the higher life.

The Progress of Spiritualism and Free Thought in Australia.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since I last wrote from Sydney, in New South Wales, there has been a great deal of agitation arising out of religious as well as secular matters. In the more important of the Australian colonies, and also in the neighboring colony of New Zealand. Here as in the northern hemisphere, the spread of education has widened the sphere of thought, and the most solemn and sacred subjects have been brought within the range of public criticism. Instead of remaining under the guardianship of ecclesiastics and so-called "divines," in new and but sparsely settled countries like these, agrarian questions naturally come to the front in all times of excitement, and of late, theorists of the Hugh George stamp have monopolized a good deal of space in the colonial newspapers and journals. All schemes propounded and plans hitherto adopted for settling people upon what are termed the "waste lands," like human aims and efforts in every other department of life, have proved faulty and unsatisfactory; and now, in several of these colonies reform in land administration is the principal order of the day. The consideration of an entirely new land law for New South Wales has occupied our legislature for a long period, but in spite of "new departures" of a progressive nature, and of restrictions designed to restrain avarice and limit "land-grabbing," there is an uneasy feeling abroad that the difficulties and dangers consequent upon attempted solutions of the great land question have not by any means been overcome.

Next in importance, perhaps, is the question of education, which is once again one of the foremost topics exciting attention here. Until something less than half-dozen years ago, the system of education prevailing in N. S. W. was the denominational one, government inspection and examination coincident with government aid. Agitation mainly got up and carried on through the instrumentality of Mr. J. Greenwood, at that time a Baptist preacher, brought about a change from the denominational to what was vaunted as "the free, secular and compulsory" system. The name given to the latter system is a misnomer, inasmuch as it is free only to those who claim its advantages in *forma pauperis*; the lessons in the reading books, so far from being secular, are based upon whatever there is in common in the Christianity of the various Protestant sects; while, as to compulsion it is not exercised to anything like the extent originally anticipated. Dogma and doctrine are supposed to have been eliminated, yet the children read about the existence of God, the death of the Savior, supernatural rewards and punishments, etc. When the act was passed, the mild Christianity retained was tacitly accepted by non-religionists, that being, in their eyes, infinitely preferable to denominationalism; and on the other hand, the pietists, if not quite at their ease because of the limited amount of religion left in the school system affected to be heartily glad that governmental funds had ceased to foster the superstitions of Roman Catholicism.

There are provisions in the act for supplementary religious instruction of a voluntary nature to be imparted after regular school hours to those of the children whose parents and guardians may not object thereto. So far, however, the instances in which advantage has been taken of that arrangement have been very few indeed. The clergy dislike extra labor quite as much as any other section of the community, and there being no hope of extra pay for the additional work, the work (speaking generally) remained undone.

En passant I may remark that the Rev. J. Greenwood, by his advocacy of secular education was thrown into association with prominent secularists, true to their name, and the result was his abandonment of the pulpit for the platform and press. Prior to his repudiation of the clerical profession, however, he had manifested fondness for the intoxicating cup, and the casting off of ecclesiastical restraint unfortunately developed the inclination for strong drink, and he soon fell a victim to evil habits, a sad illustration of the motto, "*facilis descensus Averno*." His untimely end was laid at the door of free thought, and the circumstance is often quoted to illustrate the dangers attendant upon laxity of belief and sympathy with skepticism. It does sometimes seem as if freedom were dangerous to men of more than average intellectual power, for many of them go wide astray after leaving the religious fold. Possibly we make too much of our free-thought proselytes and too turn their heads.

The Roman Catholics quarreled with the new educational system as a matter of course and under the energetic discipline of the late Archbishop Vaughan, poured their money out like water, to provide schools of their own, meanwhile venting indignation on account of the injustice (as they put it) of compelling them, being contributors to the revenue equally with the Protestants, to support the "Godless public schools." In many cases the altar has served as a platform for denouncing the attendance of Papist children at the public schools, and parents have been threatened with extreme religious pains and penalties for taking advantage of the education afforded by the government. The last rites of the church, and even burial within duly consecrated enclosures, were denied to admittedly "good Catholics" after their open disregard of priestly warnings respecting the education of children.

Until the advent of the recently enthroned Anglican bishop, Dr. Barry, the adherents of the Church of England, although they disliked the abolition of the denominational system, took no steps to upset the new order of things. Dr. Barry, however, sought to revert in practice to the old plan, but found such determined opposition to denominationalism amongst even religionists, notably the Congregational body, that he altered his plans, and now he is busy founding an organization to supply religious instruction to the children in the State schools. He and his party are not satisfied with the interpretation put upon the permissory religious instruction clauses of the act, and they recently interviewed the Minister of Education for the purpose of getting the act strained a little in their favor. And, perhaps, to some extent they were successful, although the concessions gained will not count for much in the long run. At the head of the Secularist body here, now becoming somewhat numerous, stands Mr. Thos. Walker, the chief of the spiritualist trance speaker, who thereupon headed a deputation to the Government, demanding equal facilities for the Secularists to teach "their religion" in the public schools. Naturally enough a definition of that religion was called for, and when it was furnished,

consisting as it does of the ordinary code of morality, the Minister for Education non-plussed the deputation by pointing out that the Secularist religion was already incorporated in the school lessons, as given by the regular teachers, and therefore extra instruction of that kind would be supererogatory. Then followed a public meeting to denounce the favoritism of the Government, at which there was a scene, owing to the obstinateness of one or two religionists, who rallied against Secularism as countenancing evil and immorality, under cover of the plausible axiom, "Whatever is, is right." The Secularists seem determined, at all odds, to make a firm stand, and talk of carrying their claim to impart instruction to the public school children into the Supreme Court. They have been irritated not a little by an attempt put forth, with the countenance of the Anglican dean, to induce the Government to suppress Sunday musical entertainments and the exaction of payment at the doors of the theatres occupied by Secularist and spiritualist lectures on the Sabbath. The Premier evidently disapproves of the freedom here taken in regard to Sabbath observance, but bearing in mind the universal reprobation which followed the action of a previous Ministry, when they prohibited the English Scientist, Mr. Proctor, from lecturing here upon the "Wonderful Works of Nature" on a Sunday evening, he expresses uncertainty as to the legality or otherwise of the proceedings complained of.

Once again "Tommy Walker" has found it necessary to explain why he gave up Spiritualism, which he says was with him an outcast, come of delusion and fanaticism. He says he used to imagine himself inspired by spirits and he claims credit for abandoning that hypothesis as soon as he became aware of its delusive character. But he takes care not to mention the fact that the editor of the *Medium and Daybreak* was the first to publicly question the reality of his assumed trance condition, and that a squabble with his choir in Melbourne (Victoria) was the prelude to his appearance there as an advocate of Secularism.

The Secularist lecturers in Sydney resort mainly to ridicule and violent iconoclasm, their platform work being too much in the *ad captum* style, and hence the more thoughtful of free thinkers prefer to listen to Mr. Camm, the Unitarian minister, or to the scientific and other lectures given in the rooms used for the Children's Lyceum. The rousing of the subjects announced by the Secularist lecturers is unnecessarily offensive as witness a recent announcement of an address by Dr. Hughes (once one of "the cloth") on "Black Beetles and Blasphemy." Perhaps it is superfluous to explain that the clergy are meant by the term "beetles." At our Lyceum on Sunday, August 3rd, Mr. Gerald Massey was present, and he delivered a short address, which was succeeded by brief readings from his own poems. A warm welcome was accorded him, and had it been known that he purposed being present, the room would have been crowded. Spiritualism is not in much favor here, especially with the secular press, and Mr. Massey, from motives of policy did not wish his connection therewith to be unduly emphasized, until the termination of his series of secular lectures, lest he should be prejudiced in the eyes of the public and his influence circumscribed. The newspapers, however, led on by correspondence from San Francisco, which mentioned the delivery of "Spiritualist fancy," to use a phrase from the *Echo*, which went on to speak of Spiritualism as an "abomination of desolation" and "expressed a mocking hope that while here he would do something in the way of purging it a little. He delivered his opening lecture upon Shakespeare on Tuesday last, to a fairly numerous audience, presided over by Mr. Justice Windeyer, and met with a good reception, not very enthusiastic, but quite cordial and sympathetic.

Miss Wood, the materializing medium, has gone on a short business visit to Queensland, and we have now no public medium here except Mr. T. M. Brown, the clairvoyant. His daughter, who was favorably known in England on the lecture platform, before her marriage at the Cape, is expected out shortly. In the neighboring colony of Victoria, the Melbourne Spiritualists still enjoy the valued services of Mr. Spriggs, the Welsh medium. By careful sittings the phenomena of independent voices have been very highly developed, so much so, that conversations occur, in which the medium, the spirits "Sky," "Joey," and others, take part with the utmost freedom and clearness. This is a highly interesting and convincing phase of mediumship, worthy of more general culture and encouragement. The Secularists of Melbourne have been prevented from making charges for admittance to their Sunday lectures and other gatherings, but the lectures go on notwithstanding. In the colony of Queensland, Spiritualism and free-thought are quietly yet unmistakably extending and the same may be reported of New Zealand, where local mediumship of a marked character, has shown itself in the family of a well-known journalist. Mr. Chas. Bright, the lecturer, has commanded large audiences in the principal New Zealand towns, and his wife and himself have done much in that colony to further the cause of spiritual light and freedom. He resumed the Sunday platform at the Theatre Royal here on the 10th of Aug. when an overflowing house awaited him; and dealing with such a topic as, "Why do the clergy dread competition?" he did not fail to excite the liveliest sympathy. The lecture was preceded by secular music, vocal and instrumental, of a high class, and the excellent rendering of "Gin a body meet a body," by a professional artist, elicited enthusiastic plaudits.

The Baldwin—Prof. (7) S. and Clara—are here, billed to "expose Spiritualism." On their former visit, some years ago, they had the countenance and patronage of the clergy. That is wanting now. Their bogus cabinet materializations are combined with illustrations of thought transference and the new-fangled muscle-reading, and (doubtless owing a good deal to careful pre-arrangement and collusion) the results occasionally appear confusing and startling to the uninitiated and uninformed, who make up the greater portion of the audiences attracted to their show. Mr. Baldwin makes a pretense of personal belief in his wife's clairvoyance, going so far as to offer betting odds in favor of the fulfillment of her predictions and forecasts, and some of the clerical haters of Spiritualism withhold their approval from the Baldwins, because they cannot arrive at a perfect assurance that this professed clairvoyance does not in some measure depend for success upon the very thing which they are so anxious to put an end to. GEO. WRIGHT.

Sydney, Aug. 14th, 1884.

A sensational flutter passed over the congregation at the First Methodist Church in Auburn, N. Y., Sunday evening, when Rev. Dr. Quail, the pastor, said: "Those who do not want to hear me say anything about skating rinks had better stay at home next Sunday evening."

Letter from D. D. Home.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have never been during my life time in such a sensitive and mediumistic condition as I have been the past eight or ten months. I also have never been given such indisputable and overwhelming proofs of the continuity of personal identity, and it may be of interest to your numerous readers if I cite, out of many, one or two incidents in proof of my assertion.

Two years ago a dearly loved friend passed away. During his earth-life his ideas of a future existence were clouded and undefined. The first time he came after the change, it was to express the certainty of his existence, and that all his mental faculties were not only unimpaired, but made keener, not being trammelled by the infirmities attendant on old age. He not only assured us of his more than over dead affection, but that we would ere long have abundant proof of his interest in all that concerned our welfare. His expression was: "Full of joy to be with my only daughter and loved ones on the other side, and taking interest in your earth lives."

As on earth, he keeps his word, and in every token of his presence, he is the man he was, even in what would seem trifling, but which on investigation proves to be important. I give one proof: Our traveling past winter was so arranged that we had knowledge of a letter written only a short time previous to his departure from earth, which, as he since said, "would give us great pleasure," and it did so. The past winter, during the months of March and April, my sufferings from neuralgia were so terrible that I could not leave the house even for a drive. Our friend was ever there, and I give one incident in proof of his tenacity, the same as when on earth, not to allow any one to consider that he would rashly make a promise that he could not fulfill. I was in an agitated state of mind concerning a very dear friend in England. During the night our guardian spirit informed me that the coming day I would have a telegram from this friend. The following day at 3 P. M., the telegraph messenger brought a telegram, and I opened the missive with delight. My disappointment may be imagined when I found it was from another old friend, the Baron B. de Meyerdorf, General in command of the Hussars at Tarskoo Selo. Not three minutes after the receipt of this telegram a message came from our guardian. Half an hour later a telegraph messenger rapped at the door, and corresponding but louder and firmer raps (as if in triumph) came on the sofa where I was reclining. This telegram was from the friend in question, and a part was: "Don't worry. I am all right." Our guardian for once, not conversant with English, had some fourteen hours previously given me the idea, if not a literal translation, of what must have, at the time, been unwritten. I keep the two telegrams as pleasing souvenirs.

A few days later I was very agitated and weak from the agonies of pain, and he showed his tender and loving watchfulness in a translation in French, of which the following is a translation: "I do not wish even a pleasure to agitate you. A telegram, which will give you great pleasure, is about to arrive." The telegram did come and gave me great pleasure.

These incidents may seem trifling and unworthy the mission or occupation of disembodied spirits. If it can be proven that a nobler and purer mission can exist, let it be explained. After the first week of my mediumship, I never asked my guides any questions concerning my daily life, for during that week I was tutored by my angel mother and taught lessons never to be forgotten. I have in every instance had cause to regret, and one instance very deeply, when I listened to the counsels or advice of would-be friends, rejecting the directions of my guardians.

I have ever found that no spirit in an advanced condition will dictate. Advice may be given, unless in very exceptional positions the recipient is left to use his reasoning powers. One of the first messages from my mother was: "God endowed you with reasoning powers; make use of the gift. Be truthful and truth-loving. God will bless your mission, and you will bring joy and consolation to many. We will watch with loving care over you."

The correspondence I continually receive proves that the prediction of bringing "joy and consolation" to be true. I enclose a specimen out of hundreds I have received, both from old and young, and I give you liberty, well knowing it will not offend the writer, to quote the part I have marked:

"As for Spiritualism, I have every personal reason to be satisfied and gratified by the kind care and encouragement, my continual spiritual intercourse affords me, therefore I keep aloof from all disturbing influences. When thirty or forty more years have passed over your head, you will be glad of the same position. I sincerely regret that your physical trials interfere so sadly with your active co-operation, and I must once more say I shall ever feel indebted to you for having opened the channel to the greatest happiness of this and my future life."

You will be surprised when I tell you the writer is 94 years of age, writes without use of spectacles, and you will perceive a highly cultured as well as a refined mind.

Paris, July 25th, 1884. D. D. HOME.



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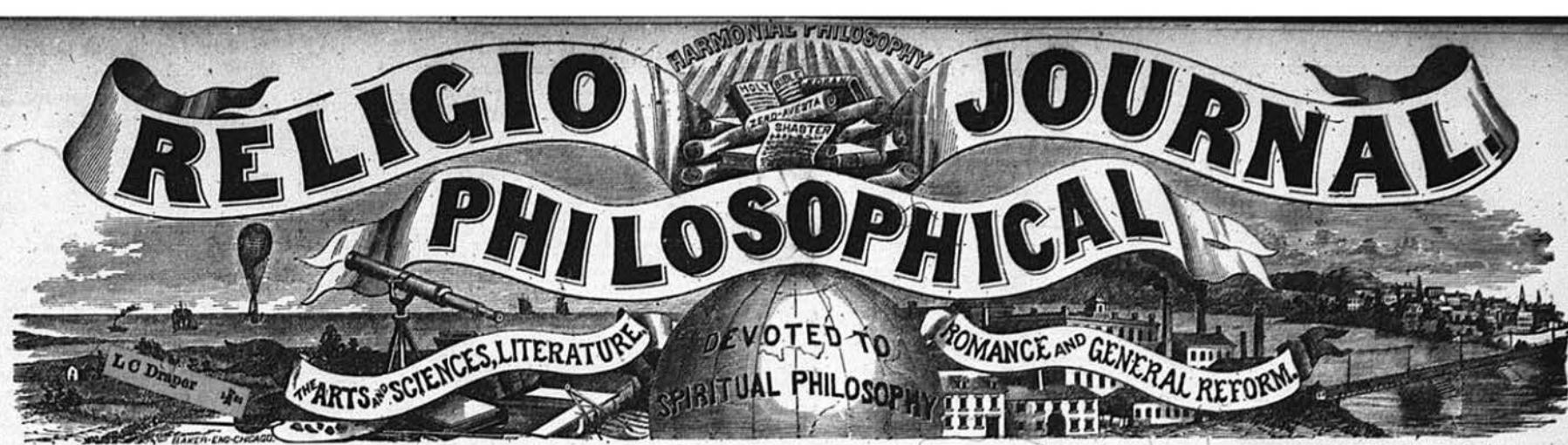
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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 11, 1884.

No. 7

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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Pellet Reading and Independent Writing.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Allow me to recite a few incidents of recent experiences with J. D. Haganman, in pellet reading. I think you are aware that I do not accept, or vouch for spiritualistic phenomena, only when the manifestation clearly presents the evidence of being outside of the possible normal power of the medium, unaided by supermundane intelligences. I think the following facts clearly imply the active interposition of occult intelligence, outside the possible power of the visible instrumentality of the demonstration. And this power of "pellet reading," so-called, by Mr. Haganman, has been repeatedly demonstrated in my presence, under varying "test conditions," of which I will relate only two or three representative cases.

I wrote the name of an individual upon a slip, together with a question, folding the writing so as to conceal it, into a small pellet. Preparing several such papers, of and to as many different individual acquaintances, all being prepared out of the possible normal cognizance of the medium, Mr. H. then takes one of the said pellets in his hand, soon tells me the name therein, in full, and in most instances, the entire contents of the paper, with answer legitimate thereto, all under my constant, detective watchfulness. Thus I knew that Haganman has not seen the writing, nor had opportunity to substitute the pellet with another, or in any way arrive at the result through the action of his normal powers. Each prepared pellet is thus separately deciphered and answered.

In one of these experiments, I addressed my brother, whose name is so uncommon and contains so many letters, that it would not be guessed by anyone, unfamiliar, in a thousand trials, I think I am safe in saying. And Mr. H. and myself are of only very recent acquaintance, nor has he had any knowledge of the existence of said brother, whose name is Linval Loranthe Bailey. This name was fully and correctly given, together with the exact words and construction of the question, and its appropriate answer.

In some of the trials, the medium told correctly, not only the words and construction of each sentence, but also just how the different lines appeared, etc. But I was determined, not only to satisfy myself of the undoubted test character of the phenomenon, but to secure such results, if possible, as by the recital thereof, would conclusively show that I could not be mistaken, as to the test and scientific character of the experiment and investigation. Therefore I prepared papers addressed to old friends of Fort Huron, Mich., and sewed the folded pellets through and through, with thread, so that they could not be opened without detection. Mr. H. said to me, by direction of his guides: "As you are seeking conclusive tests, we will permit you to retain the pellets." These did not pass out of my own hands, but the names and questions were given and correctly answered. Here let me insert the testimony of the following named gentlemen, as to their investigation of Dr. Haganman's mediumship: Rev. William Alcott, of Shelburne Falls, Mass., says:

"I cheerfully bear testimony to the great satisfaction and comfort I have received from a séance held with Dr. J. D. Haganman. His psychometric readings, from names written upon slips of paper, and folded so as to enclose the name in sixteen foldings of the paper, are truly wonderful; to me, they were

the most convincing and satisfactory I have ever received. Dr. Haganman is a genial, sociable and intelligent gentleman, deserving of confidence and respect."

J. W. Cadwell, the mesmerist, of Meriden, Conn., testifies to the same effect; also Geo. Dutton, M. D., of Boston, Mass., who closes his testimonial thus: "He is one of the best mediums I have ever seen." And Dr. Joseph Beals of Greenfield, Mass., President at Lake Pleasant, closes his certificate with: "I believe him to be an honorable man, a fine medium and healer, and one in whom confidence can be placed." While writing the above statement, last evening, I was stopped to experiment with a new phase promised us by the guides. With your permission, Col. B., I will give account of the *modus operandi*, test conditions and results. I wrote the name of S. S. Jones, and addressed to him the following query:

"DEAR SIR: Can you indicate through this means—writing in the box—your presence and good will? J. K. B."

I then placed the slip containing the name and question, together with a blank paper—thin printing paper—of the dimensions of about 7 by 9 inches surface, in the box; holding the sheet between my eyes and a full blaze gas jet, holding it close to the flame, so as to be sure that no coloring stained it or writing (hidden) was upon it, and I solemnly aver that it was transparent enough to satisfy me that no mark was upon it. I folded and put it, with the slip aforesaid, into a small box—5½ by 4½ inches and 2½ inches deep, outer surface—with cover on hinges, and good lock attached; nothing else visible being in the box except small piece of lead pencil, which I placed with the two pieces of paper, aforesaid, into the box; I locked the cover down, put the key in my pocket; sealed and marked the keyhole; then placed the box upon one hand of the medium, who put his other hand upon the top thereof. I then covered or wrapped his hand and the box with black cloth and awaited results. Soon we heard the paper rustling, the pencil writing and frequent rattling of the pencil apparently against the cover of the box. These "raps" or ticks responded to our questions, and finally signalled the demonstration closed. I took the box from the medium's hands, which, when uncovered, were found, with the box, in unchanged position and relation as placed aforesaid. On thorough examination I found the seal and marks as I had arranged them. I then took the key out of my pocket, where placed aforesaid, unlocked the cover, opened the box and found therein, to my astonishment, three papers with writing on them instead of the two I had locked in the box, with no change in dimension, of either of the two thus placed. Of all the foregoing facts I am as fully cognizant, as that I am relating them. The slip on which I had written my appeal to S. S. Jones, presented on the reverse side, these words in fine writing: "Yes, this is a test for you and the world. Your friend, S. S. JONES."

The large sheet, 7 by 9 inches, which I put into the box without scratch or mark—absolutely blank—had a message running along the margin, lengthwise from end to end, in characters I know nothing of, and apparently signed with a name distinct from the body of these characters. On the balance of that surface, is the following plainly written communication, in due form of a letter, in moderately fine back-hand writing:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 26th, 1884.
FRIEND BAILEY AND MEDIUM: We greet you through this new phase of development. Be faithful and true to your calling, and give the truths and manifestations to the world, as they are given to you. Do not conceal thy works and greater works shall thou do. The Spirit-world stands ready, to day, to give to the children of earth new manifestations of their power, and greater will be the truths and facts of spirit return, as fast as instruments can be found that are worthy of the calling, to both spirits and mortals. Go forth and proclaim the higher teachings of spirit life, unfolding the truths, wherever found, ever lending a helping hand to suffering humanity, and help to free the children of earth from the bondage and fetters of their own ignorance and superstition, and that of their forefathers. We bid you, adieu and God speed, with the guidance of the angel world. The united band, the guides of the mediums, adieu. WHITE EAGLE.

On the back of this sheet, the upper line written partly on one fold and partly on the other—across the edge of the upper fold is this short message: "To my faithful medium, and the children on earth: We come to guide and elevate all. UNITED BAND."

The introduced piece of paper about 5½ by 3½ inches surface contains this short message, in an entirely different hand writing: "Well, old friend, do you want anything more, as you have been on the test to-day? If so, we will try and give. Your friend, E. B. Clarke," and on the right lower corner, in a fine hand, as on the back of the slip, are the words: "And S. S. Jones."

Among the pellets, above described, which I sewed, through and through, was one addressed to "E. B. Clarke, of Fort Huron, Mich., with question duly answered. Old residents of Fort Huron will know of Bro. Clarke, and my acquaintance with him. If such facts as these do not clearly demonstrate the existence, presence and power of the so-called dead, to interchange thought-intelligence with "the children of earth," what do they demonstrate? I call on the wise, if any there be so endowed, to give us another rational solution. Until they do, let them cease clubbing Spiritualism. All this recital is, positive

truth, and the conditions I claim crucial—fully scientific and impregnable. Such are worth millions of the indefinite and possibly half and half phenomena, of the day. Of course I recognize the fact that personal identity is not absolutely established through this demonstration, but, highly probable, while human intelligence, I think, as the source of this power, is the only rational solution of the problem involved. Let me add, that this phenomenon, of the direct writing in the box, above set forth, is the first of the phase under absolute test conditions, ever demonstrated through Dr. Haganman, formerly of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Brooklyn, N. Y. J. K. BAILEY.

Experiences with Henry Slade.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

We have had so many spurious mediums here calling themselves Dr. Slade, that I think your readers will be glad to hear that the real one has visited us for several weeks. He came from the South quite ill, but during the few days in which he was able to give sances, he did very effectual work. He established the fact of independent slate-writing to all who sat with him.

Most investigators brought double slates, and received writing in them, in a room well lighted by three large windows. Among those best calculated to make a candid and intelligent statement of what they witnessed, was Mr. Thellocke, editor of the *Daily Bulletin*. Though young in years, he is aged in wisdom; and his pen is a terror to the evildoer, and a guide to those seeking to do right.

Mr. Thellocke brought his own slates, received communications in them, and gave in his paper a very interesting and detailed account of his observations. He admitted the phenomenon, but left his readers to decide its source.

Some people held their own slates (as I did) when the writing took place, while with others it seemed necessary for the Doctor to touch the slates. Some of the investigators had no previous preparation for this writing. That is, they had read nothing and knew nothing of the philosophy of Spiritualism; and to such, of course, the phenomenon was a pretty big dose. Instead of studying the subject by degrees, and going gradually up to the astonishing and beautiful manifestation of slate-writing, they began with it, very naturally wishing to learn what they could while the opportunity was offered. But their experience is something like learning to read without knowing the alphabet, were such a thing possible. They have a grand fact which they cannot account for, and they are unwilling to accept any testimony from the only source that has ever yet explained it.

To me it has been both interesting and amusing to hear the wild theories advanced by my friends, regarding the slate-writing. Each has his own opinion, and all of them disagree with known facts. Some claimed the writing done by chemicals, but on examining the slates the pencil dust was always there. Some said it was mind reading, but that left the physical part (the writing) unaccounted for. Others said that magnetism was the motive power, but that left the intelligence unexplained. Finally many decided it was mind reading and magnetism, and that is as impractical as any thing they have had yet. For, admitting, for the sake of argument, that magnetism moved the pencil intelligently, how about the communications that are not on, and never were on, the investigator's mind? Many of us received those, and whose mind did they come from?

The further we pursue the mind reading phantoms, the more transparent it gets. For instance, when a man asks this question: "What was my wife's maiden name?" or, "In what month and year did my wife die?" the answer is in his mind for the medium to read. How is it then that he often receives such a reply as this: "I don't know your wife's name;" or, "Your wife is not present."

Were it mind reading, the message must be according to the mind from which it was taken. So far as these communications are concerned, all intelligent seekers after truth will soon find that mind reading is an exploded bubble. They will save their strength and let the children run after this airy delusion.

Experience, the world over, establishes this fact: That messages often contain truths unknown by both medium and investigator, and which are verified by future observation, inquiries or lapse of time. This has been proven too many times to excite any interest in the minds of Spiritualists; but I repeat it for the benefit of those who have not had experience.

Another theory presented was, the inward-consciousness idea. That is, as I understand it, that we all have two natures, and that from the inner of these comes this intelligence that appears on the slates; but that is only one branch of the mind-reading theory, and is subject to the same objections. Our inner consciousness (provided we have one) can evolve nothing outside of itself, and these messages contain matter unknown to us.

Then comes the explanation that is sure to come eventually, viz.: That it is trickery, and every benighted hamlet on earth develops the right mind to discover it. Cairo, not to be left behind, brought her expositors (?) out, and they hinted mysteriously that every person but themselves was deficient in brain power to discover the secret of slate-writing, but they could show how it was done. Not modest at all about making this assertion,

they are yet unaccountably slow in making their promise good. My husband offers them five hundred dollars for the information they claim to possess, and assures them of the one thousand you hold in reserve for the same. Add to this the ten thousand that Dr. Wolfe of Cincinnati, has for a standing offer for the same purpose, and it is well worth while for these parties to reveal their knowledge. The public here will soon begin to suspect a very large amount of "blow," and a very minute degree of knowledge.

During Dr. Slade's stay in our home, we occasionally had quite startling physical manifestations at our dinner table—the invisibles shaking our heavy table soundly and making every article on it rattle, and pounding on nearly any required spot upon it; or, shaking a solitary stack of china, while everything else was stationary.

But to my own family, the most enjoyable manifestation was the entrancement of the Doctor by his controls. Three of these spirits were exceedingly learned, and one of them was the finest speaker I ever heard, in or out of the flesh. His pure and ennobling thoughts were as chaste and beautiful as strong pearls, and we seemed to rise into the immortal world itself when he spoke; and fall to a very common-place jocosely existence when he ceased. But we gained both hope and encouragement from his noble counsels, and we will try to apply them properly to our own lives.

As every one knows, Dr. Slade claims but limited educational advantages, and his controls are so intellectually different and superior to him, that I can make no reasonable comparison between them. All thought and idea of the medium disappeared from the moment the controls took possession of his organism, and we felt that we certainly did entertain the "bright immortals."

Cairo, Ill. AMARALA MARTIN.

Where the Blame Lies.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The lesson you draw in your article under the head of "A Christian's Suicide"—that the man Shipperd was not deterred from disgraceful crime and self-murder by the influence of his Christian belief and training, was well taken; but there is also another lesson I wish to point; one that has a deep and far-reaching significance.

Knowing the man, James R. Shipperd, during a space of nearly thirty years, as a pleasant, kindly, fair dealing person, I could feel nothing but the saddest sympathy and painful regret that he should have come to so untimely an end. It was not in accordance with the rightfulness of things. It was impossible not to feel that something vastly wrong must have impelled him to his untimely fate. The nature of that underlying wrong it is my present purpose to set down. I will premise by calling attention to my article published in the JOURNAL a number of months ago, on the great national evil of gambling, uncondemned by the ministers of the Christian churches. I there showed that this terrible evil of gambling grows out of the greed of money required to keep up social extravagance in costly dress and outside show, and that its inevitable fruits are dishonesty in business and official position, often culminating in family ruin and suicides graves.

The fall and disgraceful death of Mr. Shipperd was due to the self-same cause; but in his case the saddest and most shameful feature lies in the fact, that the Christian church is the chief sinner in the crime. A large number of the Christian churches to-day are conspicuous upholders of the social habit of spendthrift-display which directly fosters the speculation and self-murder that have grown to be of nearly daily occurrence. Of the large number of bank thieves and conscience-stricken suicides which have been announced through the public press within a few months, not one that cannot be traced to the mad mania for extravagant living; not one that was not connected with the Christian church.

The congregation of which Mr. Shipperd has for many years been a prominent member, has recently erected a showy church edifice at a cost of more than sixty thousand dollars. It is elaborately ornamented without and within, with luxuriously cushioned pews, and all its appointments especially designed to cater to the taste of those possessed of abundant means. A person in moderate circumstances could not worship in such a church in a spirit of comfort and ease. The weight of untold grandeur presses on poverty with such depressing incubus as could not be borne, and vehemently announces that only wealth is wanted here. It is easy to say that the poorest are welcome. Where nothing but the costly glare of varnish and gilt and silk velvet can be seen, and the stream of worshippers are decked in sealskin accoutrements, silks, laces, broadcloth and jewelled splendor, poor people cannot but feel crushed into shamefaced desire to hide themselves out of the way. A spirit of competitive determination to excel each other in personal display is rife in the congregation; and the same spirit, inevitably carried to their homes, builds up and steadily fosters the greed for riches, as a means to luxury and grandeur there. What must be the result? Impatience of the slow processes of honest business methods; a spirit of gambling speculation, in haste to grow rich; only too often followed by speculation and positive theft. But for this hungry desire to keep up as grand a show as his fellow members in church, it is not to be supposed that Shipperd would have

lavished nearly the whole of his means in a costly residence at least four times too large for only himself and wife, with its elaborate stone front and expensive show-trimming. What of the Christ spirit is there in this? What would the humble Jesus of Nazareth, who had not where to lay his head, have said to a disciple who came arrayed in purple and fine linen from a twenty-thousand dollar residence to worship him in a sixty thousand dollar temple?

So long as reckless extravagance is lavished in the churches, leading directly to like wastefulness of large money stores in home habits and personal adornment, just so sure will weak James Shipperds fail to avoid temptation, and, falling by the wayside, come to disgraceful ends. W. WHITWORTH.

16 Glendale Av., Cleveland, O.

That "Letter from a Christian Woman."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Before me is your paper of Sept. 27th, and I have just read, greatly to my delight and amusement, the "letter from a Christian woman." Do not understand, please, that there is anything novel or exhilarating in her communication, but the ideas of the writer seem to be floating in an atmosphere of peculiar lightness, which causes the mind of this individual reader, to become giddy and inquisitive.

The truth is, I am a very unsophisticated minnow, living in my own shallow cove among other "small fry," still I never lose the opportunity of watching the big whales of thought, as they measure flukes and lash their fathomless opinions into foam. Sometimes, my fins rise, so anxious am I to ask them what all their spouting is about, but thus far, I have been afraid to do so, through fear of being swallowed, for my foolishness.

But, now, oh, joy! Here comes one of my own size, right into this shallow water, and I find myself taking an attitude of defense.

Our Christian sister calls the arguments of the agnostic, worthless, at the same time, allowing us to see that she is agnostic upon the subject of Spiritualism. She settles all doubt of spirit return, by saying: "Jesus Christ returned over 1,900 years ago," and she depends upon the say-so of "holy men of old." Was she well acquainted with those consecrated gentlemen? Were they upright neighbors? Were they ever newspaper reporters? Did they ever tell anything of a sensational character? Did they expect notoriety, as payment? Remember that we are not all blessed with throats like Jonah's, and we cannot swallow large fish, without a little seasoning of evidence.

It does seem to me, that there would be more reason in believing "the men and women of to-day," especially if they are our friends, and we know them to be truthful, than in hanging our hope of immortality upon the slender thread of a faith, which is held by "holy men of old," since we never saw anybody, who ever knew any one, who was acquainted with the human being, who could prove to us, that they ever existed. There may have been spirit manifestations in those olden times, but it is clear that their history has become so distorted, that it is of no account, compared with what is taking place at present.

What is this? "In the truest sense, we Christians are Spiritualists." Does not the lady know that it is utterly impossible for a Christian to be a Spiritualist? Blind Faith and True Philosophy can never wed, nor can they ever agree upon anything of importance.

Christianity teaches that "His blood can make the foulest clean;" that repentance at the last moment, by the blackest sinner that ever lived, will wait him on angel wings to the "New Jerusalem;" place him softly upon the sea of glass; give him a harp and a crown, and leave him to be happy in the monotonous pastime of singing praises forever.

Spiritualism teaches that "nothing great is lightly won;" and that the blood of a thousand saviors cannot alleviate a moment's suffering. It teaches that for all our wrong doing, and even for our innocent mistakes, we must suffer; and that our happiness will always consist in being good and in doing good, as well as in perpetual progression.

This subject has often been discussed through the JOURNAL, still there are ever those, like our Christian friend, who will insist upon ignoring the main point, in all discussions.

The pretty text with which her interesting letter closes, has always given me some uneasiness: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of him that slept." In that case what became of Abraham, David, Solomon, etc? They died a la Adam and as there was then no savior (they were awfully in need of one, too), and "as a tree falls so it must lie," I cannot understand how they found their way to their heavenly home. Then there were those who were caught up into heaven, bodily, long before Jesus lived, yet he became the "first fruits." How did it happen that Moses and Elias were able to be out walking upon the hills, in plain sight, if Christ was the first fruits? Had they been asleep all these years? Will my good sister help me out of my ignorant condition?

Mrs. Fry.

Professor Bartholow says that "the Mississippi valley is as much the habitat of cholera as the Ganges is, the condition being the same, and sporadic cases occurring every year." The Doctor, who has had a large experience with the disease, affirms that for its treatment there is no agent comparable to chloral.

From Puritanism to Spiritualism: 1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER VII.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

"Work brothers mine; work, hand and brain;
We'll win the golden age again;
And Love's immortal glory shall rise,
In happy hearts and blessed eyes.
Hurrah! hurrah! true knights are we,
In labor's lordlier chivalry!"

—Gerald Massey.

A people content with crude products and unskilled labor can never reach a high civilization. Skill, artistic taste, and training in the practical application of science and art to industry, are important elements in education. Such education must reach our schools—now too much devoted to an abstract intellectual drilling, which becomes cold and dull when separated from the work of life and from the moral sentiments.

In the autumn of 1872 I gave an address on Scientific and Industrial Education in Toledo, Ohio, by invitation of the Trustees of the Toledo University of Arts and Trades. That institution, owing to the failure of some endowments, has not grown as was hoped, but its purpose was excellent. The address was reported in the newspapers, repeated in pamphlet form, and had wide circulation in pamphlet form from Detroit, and through the Government Bureau of Education at Washington. Extracts from its opening pages will give in brief, some thoughts on this important subject. Details of such schools in Europe, and at home, which made up the rest of the lecture, are omitted.

"The Spanish Toledo, an old and decaying city on the banks of the Tagus, 2,300 feet above the sea amidst rocks and hills, was called 'Toledo' mother of people—by its Jewish founders 2,500 years ago. It was full of life under Moorish sway a thousand years since; a splendid capital under old Spanish Kings, noted for its famed sword-blades, its woollen, silk and leather; but now it is reduced from 200,000 to 16,000 inhabitants, representing an effete civilization, smitten because it had fallen behind in art and science, and the culture and freedom of its people."

This new Toledo, full of the fresh life of our young West, must move on and keep pace with the world's thought and life. Here we want education for all the educating—the calling out—of every faculty and power, ready for the work of life, and fit to make that life noble and harmonious.

We have made fair progress in intellectual, moral and spiritual culture, with ample scope yet for more; but in technical education, the drill of eye, hand and brain for artistic work, done with scientific exactness, we lack greatly, are just beginning, in fact; yet it must be had to perfect that life, mingling of the ideal and the practical, which is before us. It is sometimes said that a college spoils a student for practical duties. Let this all be changed, and let us shape our schools towards the wants and work and thought of our own time, asking what help we may from the past, but acting for the present, and looking to the future. This is the ideal of the University of Arts and Trades.

This noble effort will not only add to your material wealth, which is important, but will lift up the standard of life.

Such schools are a great want in our country, where there is such demand for skill and science, practically applied to the development of our great natural resources, to carry us beyond the furnishing of raw materials and the rudimentary products of untrained labor and Titanic strength, to the finer and more artistic productions of skill and inventive genius. We want them to make our labor more productive, and at the same time to elevate its character, and thus make the laborer's life larger and richer; to save the waste that always results from crude and unskilled processes; and to give us that mastery over nature's finer forces and elements which is symmetry, beauty, permanence, strength and delicacy in every product of the skilled and vigilant worker.

The natural aptitude and readiness of our workmen are remarkable, and if we can add to these the discipline and drill of scientific training, we are masters of the situation. We little think what advantage skill gives. Let a farmer labor but five per cent. more and better crops than his neighbor, and middle life finds the one far ahead of the other; and in mechanism and manufactures the difference is still more striking. A new process of mining or iron making, of weaving or dyeing, giving but a slight margin in quantity or quality of results, distances all competition, and gives a solid reputation that sells the product with no trouble.

Krupp makes the best steel cannon in the world in his great shops in Essen, Prussia, and his buyers seek him and pay his prices; for quality is more precious than quantity, and the guarantee of a master of his art is better than gold.

The honest excellence of our Western woolen goods, into which no shoddy is woven, is becoming known and makes demand for them. Let us master chemistry as applied to dyeing, so that our colors shall be as fine and fast as those of the best French fabrics, and we conquer the world; and this is the aim of technical instruction.

Classical and literary culture are not to be slighted or undervalued, but they must be shaped to meet the life of to-day, not to feed a pedantic pride or to create a cloistered exclusiveness.

Modern culture must meet modern life, and the way and power of science and art is a great element in that life. Our daily experience holds us close to facts, and keeps us in the realm of laws which science must know and obey, and thus apply, and gain mastery by that fine obedience.

Our best colleges are recognizing this, by the growth of their scientific departments and their more practical educational tendencies; and a broader and truer scholarship, and a more generous humanity are soon to result therefrom.

Professional life is full. In every Western town or city are lawyers, physicians and even engineers, quite enough for the disputes of the people, or to minister to bodies or souls diseased, and many of these keep poor and never reach even a decent mediocrity of place or influence, from the pedantry and narrowness of their culture and thought; but if a mine is to be opened, a factory built and managed, a railroad built and engineered, or a great farm to be carried on with adequate success, one must seek far and wide for the skill and power equal to such work.

This is a question of character as well as dollars. Scientific schools will make mining, weaving, mechanism, engineering and farming as eminent and distinguished as what are called "the learned professions," and we shall have a class of men and women cultured and polite in habits and manners, yet willing and able to take hold of the world's work with courage and hope, with skill and persistent power.

Some of the most eminent scientists of En-

gland—Huxley, Lyell, Playfair, and others—have recently presented a petition to the Commissioners of Education, asking for the introduction of elementary physical science into the common schools of that country.

They offer as a reason for their petition the following:

"1. We conceive such teaching to be one of the best instruments of education in the sense of intellectual discipline; and in many respects better calculated to awaken intellectual activity than other studies.

"2. We think a knowledge of the elements of natural science has a high value as information.

"3. We are of the opinion that scientific training and teaching in the elementary schools will afford the best possible preparation for that technical education for the working classes which has become indispensably necessary to the industrial progress of the country."

This training would elevate the whole standard of labor, and the whole life of the laborer and artisan, by bringing them into closer fellowship and more sacred communion with laws and forces which are natural and practical, fitted to our external life on the one side, yet infinite and divine, and meeting that which is immortal in us, on the other.

Scientific education linked to practical results must be had in school and college, to reach that varied industry which is a part of the best civilization.

Fifty, too, do you link art with industry, and aim to provide for a cultivated taste in the production of beautiful objects, and it is to be hoped that samples of the skill of young men and women, designs of patterns for textile fabrics, shapes and styles of patterns for ornamental yet useful and comfortable furniture, and fine pictures may be seen as results.

By the census of 1880, we find our home manufactures were valued at over four thousand million dollars, a sum ten times as great as our total imports; and that over two million persons are engaged in these industries, and probably eight millions dependent upon them for a livelihood. Build up such schools as you propose and you elevate the standard of skill, increase the value of the finer manufactures, enlarge the range and lift up the life of this host of people, benefit the farmer, and so help all.

Crude labor is full and gets lowest pay, skilled labor is wanted and gets larger wages. In these days of Trade Unions it were well for the workmen to remember that their upward path is through their own efforts for finer skill and persistent improvement. Be worth more and you get more, is a good word for the worker.

It is well that Ohio made this year over 150,000 tons of iron, worth \$80 per ton, or say \$10,000,000 worth in all; but it were better—and to this your University will help—that Ohio make more tools and fine cutlery, worth from five to fifty dollars per pound, or watch springs, worth more than their weight in gold, adding to the value of the crude material by wondrous mechanism and the fine handiwork of intelligent and trained workers—self-respecting citizens adding to your mental and spiritual wealth by the nobility of their presence.

We must train our skill and develop our artistic taste, or we fall behind in the great and peaceful strife of national industries; and to be dull laggards in this noble emulation were sore disaster indeed.

The Massachusetts Technical College, in Boston, with its noble buildings filled with fine apparatus for practical skill to test and use, the scientific departments of Cambridge, Yale, Columbia College, Cornell, Ann Arbor, the Kentucky University at Lexington, and other schools, are excellent beginnings. The wise benevolence of Peter Cooper, making his old age golden by helping this education of the people, is worthy of honor.

Visiting the Illinois Industrial College at Champaign, where the farm and machine shop and laboratory are together, it was very instructive to see with what interest the scholars on the farm and in the shops watched and learned from each other, and saw, as never before, how close the alliance of all labor and skill, how common the interest of farmer and mechanic and manufacturer.

There can be no doubt that a school of applied science would pay well in money and character. A million dollars would add tenfold that sum to the wealth of any one State, in a few years, by increasing the value and results of its labor and skill.

A few years ago a young man from Eastern Pennsylvania spent four years in the Technical Schools of Germany, and graduated as an engineer. Coming home, he was in demand, and went up in ten years faster than twenty years of professional life would have carried him, and his every step added to the wealth and resources of his country. Another young man went to these schools for three years to study metals and chemistry, and came home to take charge of a steel manufacturing plant that had never paid a dollar, but sunk many thousands, and in six months his skill had turned the scale, added twenty-five per cent. to its product, and the stockholders gladly saw their first dividend.

It is well for a few to go abroad for such training, but far better for more to be trained at home, in schools better fitted to our wants and conditions than those in foreign lands can be.

A gentleman tells me of seeing a young German, a graduate from one of the German Art schools, in a great jewelry and silver ware establishment in New York, with four thousand dollars yearly salary, shaping patterns and designs of their finest work. Some young man or woman graduating from such an university as you are founding could fill that place, for there is no end to the varied avenues for work, and enjoyment, and support in the arts and trades.

[To be continued.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Gospel of True Manhood.

BY CHARLES DAWHARN.

No. 4.

I take it as granted that a man can limit his family to his means by understanding and obeying nature's laws. I next assert that it is in man's power to make or to mar his unborn child, both physically and mentally. Every time you see the royal horse, so graceful in motion and perfect in form, you should stop to think that some man in the modern long ago, first called up to his imagination the picture of a perfect horse, and then went to work to learn how to breed him. Under the laws of the animal you can produce any form you like that permits existence. In Eastern Russia, there are sheep with tails weighing forty pounds, and if that tail were ever thought to be a delicacy here it would soon be developed in our own pastures.

Man is an animal, and can be grown to the picture of a perfect animal-manhood, if you so choose. The man with broad shoulders, magnificent limbs, and a frame that holds lungs, liver and heart fit for a giant, stands

as a nation's pride; and if his forehead be low and broad, and his back brain in full control, you probably have a born slugger. To see him nearly kill a man a shade less strong than himself, twenty thousand similar animals will pay a dollar a piece any time, whilst a million will regret their lost opportunity. Yes, you can breed the slugger with a very reasonable certainty if you want to; but you must not choose for a mother the young woman whose shoulders slope like a capital A, with lungs that wheeze a prophecy of consumption; whose hands are too small and white for domestic use, though just right for diamonds; who lives on candies and ice cream, dances at bed-time, and reads novels in the morning; you must not choose her for she is only an abortion, a mockery of physical womanhood.

But the breeder of animals will tell you he can do much more than determine the animal form. Ask the trainer of dogs, of elephants, of horses, and he will tell you he can breed for sagacity and temper as well as form. He will tell you that the mental powers are subject to laws under his control equally with the physical; and do you not know that temper and talent do not come by chance to manhood? Have you stopped to think, O man, that you impress on your unborn child the ruling passion of the day and the hour? Did you ever realize that the money you grasped in hot haste and to another's wrong has made your son a thief? that the wine that excited you, and the tobacco in whose fumes your brain was seethed had made your child a corner loafer and a public nuisance? Nay, further, do you know, my brother, that to beget a child when you are exhausted with a day's labor, instead of when refreshed with sleep, is to bring forth a son born tired, born to be ever passed in life by those of greater energy?

And, O loving, affectionate mother, by whose higher nature man has so far been somewhat saved, from himself, have you, too, thought of what you can do to mould for good or ill that unborn pledge of mutual love? Have you realized that he is to be born into this life and not into another, and that you can save him from more of ill, than can a Buddha or a Jesus, or curse him worse than by the roaring lion of theology? Are you aware that unselfish performance of daily duty is a mother's holiest baptism of the sleeping soul? Do you know that when you sit idly down to dream of heaven you are making him unpractical? that you can as easily curse him with too much God and Jesus on the brain as you can by indulging in rants, revels, and fashionable dissipation?

Let me ask you to mark, that man has a physical side and a mental side, both of which can be moulded, if you will do and dare as becomes your manhood and womanhood. But man is a trine divinity from the moment of his inception. It is as animal, which is the physical body; as thought producer, which is mental life, and as crowned with immortal spirit, which means supremacy of the soul, that he stands as God manifest in the flesh. But he can never wear his crown, or ascend his throne in earth life, until it can be said in Bible language: "These three are one." Harmony in all his relations is essential to holiness and necessary to perfect manhood.

O mother of unborn divinity, have you ever realized how much of the higher possibility of your child must come from you? The father may endow him with energy and intellect, but from you must come his baptism into powers of the soul. Your child, though unborn, has his rights as clearly marked as are those of yourself and husband in this good republican land of ours. It is his right to demand that his parents are united in the pure, devoted, mutual love that never exists in marriages for money, or for a home for selfish relief from existing ills.

But though this is a grand starting point, now is the hour for you to remember that the unborn is a spirit. Of the spirit is born love, hate and that selfish or unselfish nature from which springs honor amongst men, or a life of crime and degradation. You can by nervous excitement so mark your child physically as to destroy its beauty amongst men; but if you permit yourself to cast the longing eye at that you cannot grasp, your child may grow up diseased and discontented.

If you be frivolous and neglectful, how can your child be industrious; and if hurt by a sense of injustice you seek your remedy by art and cunning, how can your son be a standard of honor to his fellowmen? I knew a lady treated so meanly by her husband that she arose in the night, and searched his pockets for money; but her son has become a professional thief.

There is a rule of conduct for the mother that can tersely be expressed, in the one word "duty." The very best possible conditions for the unborn are a life of self-devoted duty by the mother; and if supported by the affectionate watchfulness of a loving, sagacious husband, who has studied nature's laws, then may both parents feel assured that they have prepared for their child the best possible entrance into earth life.

[To be continued.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Midsummer Madness."

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, which is never any thing but aggressive against any 'ism opposed to its editors' cradle-bound theology, and seldom fair in its aggressiveness, in noting the close of the session of the New England Spiritualists Association at Lake Pleasant, speaks of it as "midsummer madness." It is an old saying that "Those whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," and, measured by this standard, it is easy to see by the steady growth of spiritualistic thought—even in "staid old New England"—that the "madness" is not of a destructive order, save in its encroachments upon old-time theological citadels, whose foundations it is slowly but surely undermining. But it was patent early in the season that the *Republican's* digestive organs were dyspeptic upon Lake Pleasant matters, and little in the way of generous treatment could be expected of it in its columns. Considering that among its readers are hundreds who heartily believe in Spiritualism, and who make yearly pilgrimages to Lake Pleasant and other like resorts, there to exchange with each other the lessons and experiences of the year, it is hardly up to the measure of even fairness in its course.

Your writer, who has given for some few years considerable thought and research to the rapid and solid growth of Spiritualism in this State, as evidenced in the several camp meetings and other efforts, and has been in a position the past two years where he could calmly and dispassionately view the field, finds that so far from any "madness" being shown on the part of the true disciples of the new (yet seemingly ever-old) dispensation, he has cause to think and say that the progress towards a successful, active working, studious constituency in spiritual thought in New England, was never more marked and cohesive than now. Men and women of culture and nerve are enlisted, as well as younger travelers in the world, whose minds are un-

cramped by the stereotyped, set catechism of some of our earlier days' experiences, are pressing to the front in their efforts to understand the phenomena of Spiritualism, and will not "down" at the bidding of every "called" shepherd of the orthodox flocks. Especially was this latter phase of the matter shown in the call for, and examination of, the current spiritualistic literature of the day, which it is to be regretted, is not more thoroughly placed during the year where they can readily find it, and at prices that will admit of their easy purchase. (In this connection, why cannot spiritualistic tracts and the like, be printed and sold at as low rates as the common literature of the day? Such a course would mean more readers and students, and more well-grounded believers in the truth.) No one with an average intellect and a disposition to fairly judge, could canvass the grounds this or last year, and view the interested and closely-observant throngs which gathered in the auditorium, without feeling that something more than mere "midsummer madness" had called them hither. There was an earnestness of thought visible, an attentive ear to the various speakers' representation of experience and knowledge, a close discussion of ideas and sentiments propounded, and a bold, yet courteous expression of differences of opinion that showed a studious method in their madness. That many were there only for pleasure, at the rink, on the lake and in the grove, who cared no more for the subject discussions of the hour, than they did for the like demonstration of other religious belief, goes without saying. That many were there who simply came for rest, at a spot easily accessible from their homes, and free from the "tone" which pervade so many of our summer resorts, making them alike burdensome to the pocket and the already weary body, is alike true; but there was separate and distinct from the above, an earnest body of thinkers and workers, whose influence was felt. The presence of idlers and merry makers should not be counted as a factor in judging the element which really held the hour; nor, indeed, is it fair, because another element, destructive to all peace and happiness, lifts its head and growls because it cannot have full play for passion, to count that as part and parcel of the true work. Such elements can be found at any summer gathering, or winter, either, for that matter.

That there were some frauds there, masquerading under the delusive titles of M. D., and the various phases of mediumistic effort, cannot be, and is not, denied. Were there no truth, there could be no counterfeits; but in my dealings with the general class of mediums, I found them strictly honorable and just. Speaking as an honest investigator of the subject of Spiritualism, and expressing an opinion current with hundreds like myself, whom I met, I do not think that spiritualistic leaders, as a whole, are strong and united enough in their efforts to weed out such impostors. The golden charity of belief which permeates the minds of liberal thinkers, has kept them from closely enough questioning the character and general claims of many of the harpies who have fastened upon Spiritualism as a cover for their counterfeit presentation of the truth. Even as Caesar's wife should be above suspicion, Spiritualism should be ever active in its efforts to discover and disown those who soil the hem of its garments, and must back its press in its efforts in this direction, as a unit. Until this is done comments like those of the *Republican* and other papers, cannot but be expected and must be endured.

It is a matter of congratulation that in another year steps have been taken to interest the younger element of society at the Lake, in the claims of Spiritualism. This has been too long neglected. They must be brought by degrees of instruction and illustration into investigation. They cannot be expected to, at once, feed upon the solid food furnished for, and by, those old in the faith from the public rostrum. Lead them thither gradually but surely, and they will stay there, never fear.

It is to be regretted, that too often an audience who have listened to an eloquent discourse which they are anxious to get away and discuss at its close, while the facts are fresh in their mind, are often detained to listen—through abuse of executive courtesy and clemency—to a number of long-winded "is to be's" from some party wishing to "turn an honest penny." It has grown into an abuse in a measure, and there are enough of advertising methods without the rostrum being turned into an auction mart by the bidders for public favor.

No stronger evidence of the real desire for the interests of true Spiritualism could be given than the address of thanks by the ladies of the camp to Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, on the occasion of one of her most forcible and searching lectures.

The general order at the Lake was good—unexceptionably good—considering the elements which the rink drew from all classes in the surrounding towns, though, if one were to govern their thought by the utterances of one or two journals whose "editor-in-chief" or reporter were only on the ground at odd intervals, it might seem otherwise; but I can truly say, having not been off the ground twenty-four hours in all during the six weeks, that the order and morale could safely challenge any New England town of like, or even smaller population.

It was a very noticeable fact that a few of the loudest-mouthed malcontents, who could find no good in the administration of affairs, and longed with "unutterable yearnings" for different times, remained until the last morning or so of the session, and then were about the first to "fold their tents like the Arabs, and silently slip away" as soon as that dominant harsh rule was removed by the expiration of the camp session, not even waiting to test the bill of fare offered by the White Cross Fraternity, of which they had been spoken adherents—later in the week. Was there after all, some good in Sodom and its executives? We pause for a reply. Whatever differences of opinion may honestly exist as to method of management—and honest agitation works for purity of effort in any cause—yet the summer session settled one fact, and that was, that the "midsummer madness" of Lake Pleasant was not, in the line of executive duty nor on the part of true Spiritualists. May just such madness as makes the Lake and other like resorts, the home of energetic and unbiased search after truth, be my lot to witness in each coming year. VIBETTE.

Athol, Mass.

Old Dan Rice claims that once, upon a keel-bow coming from Wheeling, W. Va., to Mayville, after the adjournment of Congress in 1837, he danced a jig while the famous Henry Clay played the fiddle for him.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

IN NERVOUS DISEASES.

Dr. HENRY, New York, says: "In nervous diseases, I know of no preparation to equal it."

To the Readers of the Journal.

DEAR FRIENDS: I wish to address you a few earnest words. Before they can be presented to your minds you will all have read in our good JOURNAL the able report of the proceedings of the annual meeting of the American Spiritualist Association, held in August on the Lake Pleasant Camp ground of the New England Spiritualists. Contrary to my request that they would elect for presiding officer some gentleman more largely endowed in mind and material resources, they have again complimented me with that responsible position. I desire to do my whole duty in connection with it, and yet constantly feel how little is possible for me without the earnest sympathy and support of the great body of Spiritualists in our country. Why should I not have it without stint?

Does not the perusal of that report, and the noting of the representative minds that are uniting with us in the movement, give you an earnest of success, if each one will do his or her part?

I will not underrate your intelligence by stopping to argue that the need of organization is a foregone conclusion. All but the weaklings, and those who have sinister or unworthy motives, perceive and own the urgent necessity there exists for co-operative effort. You need not rely upon the idea that the spirits will do all that is needed without our own industrious labor. This is not their intention, neither would that course be best, even if conditions allowed it. Such is not the lawful order of the world's growth. The experiences of our race, and every wise proverb into which those experiences have crystallized, teach us to save ourselves by our own efforts. "Put your own shoulders to the wheel, and then call upon Jupiter."

Accordingly organization is being attempted on every hand, and the fruitage of a grand growth of good is more or less sure to be gathered in measure, according as we, each and every one, work for it.

But hints from the Spirit-world have, through all the ages, formed the basis on which man built his faith and hope. Clouded and imperfect have they been, and almost always, too soon, covered with debris and befouled with corruption. So will it be again in this age unless the sincere and earnest join hands to prevent it. It is for you who love and honor the truth "to come up to the help of the Lord (the spirits) against the mighty." Never before in the world's history has there been such a basis of positive, scientific knowledge to guide us in the acceptance of spiritual truth, and, as remarked by a late writer, "the new faith of the future is born to the promise of blinding glory."

What will you do, then, friends, to aid in hastening its advent? With the evidence of a reviving faith, that the A. S. A. may become a grand factor in the realization of this grand promise, will you not, one and all, put your hands to the work, and strengthen our Association in the infancy of its growth. You perceive by the proceedings somewhat of the work that is in prospect. The first need just now is the pecuniary means for issuing our publications and supporting our missionaries, many of whom should be chosen from amongst the mediums and trained public speakers.

Publication and circulation of tracts, just now comes first of all. Let the limited in means send in their mite; they know not what fruit of blessing may descend from the expenditure of the price even of one tract. Let the favored in this world's means hand out liberally of their stores, feeling assured that every dollar will be made to tell in efficient work produced. Remember that the President of the A. S. A. asks not of any what he does not himself perform according to his ability, both in means and labor. Nay! if all would do in proportion to their pecuniary ability and mental strength, a small fraction of what he tries to do, a glorious success would be sure to come.

A small portion of our members who joined the Association at Sturgis last year, may not yet have forwarded their annual dues. Will they please do so at once, and send along whatever each can spare to swell the Treasurer's account; yet more: let each and every one become a worker and solicitor of aid from others, informing the President of their efforts and successes, and aiding him with their suggestions in all directions.

All money is to be forwarded to John Winslow, Treasurer, Bristol, Conn.

Hockessin, Del. JNO. G. JACKSON.

Charles Reade's Kindness.

Charles Reade's kindness was proverbial. One of many instances is related as follows by a friend: "At a critical period of my life I had lost my whole fortune in a disastrous enterprise, which left me high and dry without a shilling. I had dined at Albert Gate the night before. Next morning Reade burst into my room and planked a bag of sovereigns on the table quite sufficient to enable me to tide over my immediate necessities, exclaiming abruptly: 'I saw you seemed rather gone last night; there, that's something to buy postage-stamps with, and if you want any more there's plenty left where that came from.' And he was gone before I had time to reply."

Sir Walter Scott.

An interesting testimony to the strong will and surpassing fortitude of Sir Walter Scott has recently been borne by Mr. Raskin. In the library of his house at Brantwood, where, amidst some of the loveliest scenery in the world, the author of "Modern Painters" tries to forget the existence of utilitarian enterprise and debased art, are the original manuscripts of several of Scott's novels. Among them is "Woodstock," upon which Scott was engaged when the news of his ruin reached him. But there is no trace of disquietude or perturbation in the beautiful clear handwriting. "That," says Mr. Raskin, "shows how a man can and should bear adversity."

Voodooism in Washington.

The most successful voodoo doctor in Washington half fills a skillet with water and into it drops two silver coins. He then directs the dupe to choose one to represent himself and the other his enemy. While the water is made to boil, thus making the pieces dance, the conjurer drops in the feathers of a black chicken, repeating at the same time a mysterious form of words. By slyly manipulating the vessel, he finally brings the client atop of his enemy, as represented by the coins, thus satisfying him so well that he willingly pays the \$5 charged for the good omen.

A Leesburg, Ga., negro has an extra finger on each hand about an inch long, bearing a nail, but boneless. His father, brethren and children are also similarly gifted, some of them having also extra toes.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(METHUEN, N. J.)

We are mariners and God the sea
And though we make false reckonings and run
Wide of a righteous course and are undone,
Out of his depths of love we cannot be.

For, by those heavy strokes we misname ill,
Through the fierce fire of sin, this templing
doubt,
Our nature more and more are beaten out,
To perfecter reflections of his will.
—Alice Cary.

It was last year that a paper was read by William Lee, M. D., Professor of Physiology in Columbia University, D. C., to the graduating class of Women's Training School for Nurses, Congregational Church, Washington, D. C., May 1st, 1883. That paper, entitled *Women as Healers*, was written by Mary Clemmer, who passed to the higher life not long ago, of Washington, D. C., so long and well known as author and correspondent of the *Independent*, in which paper the address was afterward printed. I reproduce portions of the carefully written article, as embodying much learning and good argument. After a peroration, Mrs. Clemmer continues:

"The Egyptian Isis watched over the health of the human race and discovered drugs. Eleven centuries before Christ there existed in Egypt a college of physicians for both men and women. In the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* we find women referred to as skilled in medicine. Aspasia indulged in medical writing. The mother of Socrates was a midwife. The skill of Agnodice compelled the legal opening of the medical profession to all free-born women of the State. Hygeia was the daughter of Esculapius.

"Between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries a number of women were wide renowned as teachers in the great medical school of Salerno. Later women physicians held professorial chairs in the universities of Italy, notably in that of Bologna. At one time its professor of anatomy, Mazzolani, falling ill, his wife, Anna Morandi, through love of him, studied anatomy, and in time delivered lectures for him from behind a curtain. She became famous as an anatomist, and was offered a chair at Milan, which she refused, remaining at the University of Bologna till her death, in 1774. During the next half century, Maria Della Donne, received her degree at Bologna, and in 1806 was appointed by Napoleon Bonaparte to the chair of midwifery in that university. In Germany, as early as 1764, Frau Dorothea Erxleben, after due examination, received a medical degree, and practiced long in the city of Quedlinburg, where her husband was a deacon of the St. Nicholas Church. In the early part of the present century, Frau von Siebold and her daughter, Frau von Heldensack, both received medical degrees at Gießen, and rose to great distinction. Frau von Siebold attended the Duchess of Kent at the birth of Queen Victoria, the Duchess choosing her above every other physician.

"These cases are cited, not because they have any general bearing on the presence of women in the science of healing to-day, but because they illustrate the fact that human nature, as expressed through womanhood, in defiance of all obstacle, has had like aspirations, and made like efforts in pursuit of knowledge in all nations and in all time.

"But in following backward the history of medicine one stands amazed at the antagonism of men, at the obstacles they have laid in the way of honorable women, who sought knowledge even in the humblest branches of medical science. Let us lay it all to the far-reaching law of heredity.

"But it is not pleasant to the larger-minded, larger-hearted woman of to-day to find many professors in the medical colleges of the nineteenth century less enlightened, less liberal, than were the great teachers of the medieval ages. It seems impossible to believe that as late as 1876, four distinguished professors in the College of Surgeons, London, should resign because three women had been examined and licensed by the college for the practice of midwifery, or that the whole Royal College of Physicians should rise up to thank them because they did so.

"In the University of Edinburgh, as late as 1869, the professors refused to teach four respectable women who had been matriculated, and the students mobbed them. Nor did the conduct of American students to the women who had been admitted to the clinics of the Pennsylvania hospital reflect greater credit upon American manhood."

Mary Clemmer Hudson thus summarizes the medical opportunities of Europe:

"In Germany and in Austria women are admitted to schools of medicine, but under protest; they are not allowed to matriculate, nor are they promised graduation.

"In Holland, in eleven years, twice as many women have succeeded as men in obtaining diplomas in the study of pharmacy. In 1873, the University of Holland was opened to women.

"The universities of Italy were never closed to women, but in 1876 the fifteen universities of the kingdom were formally opened to them by a State decree.

"In Denmark every department of the University of Copenhagen except theology is open to women. This is equally true of the universities of Sweden and Norway.

"In Australia women were admitted to the University of Melbourne, in 1872.

"In Great Britain the Medical Act of 1858 only admitted to registration and to the practice of medicine, such persons as had passed the examination and obtained the license of one of the nineteen examining bodies of the kingdom, which constituted the General Council of Medical Education of the United Kingdom. After a long and weary battle with the prejudices of men in obtaining requisite hospital instruction, Miss Garrett was registered as a licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall. But her title of M. D. she was able to obtain only years after, from the University of Paris.

"A few years ago a graduate from Cornell University, applied to the Johns Hopkins University for post graduate, but was refused.

"But the student whom the Johns Hopkins refused because she was a woman, Martha Carry Thomas, of Baltimore, has just received the degree Ph. D. *summa cum laude*, the fourth and highest degree which the University of Zurich can bestow. Think of America sending her republican daughters to the heart of Europe to receive their degrees of lofty scholarship! Think of Europe emerging from her mediocrity before America! Think of the universities of Switzerland, of Italy, of Austria, of Sweden, France, shaming Columbia and Harvard.

After describing the efforts of Russian women to open the schools of medicine to their sex, Mrs. Hudson states that they were finally successful in securing the admission of women to the academy, under the same instructors as men. She continues:

"Mrs. Foster, wife of the minister to Russia, declared to the writer that she believes the trained nurses of St. Petersburg to be among the most thoroughly trained and most skillful in the world, adding that she owed her life to one who carried her through a period of sickness in St. Petersburg; she said: 'During the enforced absence of my physician, there was nothing that he would have done that she did not do by his authority. Her intelligence, her skill could not be exceeded.' So much for Russia.

"The mother of two distinguished naval officers told the writer, with glowing eloquence, of the wonderful skill and devotion of the trained nurses in Alexandria, Egypt, who brought back to life, by their enlightened and devoted care, her son, who was committed to their charge at port, in the lowest stages of typhoid pneumonia.

"In Finland, the Emperor of Russia has ordered the University of Helsingfors, through the Senate of Finland, to admit women to its medical school.

The medical schools of France have always been nominally open to women, yet the first woman who was graduated in Paris, after passing the five requisite examinations, was Mrs. Garrett Anderson, of London, the only woman member of the British Medical Association.

"The next woman who took her diploma with great honor in 1871, was an American, Mary Putnam, now Mrs. Putnam Jacob, of New York.

"In regard to the slow, unyielding Orient, Mrs. Hudson relates that: 'No words are rich enough to tell, or even to measure, the work in the amelioration of suffering already accomplished by the admission of educated women to the domain of nursing and healing in the countries alone of India and China.'

"In India, 100,000,000 of women, two-thirds of the entire population, are denied, and have ever been denied, in any extremity of suffering or danger, the privilege of seeing a man physician. After a yearly holocaust of womanhood, as long as the ages, at last native women are trained in the school of Hindostan as nurses, midwives, and physicians to their own sex.

"The Madras Medical College admitted women in 1875. In 1878, after five years' study, during which they won great distinction, four women received their degrees. For many years the lying-in hospital of Madras, Managoody, and Madurai, have been educating native women to meet the wants of high caste Hindoo and Mohammedan women. A medical school for women was established in Bareilly in 1867. The only human creature who has ever been able to reach or uplift the women of Turkey, India or China, has been the trained woman missionary, nurse and physician. Dr. Valentine of India, wrote in 1873: 'I believe the woman medical missionary will relieve an amount of human suffering that lies beyond the reach of any medical man.' Since then the Woman's Medical Colleges of New York, Philadelphia, and Ann Arbor, Mich., have sent forth trained and consecrated women, who have not held their lives dear in spending them in the service of their less fortunate sisters.

AN ENERGETIC WOMAN.

"Leonora Howard, the daughter of a physician in Canada, overcame great obstacles to pursue the study of medicine. She was graduated from Michigan University, and though in fragile health, started for China, and at Pekin was placed at once in charge of the hospital belonging to the Methodist Episcopal mission.

"In three months in 1878 she reported five hundred and sixty-seven patients at the hospital, later, two thousand and fifteen cases as day patients for the year. The same year she was called to treat Lady Li, the wife of the Viceroy of China. A steam launch was sent by him one hundred and twenty miles to bear Miss Howard from Pekin to Tientsin. She was able to restore the Viceroy's wife from impending death, and that one deed (for here was a Chinaman who loved his wife) did more for all the women of China than centuries of mere missionary work had been able to do before. Miss Howard was never allowed to leave Tientsin. The Viceroy, the leading statesman of China, opened a temple as a dispensary, placing an English missionary at its head, defraying all its expenses himself, while his wife opened another for women, placing Miss Howard in charge of it, advancing all the money necessary to support it.

"The hospital at Pekin was completed in 1875. It was then under the charge of Miss Combs, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia. Lucinda Combs toiled with her hands to pay the expenses of her medical education. She worked, studied and waited. Her reward came when she was chosen the first woman medical missionary to China, and its consummation came when she was allowed to build a great hospital for women in the ancient capital city of Pekin. Before this great work was begun she wrote: 'The Chinese are utterly ignorant of everything about nursing and utterly devoid of any desire to care for the sick. Succeeding visits have shown me more and more fully the utter want of any compassion for the sick.' Volumes could not tell the work that women trained as nurses and physicians are doing for women in lands which, till they came, were in reality the abodes of cruelty and death.

"In the countries of Turkey, China and India, within due limits, is extended to-day to women for women the greatest, the most beneficent work of this century, of all the centuries.

"Women to-day are bringing health and happiness to women in the peninsula of the East, in the Zenanas of India, where for centuries they have languished, agonized, and died unattended and unhelped. The women who bear in their training, in their intelligence, in their consecration, such help to human beings, can well afford to do their work without proclamation or speech. To them at last has been given a part in the healing of the nations."

A Prophet in Fresno, Pacific Coast.

The wonderful stories that are wafted here from the Coast Mountains, relative to the venerable priest who holds forth in a lonely valley near the Cantue, continue to excite attention, especially among the Mexican population, and many families of that nationality, as well as quite a number of Frenchmen and Portuguese, are abandoning their property and repairing thither, as they say, to remain to the end of time. A number of those who went over at the first bidding have returned, and have packed up their household goods, or are now doing so, preparatory to returning.

Pedro Lascelle, an intelligent Basque Frenchman, who was over with his wife to investigate the matter, returned home last week, and packed up and started back last Saturday.

Wishing to gain some facts relative to the mysterious man of the mountains, an Expos-

itor reporter interviewed Mr. Lascelle, but was unable, in consequence of the difficulty of conversing with him, he speaking very broken English, to gain as full particulars as desired. However, he ascertained that Mr. Lascelle had seen and conversed with the unknown being. He describes him as a wonderful man, possessing the power to call all who come by their proper names at sight; to heal the sick and relieve the distressed. He has sent out word to all who want to be saved to go and see him, and if they believe in him they shall not die.

Who this wonderful being is, Mr. Lascelle does not pretend to say, but he says others claim that his name is Father Mahin, a priest who was venerated for his righteousness, and who passed away this earthly life and became an immortal spirit 866 years ago, and that he before visited the same section some forty-six years ago.

He announces to the faithful that all mankind who do not respond to his invitation to locate in the Coast mountains and obey the commands of God, will be destroyed by fire and flood within three years. He says for them to abandon every thing and come there and he will provide for and take care of them. He has with him tablets of stone containing the laws of God engraved on them. These he brought from the shores of Galilee, they having been engraved by immortal hands. He asks no money nor worldly goods. They are as mere dross to him. His wants are supplied by hands unseen. One of the young Mexican ladies who went over declares she saw the Virgin Mary pass from the presence of the holy man and disappear in the solid rock.

It is related by Mr. Lascelle that a Portuguese, who did not at first believe, has, on further investigation, become so thoroughly convinced that the padre is a supernatural being, and that he truthfully foretells the end of time, that he has sent for all his relatives, now residing in Portugal, to come there and be saved. A bed-ridden woman has by his magic touch been restored to health and youthfulness. Many other remarkable stories are related. That certain portions of the country's population strongly believe that the priest is a simple pure messenger from Heaven, is illustrated by the manner in which they are flocking to his presence. Joaquin Lamonte and family, and a number of others, will leave Fresno in a few days, to remain permanently at the Cantue.

We have not tried to elaborate on this story, but have given the plain statements of those who have been over there. Who the man is who is pretending to be immortal and what is his real object is not for us to say, but certain it is some one has stirred up quite a commotion. Were the distance not so great we would endeavor to give a more elaborate statement of the matter by sending a reporter there, but the cost would be too great.

Mr. Lascelle says that the people call him a fool, but he has seen enough to satisfy him that it is good to be in the presence of the great prophet. He has left his home and property here in town, and says he has confidence that it will be protected by a higher power during his absence.—Fresno Examiner.

On Hell.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"Oh! you get out with your Spiritualism," said my good pious Methodist sister. "You shocking creatures have no hell; no devil; no eternal punishment for the desperately wicked!" Here she threw up both hands, shook her head in pious horror, and hurriedly left the room, giving me no chance to explain.

I have of late reflected upon the subject of hell and upon the difficulty of making our spiritual philosophy understandable to minds long indoctrinated with the revengeful severity and cruelty of eternal punishment. It is hard to make an orthodox believer understand that eternal punishment—or in truth, punishment at all, as revenge—is in direct conflict with the divine truism, that "God is love." It strikes the thinker that our spiritual lecturers should devote more attention to the elucidation of this little understood condition of man's moral selfhood in his future spiritual abode.

In the perusal of any of our daily papers, it is gratifying to note the rapid progressive discoveries in the arts and sciences, all tending to the intellectual advancement, comfort and refinement of humanity; on the other hand it is sad to observe, perhaps in the same paper, that vice, villainy and crime, in daring and enormity, keep well abreast with these unfoldings; that the more ingenious may be our bank locks, the more ingenious become the rogues to break and pick them, and our trusted bank officers, from the president downward, more daring and unblushing in their speculations! Now, truly with the statesman, the philosopher and the humanitarian, here is another serious subject for reflection.

It is evident that the orthodox doctrine of original sin, the fall of man, innate depravity, vicarious atonement and the stiff more wicked doctrine of absolutism through Christ, is very far from exercising a restraining influence in the commission of crime. Absolutism, in fact, is absolutely offering a premium for wickedness under the sacred name of mercy, thus leaving the unthinking classes under the control of this pernicious fraud. Not a malefactor on the scaffold, while he is receiving his final "through ticket" and is jerked to Jesus, but could trace his depredations upon society through the encouragement of this priestly ignis fatuus.

We will commence by supposing that the investigator of Spiritualism has made himself acquainted with the established fact of a continued existence after death—as few who have had the opportunity have neglected. He continues his researches and receives communications; but they are discordant. Many are distortions of well known facts. Many are wildly inconsistent. Many are absolute falsehoods and sometimes malicious, mischievous advice. At other times many encouraging messages of prudential advice and timely cautions, couched in the purest language of the highest morality and of the loftiest aspirations are given. Now these spiritual emanations, when rationally considered, are of themselves of sufficient evidence of the various conditions of the spiritual communities—almost verifying the truth of the adage: "As the tree falleth so it lieth," which (save the universal ever-acting principle, the law of progress) is substantially correct. Hence the liar, thief, lecher, murderer, sanctimonious hypocrite, heartless millionaire, and the lover of discord, must associate with their fellows in the ranking halls of their own earthly choosing; or, perhaps, become humble supplicants for relief from that class of mortals they were wont to spurn in earth life. Now here are bells in abundance; bells from which there is no Redeemer; bells from which there is no hope of extrication, what laboring to do in the spirit domain, what these contemners of goodness and purity have neglected to perform while in the flesh! Therefore, my friends, truth points out the work before us—the work of self-construction before the whole human family. It must be done here and now. Let us ever remember there are none to sit in judgment upon us. We, with the rest of the human family, must rise to that elevation of purity in the vast spirit domain, or gravitate to that degrading condition which earthly circumstances and our own waywardness has consigned us to. It, therefore, behooves each thoughtful mortal to select his own heaven or hell while in the flesh.

"For there are no acts of pardon past,
In the last realm to which we haste."

Few thinkers ponder upon the probabilities of their spiritual future, reflect on the certain and immutable laws of attraction and repulsion. These two forces are ever operating—operating in the vast conception of the astronomer in illimitable space, down to the minutest molecule that ever a bewildered Huxley, Darwin, or a Spencer can imagine.

Hence the eyes of thoughtful Spiritualists involuntarily moisten when they reflect on the future perplexed condition of a Talmage, or of a full canonized bishop raving through space in search of their Redeemer.

Brooklyn, L. I. D. BRUCE.

Partial List of Magazines for October Not before Mentioned.

St. Nicholas. (The Century Co., New York.) Contents: Frontispiece—"The Jester's Cap"; Slank; Resigned to His Fate; The Story of King Rhoud; The Biography of Richard; The Daisies of Daisydew; Braiding Mother's Hair; Corry's Catamount; Youth and Age; Lanty O'Hoolahan and the Little People; The Romance of a Menagerie; Lost on the Plains; Aunt Kitty and Her Canaries; "Letting the Old Kid Die"; "Ho, for the Nutting-grounds"; Another Indian Invasion; Marvin and His Boy Hunters; "Little Girl in the Glass, I think I have seen you before"; A Fete-day in Brittany; Master Squirrel; Historic Boys; "Stop! Work and Play for Young Folks; On Teaching the Eye to know what it sees; Our Young Artist; For very Little Folks; The St. Nicholas Almanac; Jack-in-the-Pulpit; Agassiz Association.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.) As usual, the Sermonic department is rich with sterling discourses from able pens, and the ten editorial departments, filling nearly one-third of the number, contain facts, statistics, suggestions, information, criticism, and homiletical material of almost every kind. It is preparing for a grand enlargement, which is to signalize the coming year and add new attractions, and give a wider scope to this leading Homiletic Review of the world.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (Fowler & Wells Co., New York.) Contents: The Candidates of Reform; The Christian Church; Criminal Affinities of Men and Apes; Organic Cerebration; Two Eminent British Scientists; The Ineffaceable Record of our Lives; "Rather Strange" Della and Blanche; True Love and Blind Passion; The Function of Taste; Editorial Items, etc.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. (The Russell Publishing Co., Boston.) A magazine for young readers, containing pretty stories and illustrations.

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE. (St. Louis Mo.) This number contains the usual amount of good reading.

LOVETT'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF TREES AND PLANTS AND CHOICE SMALL FRUITS FOR THE AUTUMN. (Little Silver, N. J.) J. T. Lovett.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

EVENING REST. By J. L. Pratt. Young Folks' Library. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 25 cts. A simple, quiet story, whose character is adequately expressed by the title.

Books Received.

EVENING REST. By J. L. Pratt. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, paper cover, 25 cts.

CHORAL WORSHIP. A Collection of New Sacred Music and New Secular Music. For Choirs, Singing Classes and Conventions. By L. O. Emerson. Boston: Oliver Dison & Co. Price \$1.00. Board cover.

Margaret Sidney's busy pen has produced a new and delightful book of travel, for young folks, entitled "How They Went to Europe." D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

Groceries in England are 16 per cent. cheaper than in the United States; but meat, butter, eggs and vegetables are 23 per cent. dearer. House rent in provincial England is only about half what it is in Boston; in London it is about two-thirds. Altogether, the cost of living in England is 17 per cent. lower than in the United States.

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MIND, THOUGHT AND CEREBRATION. BY ALEXANDER WILDER. Pamphlet form, price 10 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Boston, Mass.

Care for the Children

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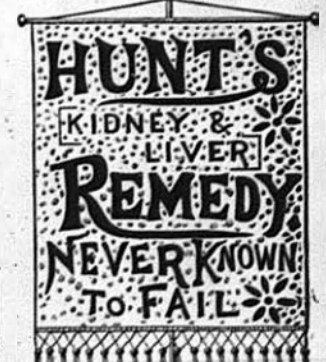
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SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. Name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 11, 1884.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

The Tabernacle Clown.

On Sunday the 21st ult., the last note of the cornet was reverberating through the vast building, every seat was filled and a thousand people standing, when with the old familiar "here-I-am-again" air, the stock clown of the Brooklyn Tabernacle bounded forward. He had been having a good time and felt especially hilarious. The audience had only time to see he was in good "form" when he began the fun. Now, although his humor seems born of the moment and inspired by the audience, it is an open secret that it is wrought out by previous hard labor. This Sunday morning effort was no exception. He had been reading week after week of the suicides of bankers and other prominent citizens who were noted in their several localities as zealous members of different evangelical churches. He felt that the ministry at large was appalled, and only the resources of a Talmage could divert public attention from the Christian professions of the defuncts and self-murderers. So with a replenished stock of hankey-pankey, well seasoned with tincture of tergiversation, he pulled the throttle wide open, deftly placed a colored citizen on the safety valve, and the sport began. Here is some of it:

"Suicide is assassination, but it is ordinary murder in guilt centralized. Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil, it is a fact alarmingly patent that suicide is on the increase. What is the cause? I charge upon infidelity and agnosticism this whole thing. . . . Put this down among your most solemn reflections, and consider it after you go to your homes; there has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented and therefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challenge all the ages, and I challenge the whole universe. . . . After Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason' was published and widely read there was a marked increase of self-slaughter. And infidelity holds the upper end of the rope for the suicide, and aims the pistol with which a man blows his brains out, and mixes the strychnine for the last swallow. Ah! my friends, I want this thing thoroughly brought before you. I want you to understand that if infidelity could carry the day and persuade the majority of people in this country that it does not make any difference how you go out of the world you will land safely, the Hudson and the Erie rivers would be so full of corpses that the ferry boats would be impeded in their progress and the crack of a suicide's pistol would be no more alarming than the rumble of a street car. Would God that the coroners would be brave in rendering the right verdict, and when in a case of irresponsibility they say 'while this man was demented he took his life,' in the other case say, 'having read infidel books and attended infidel lectures, which obliterated from this man's mind all appreciation of anything like future retribution, he committed self-slaughter.'"

"Oh, infidelity! stand up and take thy sentence. In the presence of God and angels and men, stand up, thou monster, thy life blasted with blasphemy, thy chest scarred with lust, thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up, satyr, filthy goat, bearer of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou monster infidelity! Part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence. Thy hands red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded; stand up and take thy sentence. Down with thee to the pit and up on the robs and grones of families thou hast blasted and roll on the bed of infidelity, lectures, which obliterated from this man's mind all appreciation of anything like future retribution, he committed self-slaughter."

The above quotations are republished from the report of Talmage's sermon, as published in the Brooklyn Eagle, and are undoubtedly correct. Comment on such lying balderdash and bathos seems wholly superfluous. The

strange and sorrowful feature of the case is that in the closing years of the nineteenth century such stuff can be sold at a high price by its manufacturer; that thousands will gather Sunday after Sunday to listen to this buffoon. If it shall be said in reply, "They go there for the fun of the thing," then we can only say, so much the worse. A morbid vitiated public taste which makes it possible for such mountebanks to thrive is most deplorable. It brings genuine religion into contempt, lessens respect for religious teachers, weakens the moral sense and thus cheapens human life and gives an impulse to self-murder.

Spirit Power Working in a Mysterious Way.

"Thy Faith has Made the Whole." "Faith-healing" does not seem to be confined exclusively to this country. According to the Halifax Courier this method of restoring the sick is resorted to extensively in Australia. A Mr. Wood, of Adelaide, claims that he has miraculous healing power, and on one occasion he extended to the sick, lame, and blind, a cordial invitation to meet him at Workman's Hall, in that city, and he would cure them. The congregation included people of all ages and classes, attendants at chapel, professors, and also scornors. The doors were closed long before the time for the commencement of the proceedings; hundreds were unable to gain admission. Mrs. Morgan, who resided in Adelaide, briefly stated that for twenty years she had suffered from heart disease, but the moment Mr. Wood laid his curative hands upon her she felt a quietude within, and was conscious that she had been cured. She affirmed that over 1,000 had been cured of their diseases, and hundreds brought to the Lord. Thousands had been brought to Mr. Wood's house, and during the dinner hour of that day thirty sick had been healed. Many had left their crutches behind them, going away rejoicing in their new strength of body. The Rev. W. B. Shorthouse described many cases, one of a man brought in dead, and walking away without assistance—the blind, the dumb, and the deaf cured. Mr. Wood the great faith-healer is a man a little over the average size, of strong make, a little grey, about fifty-five years of age, with dark hair, long bushy beard, large forehead, sweet voice, quiet speech, and perfectly self-possessed. Since the preceding Friday he said he had cured hundreds, after they had been given over to death by medical men.

THEY WERE CURED BY FAITH.

At the meeting of the Congregational ministers held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, in Chicago, lately, the subject of faith cures was thoroughly discussed. Among the instances mentioned was that of Carrie Judd, of Buffalo, N. Y., sick for several years with a spinal difficulty caused by a fall. She is now managing a prayer cure that has a session once a week. The young son of a minister named Pardington, suffering from a somewhat similar disease, was permanently cured by prayer, as was also George Allen, of Detroit, dying with consumption. Several other cases were cited to confirm the theory of prayer cure. A North Side minister told of the case of Dr. Goodell, who began to recover from the moment that earnest prayer for his bodily welfare was offered in the Pilgrim's Church in St. Louis. The same speaker related several cures that had occurred among the people of his own congregation. The Rev. Robert Nourse of La Crosse, Wis., told of a Cincinnati lady who was cured at the Walnut Hill Prayer Cure in less than a week. He believed that teaching and healing went together. Several other ministers discussed the subject, some of whom were inclined to be skeptical in regard to the prayer cure.

A SEA CAPTAIN'S PRAYERS—VISIONS.

The New York Sun gives a graphic account of the potency of a sea Captain's prayer. It appears from the account given that Miss Daisy Perrin, of No. 832 Hancock street, Brooklyn, was given up by her physicians, and it was thought that she might die at any moment. At that time Capt. S. W. Pendleton, of the steamship Gulf Stream, called with his wife upon her. Capt. Pendleton thought that he could cure the young lady by prayer. He knelt by her bedside and for an hour prayed fervently with her. When he had finished Miss Perrin was strong enough to get up and walk, although for weeks before she had been unable to move her limbs. Two days after she went out and visited some friends, and was bright and cheerful.

Miss Perrin was taken sick about eight weeks ago. The first symptoms were those of pneumonia. Then she got very bad indeed, and lost her sight. She had terrible pains in her head, and she could not speak louder than a whisper. The doctors said she had consumption, and that tubercles had formed both in her brain and in her lungs. Then she began to be attacked by convulsions which were almost continuous, and she had to be watched day and night. While she was blind it is said that the most remarkable things occurred. She seemed gifted with a second sight. She could tell what time it was to a minute, and just what everybody was doing in the house. One day she told what had occurred at Mr. Perrin's office, and when he came home he said that she must have been there herself.

REMARKABLE CASE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The Philadelphia Times gives an interesting account of remarkable cures that have been performed at York, Pa. The most notable case, and the one which has attracted the most notice by reason of the prominence of the patient, is that of Ex-Sheriff James Peeling. Only a short time ago this gentleman felt considerable pain. On the following Tuesday he was confined to his bed and sum-

moned his family physician, who pronounced it a severe case of intercostal rheumatism. On the next Friday the symptoms became so alarming in their character that the physician asked Mr. Peeling's permission to call in another doctor for consultation. To this the patient feebly demurred, saying that he had sufficient faith to accept the verdict of his family physician without confirmation from any other source and that if his pain was incurable he would resign himself to fate. On Saturday morning his condition was even more serious and his friends despaired of his recovery. The physician called, but gave no encouragement to the sufferer or his family. In a very short time, probably a couple of hours after the doctor's departure, Mr. Peeling was seen by a number of his neighbors standing at his gate and moving about the grounds at his residence, apparently in his usual health. In reply to the inquiries of his astonished friends Mr. Peeling cheerfully related how the change had been brought about. He said that after his physician had admitted his inability to afford him any relief his brother, Josiah Peeling, had prevailed upon him to submit to the treatment of Edmund Myers, a reputable citizen of the adjoining township, by whom, it was alleged, Josiah had been mysteriously relieved in a similar case. The ex-Sheriff consented, and shortly after the departure of the attending physician Mr. Myers arrived and found the patient in a most helpless condition. Placing his hand on Mr. Peeling's forehead, Mr. Myers commanded him to take a long breath. Mr. Peeling protested that it was impossible, but finally made the effort and accomplished a sturdy inspiration without any inconvenience. He was then directed to move his right arm, but again objected, alleging that the slightest movement caused him excruciating agony. Yielding to persuasion he raised his arm and for the first time in several days experienced no difficulty in so doing. Dumbfounded by the sudden change he had undergone he gracefully obeyed the further commands of Mr. Myers until the latter directed him to rise from his bed and don his clothes. He did so and found himself fully restored to health. Neighbors and friends, who had believed the ex-Sheriff almost on the verge of the grave, were amazed, and to assure themselves that he was present in the flesh hastened to grasp his hand and made him relate his remarkable experience.

It is but just to Mr. Myers to say that he does not profess to be endowed with any supernatural gift. He uses no incantation and works his cures without precisely knowing how he does it. Persons who are not humbugged by the ordinary pretender or pow-wow doctor admit that Mr. Myers has accomplished wonders. Many who are credulous, without being superstitious, bring up the inevitable theory of electricity and attribute to him all the qualities of a forty-horse power dynamo.

SHE SAW AN EFFULGENCE OF LIGHT.

A Philadelphia paper gives an account of the remarkable restoration to health of a young lady, Miss Susan Borden, residing in West Philadelphia. Physicians had failed to relieve her. A short time ago she received a letter from a lady asking why she did not try the faith cure, and recommending her to go to the Paracha Home, at 323 West Twenty-third street, New York, which is in charge of Rev. A. B. Simpson. After mature deliberation, Miss Borden concluded to try it, although she had little confidence in the experiment at the time. During the first week in the institution no change was apparent, but the following Sunday she grew better, and after remaining two weeks she returned to her home perfectly cured. She says: "I had been at the Paracha Home a week without getting any better, and on Sunday morning—it was August 31st, I believe—I felt so weak that it seemed impossible for me to attend services. A voice that seemed to be Satan urged me not to go. I struggled with the tempter, and prayed for strength. Almost exhausted, I tottered to services, but so great was the pain caused by my cough that I hardly knew what was going on about me. I prayed fervently to be healed, and when the services were about half over, I saw an effulgence of light, and was soon cured."

They will make a detour next time Laconia lies in their way. Somehow they feel a sorrowful conviction that the deatizens of that New Hampshire town can't be trifled with so readily as might be wished. William and Carrie Edwards, for such are their names, feel they were persecuted by the Laconese. This is how it was: Sweet William and gentle Carrie, with a corps of assistants, are travelling the country claiming to give exhibitions of spirit phenomena; they select opera houses, theatres and large halls, and then "bill the town" freely, after the style of the Eva Fay Combination. Pursuing this method of amusing the public and acquiring wealth, they happened at Laconia on the 28th ult; the opera (?) house was packed, but apparently not with the usual easy-going audience. These mountain Yankees felt they were being imposed upon; probably none of them attended with the expectation of seeing the genuine thing, but thought they had a right to look for a fairly executed series of prestidigitative feats. The show was poor; and from the condition of expectant attention the attending Laconese gradually passed into the state of attenuated expectation. As the "power" on the stage decreased the ire of the parquette and dress circle rose. The upshot was a thoroughly enraged audience, bent on mobbing the Edwards' combination. The alleged mediums were only saved from violence by the police, who escorted them to their hotel with drawn revolvers. The next day Edwards

& Co. were taken into court and there allowed to compromise by turning over the receipts of the previous night's "entertainment" for the benefit of the public library. They then sorrowfully, but with celerity removed themselves from town. As most towns need aid in supplying their libraries, the JOURNAL advises that the Laconian system of dealing with such shows be generally adopted. Should this be done, there will soon be a great increase in library property or a vast decrease in the number of frauds.

Lyman C. Howe—Justice, not Charity.

In the foremost rank of devoted, honest, able mediums and expounders of the philosophy of life as taught by Spiritualism, stands Lyman C. Howe. Between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River he has traveled constantly for twenty-five years, carrying comfort to the afflicted, joy to the sorrowful, encouragement to the despondent, knowledge to those thirsting for it, and peace and good will everywhere. Mild, gentle, unassuming in his nature, yet no man has the courage of his convictions stronger; he is the peer of any man in Spiritualism, in spiritual unfoldment and purity of life.

Ever ready to obey demands for his services, at meetings, conventions, funerals, or wherever he could minister to the wants of the public, he has never stopped to count the cost to himself or inquire whether his own interests were to be conserved. A quarter of a century and more has this gentle teacher, comforter and friend toiled for others. Today, when past fifty years of age, in delicate health and without a dollar in the world, he finds himself obliged to cancel lecture engagements in order to watch over a desperately sick wife. With a life-time of strictest economy and the most frugal habits, he has been unable to save up anything for old age and sickness, such has been the meagreness of his pecuniary reward.

The following private letter from Brother Howe we publish without his knowledge, knowing full well he never would consent if asked:

FREDONIA, N. Y., October 1, 1884.

DEAR BROTHER,—I received your good scolding in due season and feel the better for it. But I have more serious matter at hand now. My poor, dear wife is again prostrate and helpless with spinal fever—she can barely speak and that is about all. I had to telegraph to Springfield that I could not leave home this week, and shall probably have to lose the entire month, and if possible make conditions such that Mrs. Howe can recover. But I have some grave apprehensions for her. She is so weak and has so little to build upon I can hardly estimate the chances when the fever leaves. I am not strong, and cannot do for her as I might if I had more vital force to spare. If I do not get down myself I'll be thankful. It pulls heavy on my exchequer as well as on my vital resources; but all of us have it easy compared to the dear sufferer. She has been over eleven weeks unable to take a step unaided, and now she cannot turn herself in bed; but she is a very patient through it all. Pardon so much about myself and my poor, patient wife. It is a rent to pent up feelings to express them to appreciative friends, if it does sound selfish.

I am so sorry to have to give up my engagement at Springfield, for I looked for other work to grow out of it, and when I stop all the income stops and outgoes increase. Cordially but sadly yours,

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Such a letter needs no added emphasis to touch the sympathies of his friends. Its simple, pathetic eloquence will thrill the hearts of those who know the man.

Before deciding to make a public appeal in his behalf, we consulted a mutual friend in this city who has known him long and well, and has been a witness to his sacrifices for the public. Here are some of the ringing words of this friend, himself a poor man:

"I don't think this is a matter in which we should consult our friend; we know the facts, the world never will know them from him. He has rendered valuable service, for which he has not been paid. It is not charity you will ask for him, it is only pay for services rendered. If we let our noblest speakers starve or die for want of what is justly their due—not charity—then we had better fall back into the fold of ignorance and superstition. I say, go ahead! and make a square, bold statement, and appeal for aid in his behalf. If we have a bright, bold mind working in the interests of scientific Spiritualism, it is Lyman C. Howe. A few hundred dollars at this time is everything to him. I will send him fifty dollars at once."

Readers of the JOURNAL know how carefully its columns are guarded against appeals for help. It is very rarely that a case comes up where we feel justified in asking the public to assist. But we do now ask those who have felt the hope and joy which a knowledge of spirit return brings, to open their hearts and their pockets as freely as consistent, and send direct to Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, New York, some contribution as an earnest of good will and debt of gratitude.

This time it was with a colored porter of a Pullman car that Flavius Josephus Cook held his matinee. Porter objected to being howled at in stentorian tones, and repudiated the name of Sambo. Cook, filled with rage, foamed at the mouth and threatened to report the colored citizen, who was only maintaining his inherent right to decent treatment. Colored citizen invited Flavius to report, but the great lecturer, the profound (?) scholar, the traveled gentleman (?) and sweet Christian finding his fellow passengers all in sympathy with the African, subsided. Next time he travels in Wisconsin, he will be a more discreet wayfarer, if not a more meek follower of his Master.

Too many subscribers neglect to promptly renew their subscriptions when they readily could do so. This keeps us out of a large sum in the aggregate. We pay cash for all that enters into the expense of the JOURNAL and need all that is due. Please pay up arrearsages and renew at once before this item passes out of mind.

Secret Sectarian Societies.

Every now and then there comes to the ear of the Spiritualist public mysterious hints or open avowals of the mighty things to be done through the agency of some secret society. Only good Spiritualists are eligible candidates; members in some of these organizations can only attain the inner sanctuary after passing several degrees and being found worthy and well qualified. An air of awful mystery surrounds the inner sanctum which only the well tried can hope to penetrate. All and every advantage which man in mortal or spirit life can ask for is promised and every thing is to be altogether lovely for the elect. From time to time the JOURNAL has been asked to lend its columns to the advocates of these sorcery factories, and agencies for the promotion of private schemes. While declining to advance their interests, it has not been deemed necessary, as a rule, to refer to them even in opposing criticism. Several letters have lately come to the JOURNAL office asking us to state our views as to the advisability of such secret societies, and we do it without circumlocution and in a way to leave no doubt of our position.

We are uncompromisingly opposed to all secret societies where any particular belief, or non-belief, as to religion or a future existence is an essential qualification for membership. Such societies are never advantageous, either to the cause in which they are ostensibly working, or to individual members whose welfare they promise to insure.

The promoters of such societies are of two classes. One is made up of visionary enthusiasts for whom the mystical has a fascination and who imagine that a certain amount of gibberish uttered with due solemnity will in some inexplicable way give potency and effectiveness to their benevolent aims, which as individuals they have neither the force of character nor ability to carry forward successfully. The other and more dangerous class is composed of adventurers, seeking to surround themselves with subservient vassals, such as will blindly obey the behests of the self-constituted dictator, who, to strengthen the majesty of office, does not hesitate to declare himself or herself the vicegerent of the Spirit-world, or the grand deputy of a similar organization in the Summer-land. The resolutions adopted by the New England Spiritualist Camp-meeting in August last, were timely and to the point. We republish one of them, in this connection, as follows:

Resolved, That we discern in all secret organizations among Spiritualists, the usual cunning and nefarious schemes of designing men and women, and we hereby desire to unmask and expose to the gaze of pure and noble men and women, what we have reason to fear are the true inwardness of secret societies among Spiritualists.

GENERAL NOTES.

The sting of a wasp is said to be fatal to Chinamen.

Charles Dawbarn lectures at Everett Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., October 18th. His subject will be: "The size of man."

Mrs. Imogene C. Fales will read an essay upon Sociology, before the Woman's Congress in Baltimore this month.

Herman Snow, who has been spending the summer in Vermont, has settled down for the winter at 19 Dover Street, Boston.

Mr. I. H. Sawyer will conduct the People's Spiritualist meeting at Martine's Hall, 55 Ada Street, next Sunday at 2:45 P. M. Subject: "The Beauties of Nature."

Thomas Gales Forster, who has been sick all summer, has recovered sufficiently to leave the mountains of Pennsylvania, and is now in Washington, D. C., where he will winter.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Dr. Carl Tuttle and Miss Aggie Fowler. The ceremony will occur on the 16th at the residence of Mrs. G. L. Fowler, Bertha Heights, Ohio. We shall try to be there!

On our sixth page appears an article entitled—"Special to Spiritualists." Since that was put in type the name of the new magazine has been changed to *Mind Cure and the Science of Life*. Specimen copy free.

As the evenings lengthen the desire for live reading will strengthen. Get your neighbors and friends to subscribe for the JOURNAL; that is one way to show your appreciation of its work.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie is located for the winter in Brooklyn, New York, where she will lecture every Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Lillie have taken a residence at 40 Ormond Place, where her mail should be addressed.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Old of Georgetown, Colorado, called at the JOURNAL office just as this number was ready for the press; they are on their way to England to spend the winter.

Mr. William Skinner of Clinton, Iowa, made a fraternal call at the JOURNAL office last week. Though in his eightieth year his head is as clear as a bell, and he seems good for years of work before going to spirit life. Mr. S. is a large-hearted Spiritualist and a warm friend of the JOURNAL.

The Sons of the Revolution are taking in hand the subscription to the Statue of Liberty, and have asked President Arthur to head a \$1 subscription list, and each man, woman or child is invited to send \$1 or more. The society, composed of the descendants of those who took part in the Revolution, wish to show by spontaneous, immediate placing in the treasury of 125,000 \$1 bills, that the people of the United States have a grand appreciation of all that is intended by the gift of the Statue of Liberty by the people of the Republic of France, to the people of the United States. Subscriptions can be sent to Austin Huntington, Secretary, 55 Liberty street, room 32, New York City.

L. F. FLETCHER, BOOKS, CHICAGO.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Meet Me at the Gate.

BY KATTIE J. RAY.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Special to Spiritualists.

✓

To the Editor of the *Belgrade Philosophical Journal*:

To the Editor of the *Belgrade Philosophical Journal*:

covered that the moon was the paradise for the good, while the wicked were consigned to a hole in the earth.

For the *Metaphilosophical Journal*.

opinion if he can be again arrested for the crime of which he has been convicted and executed. It is believed here that Bogard is now out of the State.

Significant Omens.

A Luminous Hand—Strange Experiences

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*

Subjects.

MRS. E. H. BRITTEN

In Defense of Modern Spiritualism.

She answers the Sermon of Rev. H. W. Eldridge, wherein he asserts that Spiritualism is of "Satanic Origin."

(The Reformer, Greenfield, Mass.)

I perceive in your issue of August 29th, that a certain Reverend (?) gentleman, one H. W. Eldridge, hitherto unknown to fame, and seemingly very desirous of achieving it, has been running a tilt against modern Spiritualism, and the Lake Pleasant Spiritualists camp-meeting, through your columns; not doubting that the same channels that have been so generously opened to a truly satanic denunciation of a large body of respectable and respected persons, will be equally available as a means of reply. I venture to ask you, in behalf, not only of the ladies and gentlemen who annually meet at Lake Pleasant but in the best interests of truth, as well as in respect for the millions of his fellow creatures whom this man had traduced, for such space in your journal as will enable me to unmask something of the animus under which he writes. I don't know who this Rev. Eldridge is, and from the inquiries I have been able to make, very few people do know anything about him except that he is a minister with a very small following at Turner's and Miller's Falls, and without attempting to notice the reverend's dreary tirade in detail, it must suffice to say one of the main counts in his indictment is, that immense crowds annually resort to Lake Pleasant, to enjoy themselves, whilst a very insignificant portion of the community find their way to the immediate vicinity of Miller's Falls, where the reverend gentleman holds forth. Now if the complaint were not a Christian minister, we should feel it our duty to teach him the 9th and 10th commandment; as his special function must make him quite familiar with the charge not to "covet his neighbor's goods" we would simply ask him to apply his theory to practice, and not covet his neighbor's crowds. In the same sense we would ask him to practice a little more of what he preaches, and to beware how he "bears false witness against his neighbor." To be a little more specific on the latter point, let us turn to some of this gentleman's Christian utterances. After graciously allowing that some of those who visit Lake Pleasant are "careless pleasure seekers," and others "poor and simple-minded people who are drawn in, and made the victims of their evil system,"—(i. e., fools who don't know what they do), he proceeds to define the knaves who do know, in some two columns of abuse of which the following extract is but a small sample:

"Women bereaved of their dear ones, in the weakness of their longings for their loved departed are here deluded by wicked people for the sake of gain. In that hour of supreme sorrow and heart desolation (when by all other human beings they would be respected) they are taken advantage of by these agents of darkness in the name of Spiritualism and defrauded and robbed. And many poor people in sickness and when near death and who grasp at the last straw to save life, are drawn to these places and cruelly deceived when at the brink of the grave. For these deluded persons we have only sympathy and tenderness and pity, but for that other and influential class, the leaders and managers who encourage this soul-debasing business for the sake of gain, the confederates of impostors and lying mediums, the abettors of cheating and humbuggery and fraud, the promoters of Sabbath-breaking, I can only express the abhorrence that I feel."

As to the above, which the writer launches against ladies and gentlemen, many of them of spotless character, high aims, noble gifts, and irreproachable standing, it may be asked why the bereaved, the sick and the sorrowful don't go to Christian ministers and be comforted and healed? We think there are scores of texts in the Christian Bible commanding these things,—dictating not only how to heal the sick, but also in the closing verses of the last chapter of St. Mark, declaring that those that believe in Christ must give evidence of their faith by certain signs, among which are, "handling serpents and drinking deadly drinks without harm." Is Mr. Eldridge prepared to do this? If not, what is his boasted Christian faith worth? I don't wish to inflict a string of Bible quotations upon you, Mr. Editor, but I could select a long list of such as duplicate the words of Christ, to the effect that "the works I do you shall likewise do." Where are Mr. Eldridge's Christ-like works? If he and his brother ministers had obeyed their master's reiterated commands, and given signs of their faith, and done their master's bidding in their works, the sick and sorrowful would not have had occasion to go to the Spiritualists instead of the Christian church to get healing and comfort. Meantime if the Spiritualists do perform the work and give the signs, and the Christian churches do not, what sort of Christianity is that which snarls at, reviles and abuses the Spiritualists for doing the works which the reviler cannot do?

As we cannot carry about our testimonials, and at every turn and on every occasion drag forth a pocket full of documents containing well-proved and fully attested evidences of our works, I have written two books of six hundred pages each, the one "The History of Modern American Spiritualism," the other, "The History of Modern Spiritualism in Every Country of the Earth." The latter, entitled "Nineteenth Century Miracles" I herewith send you one, Mr. Editor, and in it you will find thousands of cases of healings; of criminals converted to saints by Spiritualism, of broken hearts comforted, evil-minded people reformed, charities effected and ten thousand other good things done, and wonderful signs given, all of which Christian theology has had eighteen centuries to do in, and has not done; all of which Spiritualism has done in thirty-six years, and that in the presence of still living witnesses. Permit me to add at this point, Mr. Editor, that in the work I now send you, and to which I refer Mr. Eldridge, and every other reckless slanderer who reviles us for doing what he cannot do, that my records contain

FULL NAMES AND ADDRESSES of all my witnesses, and who are they? Who the persons whom the man calls cheats, impostors, swindlers and devils generally? Kings, queens, emperors, princes, statesmen, authors, poets, painters, historians, professors of colleges, magistrates, judges, lawyers, doctors, scientists of every grade, ladies of the purest character and noblest standing, gentlemen of the highest honor and integrity, and the rank and file of society in every grade. I have given no initials in my book, and it contains the portraits of many of the illustrious personages whom I am proud to call my friends; who are proud to allow my account of their faith in Spiritualism thus publicly to go forth to the world, and whom this man, from a corner of the earth, where not one per cent. of the millions who constitute the ranks of Spiritualism will ever hear of him, vents his Christian spirit by abuse,

falsehood and bad language! If Mr. Eldridge is not better informed concerning those whom he insults as one of the people's teachers he ought to be so, before he preaches. If he is well informed, then all I can say is, heaven help the people whom he pretends to teach! In another part of his tirade this Mr. Eldridge proposes to try Spiritualism by its fruits, and this is well; this trial we had established "one single free school like Mr. Moody's," or "one single benevolent female seminary like So. Hadley." To this we would answer, we have never established any form of teaching like Mr. Moody's, and heaven granting us the use of our senses, I don't think we ever shall. As to seminaries, why there may be some little difference between the organizations growing out of 1,900 years of experience and those of 36 years.

The celebrated Beantown family of London, England, have been entirely educated by spirits, without any seminaries at all; and when hundreds of young men and young women on this continent, humble, ignorant and wholly uneducated children of the people can go about, speaking with a power and eloquence scarcely surpassed by the great preacher of Miller's Falls; speak also with new tongues, draw, paint, write rhymes, describe and heal obscure diseases, and perform all the signs and wonders which Christians ought to do, but don't do, and that without any teaching or schooling at all, we don't feel so anxious as people who abuse us, might be to establish seminaries like that at South Hadley. No, Mr. Editor, we will take a better standard of trial than mere theological or educational processes to judge by, since your reverend correspondent has put us to the proof. Take all the hideous wars that have disgraced civilization for the last thousand years, and see if those who have been most prominent in them are not the people who say every Sunday "Thou shalt not kill." Take one week's record of any New York daily and ask, who are the murderers, robbers, swindlers, adulterers, bank defaulters, and other monstrous criminals who disgrace the boasted civilization of the age? Being somewhat informed, whereof I write, I answer

CHURCH MEMBERS, and they, members of Christian churches. Who are the juries who publicly mock the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," by dooming men to die on the gallows? Who are those who stand beside the murderer and tell him, "Though his sins were as red as scarlet they shall be washed as white as wool," and on the easy terms of belief and repentance when he can sin no more? They are not Spiritualists, sir, whatever else they may be. Who are the drunken roughs that make our streets unsafe to walk? Not Spiritualists, for they are nearly all temperance people. Who are the male adulterers that support the places of shame in every city of civilization? Generally, if not invariably, church members, and that statistics will amply prove. In short, sir, none can deny this is a profane, immoral and very corrupt age. That crime in every form is more rife now than it has been any time in the last thousand years, and if the preachers of all denominations in the Christian churches, cannot show any better fruit of their eighteen centuries of preaching than the present standard of morals, surely it is about time that we had a new dispensation inaugurated.

That multitudes of corrupt and evil minded people should enter into our ranks and bring their evils with them out of a state of society so wicked as that which now prevails, is only reasonable to expect, but that we should convert a world in thirty-six years, which has been growing more and more wicked in eighteen hundred years, is anything but reasonable to expect. The grand central doctrine of Spiritualism and all returning spirits is—that of man's PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY hereafter, for all the good or evil he does here. Is that the "immoral, infamous, debasing, satanic" doctrine the reverend gentleman denounces? We teach that the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of hell are both within man himself, but the good and evil live in that kingdom hereafter as the inevitable result of their acts and deeds here. Finally, Mr. Editor, I utterly deny, and can prove by statistics, that Spiritualism leads, as this man says, "to insanity," and I claim that for one insane Spiritualist, there are one hundred at the least insane church members.

I deny that all our circles, as this man implies, are held in darkness. Many of the best mediums of the age have never sat in dark circles at all. Dark circles are only an incident in our investigations, and whilst I for one, have ever opposed them, I deem them valuable in a scientific point of view, for the elimination of certain rare phases of phenomena. So thought the patriarch Abraham, when he waited for fire to come from heaven, "in an hour of great darkness," and so think Prof. A. R. Wallace, Crookes, and many other noble scientists of to-day, when they wish to obtain some phenomena in which darkness seems a necessary element. As to the Bible, it would require not two or three columns of your paper, Mr. Editor, but a whole library to show how thoroughly the entire faith of the Jewish and Christian dispensation depended on Spiritualism for their foundation at all.

If Mr. Eldridge does not know the difference between witchcraft and prophecy, or in other words, good and bad Spiritualism, devils and angels, spiritual gifts in the hands of bad men, and good, once more I assert he is not fit to be the people's teacher, and had better come to Lake Pleasant to learn before he preaches of what he does not understand. He is not quite ignorant of some of the privileges Lake Pleasant confers, as I find he has purchased some railway tickets and availed himself of the privilege of our Satanic gatherings, confer, to ride cheaply on the railroads, but perhaps he would consider he had Bible warrant for this in the directions of "how to spoil the Egyptian." As to the slur cast on the ladies and gentlemen who are the leaders and directors of Lake Pleasant, it is simply shameful, and again compels me to bid the slanderer go and read his ninth commandment.

A better, more orderly, pure and fraternal gathering of spiritual minded persons, has never been seen than at Lake Pleasant. The voice of slander was never heard beneath the forest trees which formed our cathedral roof this year, until Mr. Eldridge's evil and savage denunciations of our happy meetings were quoted. In a word, if Mr. Eldridge had come there to learn what we really were, what we did, said and taught, he might have gone away a better and wiser man.

To apologize for the length at which I have intruded on your columns, Mr. Editor, permit me to say, the good or evil opinion of the Rev. Mr. Eldridge would not have been a matter of the smallest consequence to me, or as I believe to any of the millions of Spiritualists of this generation, had they not been reported in the columns of a journal which

the people read, and doubtless read with respect, interest and instruction. For the sake of the paper and its readers, other than the subject of this letter, I have presumed to trouble you, and I would conclude by offering to you as a final evidence of what the main body of the Spiritualists believe, an extract from a lecture of my own, delivered in London, some ten years ago, and published under the caption of "The Creed of the Spiritualists."

I believe in the fatherhood and brotherhood of God.
In the brotherhood and sisterhood of man.
In the immortality of the soul.
In the personal responsibility of every human soul, and in eternal progress.
EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.
New York, Sept. 3, 1884.

INTUITION.

"Sometimes," says Locke, "the mind perceives the agreement or disagreement of two ideas immediately by themselves, without the intervention of any other and this, I think, we may call intuitive knowledge." Whewell would restrict the use of the word "to those cases in which we necessarily apprehend relations of things truly as soon as we conceive the objects distinctly." Lewes defines intuition "as mental vision or as the perception of relations."

That two objects placed beside two other objects form a group equal to four can be readily seen by the eye. If a large group, say five hundred objects, are placed beside the same number of other objects, although the mind cannot learn by the eye instantaneously that the total is equivalent to a group of a thousand, intuition sees the equivalence of the ratios with the same lightning-like swiftness in the latter case as in the former. Intuition is not limited merely to the perception of objects, nor are its decisions always demonstrable to sense.

That intuitions have a higher validity than other truths many believe, but without any good reason. The truth respecting the square of the hypotenuse in the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid is as certain as that expressed in the axiom, "If equals be taken from equals, the remainders are equal," although one truth we discover by reflecting and reasoning, the other by intuition. The axiom is self-evident, because there are no other relations implied beyond those specified in the terms of the statement; and the mind therefore, in apprehending the terms, apprehends the equations of the terms. To a mind possessed through experience all the relations expressed and implied in the terms of its proposition, any truth is self-evident. Intuition perceives "necessary" truths, because truths so distinguished express relations which are simple, constant and familiar, and from which therefore all contingencies are excluded. "Contingent" truths are perceived intuitively, but by reasoning, because the relations they express are complicated, because there is a possibility of variation in the terms, because all the co-operant factors cannot be discerned beforehand. But truth is truth; and it is our discovery of it, and not the truth itself, which is contingent.

Intuition enters into all our judgments. It sees relations which are beyond our powers of demonstration. "Intuition," says Lewes, "is of much wider range than demonstration, because the fund of experience on which we rely is too complex, and draws too much from the forgotten past, for us to be capable of showing all the successive steps which demonstration requires." Our intuitions of space and time, to which our relations have been constant through our entire existence as a race, and to which the relations of all ancestral life were equally constant, are constructed of experiences which lie so far back in the forgotten past that their elements can scarcely be detected. We have rational intuitions and moral intuitions. The elements of which they, too, have been built up are so difficult to find in the experiences of the past that many yet regard these intuitions as primordial endowments rather than products of growth and development. Viewed in the light of modern psychology, the quickness with which intuition sees relations which do not admit of sensible demonstration is not surprising. But it is so common to mistake inference, prejudice, and even passion for intuition that we hear made for it all sorts of extravagant claims, which are by no means confined to the ignorant. What absurd speculation has not been defended on grounds of intuition?

Organic evolution makes the study of intuition a part of the study of heredity. For metaphysical phrases, like "a priori forms of thought," are substituted words like "aptitudes," "tendencies," "inherencies,"—words that indicate our dependence upon the past whence we derive our physical, intellectual and moral nature. If evolution, now established upon an impregnable basis and accepted by the leading thinkers of the world, be true, then the human body and the human mind, correlated through every stage of their growth, have been evolved from lower forms of life. This clearly implies the experiential origin of all knowledge. The mental faculties as well as the physical organs are products of evolution. The ability to perceive the truth of an axiom as well as the ability to walk erect has been acquired. Neither is extra-experiential. The aptitude, the predisposition to do both, comes to the man of today as an inheritance. Does any one who holds to the theory of evolution suppose for a moment that man slowly learned to walk erect, but from the first possessed intuitive power by which he could perceive axiomatic and moral truths? "It is the vice," says Spencer, "of the older psychology, and of the Kantian psychology included, that it habitually deals only with the consciousness of the adult; ignoring the obvious fact that the developed apparatus of thought possessed by the adult is not possessed by the infant, but is slowly evolved; and ignoring the further fact that associations unquestionably established and consolidated by experience are so carried by us into all our thoughts that we are constantly in danger of attributing to the undeveloped mind ideas which only the developed mind possesses."

But, when Kant wrote, there was no science of psychology based upon evolution. Were he living to-day, it is altogether improbable that he would have any intellectual sympathy whatever with those who say, "Back to Kant." In the light afforded by discoveries made since he wrote, he would see the defects which make his philosophy inadequate to meet the requirements of to-day until revised and supplemented so as to accord with evolution. He would doubtless, with his great intellectual powers, see as clearly as any man living that our ideas of space and time, and our rational and moral intuitions, although irreconcilable with the experience-philosophy which he opposed, are in harmony with the larger philosophy of evolution which recognizes in the individual mind the a priori element for which he contended, but instead of stopping there finds that the element which is a priori to the individual has its origin

and explanation in the experience of the race.

No man would be quicker to see or more ready to acknowledge the great truth indicated in the following extract from Herbert Spencer:

"Thus, the truth that a straight line is the shortest line between two points lies latent in the structures of the eyes and the nervous centres which receive and co-ordinate visual impressions. We cannot think otherwise, because, during that adjustment between the organism and the environment which evolution has established, the inner relations have been so moulded upon the outer relations that they cannot by any effort be made to fit them. Just in the same way that an infant's hand, constructed so as to grasp by bending the fingers inward, implies ancestral hands which have thus grasped and implies objects in the environments to be thus grasped by this infantine hand when it is developed, so the various structures fitting the infant for apprehensions of space relations imply such apprehensions in the past by its ancestors, and in the future by itself. And just as it has become impossible for the hand to grasp by bending the fingers outward instead of inward, so it has become impossible for those nervous actions by which we apprehend primary space relations to be reversed, so as to enable us to think of these relations otherwise than we do." B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Is it in Truth a Case of Hallucination?—What is Hallucination?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the New York Medical Journal one Doctor Edward S. Dwight, under heading of "A Case of Hallucinations, apparently dependent upon malaria," relates the following:

"I was consulted in last October by a man of forty-one, American, of temperate habits, who complained of having, during the two preceding months, experienced hallucinations of a rather indefinite character, which worried him greatly, as he feared they might be the precursors of insanity. He experienced great difficulty in recalling the exact nature of these visions. The following only he could distinctly recollect: On one occasion he imagined that he saw men in red uniforms passing through the train (he was a train-man) collecting tickets, which they deposited in leather bags, worn at their side. On another occasion, he suddenly found himself in a 'beautiful place' where he beheld a stranger pursuing his wife; that he followed them to see what the man wanted with her, when all at once everything vanished and he found himself, as usual, in the cars. On a third occasion while seated at the dinner table, he suddenly imagined himself to be in a green valley, through which a man mounted on a camel was riding. On the occasion last mentioned the clock had commenced to strike before the vision appeared and had not yet ceased when the illusion vanished. These attacks were followed by a chill passing down from the right shoulder to the stomach, to which succeeded nausea. The patient was subject to vertigo, was dyspeptic and habitually constipated. His memory was very good. I could obtain no history of insanity in his family, and, one or two symptoms causing me to suspect malarial influence, I prescribed a course of laxatives, and gave quinine. After two or three days of this treatment all abnormal symptoms disappeared, nor did he have any recurrence of the hallucinations for several months, when a renewal of the same course of medication again put them to flight. It seemed to me as if, in this case, a momentary arterial contraction must have occurred, placing the patient's already anemic brain in the semi-bloodless condition in which the organ is when we doze, and that, for the moment, half awake and half asleep, the patient had dreamed while standing erect."

I have given, Mr. Editor, the language of this medical man in this case. It suggests to my mind two questions to ask of him:

1. What is really the nature and origin of that which you call "hallucination?"
2. If its origin is, in any instance, or all instances, as suggested by you, an "arterial contraction, placing the brain in a semi-bloodless condition," by means of which unearthly apparitions are presented to the mind of the subject, then may it not be possible; nay, is it not reasonable to suppose that intelligent invisible forces in nature may do, by processes known to themselves cause such "arterial contraction" for the very purpose of placing the suitable subject in a condition in which those forces could present to his mind a vision of some object or subject not natural to his mind?

I ask this doctor, and all doctors, is not this hypothesis a reasonable one? Should it be objected to the reasonableness of this view, that there could be no inducement for such intelligent force to desire to create upon the mind of the subject such "unreal" vision, then I suggest two possible inducements, either of which should commend itself to the judgment of any intelligent physician as being in harmony with the recognized practice of a good M. D. The first "inducement" might be precisely that which caused this Doctor Dwight to send his article to the New York Medical Journal, viz., to impart information to other beings, telling them of spirit life. The second "inducement" might be the desire to experiment with the mind and brain of the subject, human being, just as so many of Doctor Dwight's professional brethren are daily vivisectioning, and otherwise experimenting upon, the orders of beings "beneath" the human.

Odell, Ill. BRONSON MURRAY.



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T H E

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—BY—

PROF. H. D. GARRISON.

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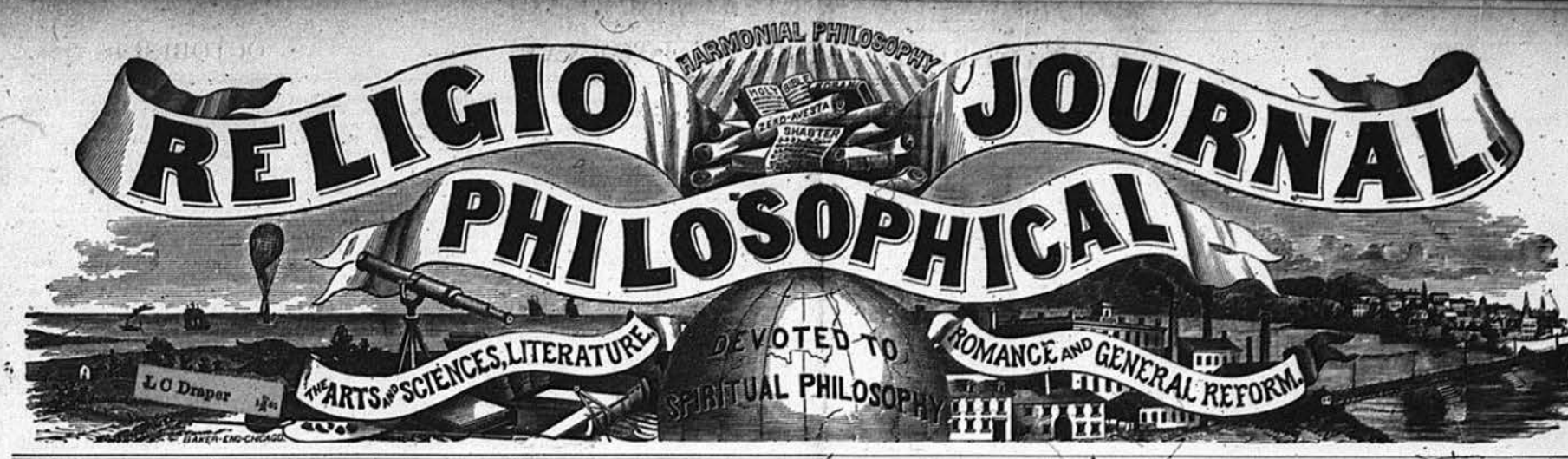
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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXXVII.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 18, 1884.

No. 8

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE ROSTRUM.

A Lecture Delivered Sunday Morning, Sept. 14th, at Republican Hall, New York, BY MRS. H. J. T. BRIGHAM.

INVOCATION.

O thou Spirit of Truth, thou who art the light of all the universe, the life, the inspiration of all that is, we look to thee sometimes through clouds; sometimes through mists that hang low above our heads; sometimes through the outer darkness which is from our own ignorance, and yet, O Spirit of Life, as the leaves turn toward the morning light, and as the flowers turn toward the sun for inspiration, that they may blossom, so we instinctively and intuitively lean toward thee, thou light of the universe. When we think of thee in this earnest prayer, we would not think first of the darkness that is around us; we would not think of the stumbling places, the by-places, the thorns and the stones that are in the path of life, but we would look up to thee first, thou Light of Love, for there is enough in this life to reflect thy radiance through the great clouds. We live, and are conscious of this existence, and in answer to our heart's pulsation, we feel the beating of all hearts, the heart of the universe, the soul of infinite life and providence!

We thank thee that we are beyond doubt and darkness; that however far we wander we are still within the enclosing arms of thy love and care, and nothing can make thee forget us; nothing can make thee neglect us. Even our anguish, tears and pain, are but the evidence of the eternal existence of law and wisdom, and we know that in thine infinite love even our sorrows are but the leaden casement that holds within it the precious diamonds of thy love and protection; that even pain itself but tells us that we have gone far enough, and bids us turn and seek for harmony and peace.

O Presence of Light and Love, even death itself is nothing but a barrier that stands in the path of discord; in the path of incompleteness and immortality; but written in letters of gold, beaming with thy eternal love, upon this tolling way, we read: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther;" and so we turn and find an upward leading path, away from the mists that hang low in the valley, and we know, O Father, that thy love is everlasting. And now while we thank thee for thy loving care and wise providence, we come to thee as they who hunger and thirst, and we find in thee the love and the wisdom of Father and Mother. We ask that we may have greater light to see the path of duty, and greater strength to walk perpetually therein, that we may feel the close clasp of thy loving hand, and that those who are in darkness may know thou sendest thine angels to minister unto them and aid them in the long weary path of their earthly travel; and so loving thee may we cling to thee now and forever. Amen.

QUESTION.

Is not truth the development or result of intelligence, education and enlightenment? Will the human mind in its progress towards a higher intelligence and wisdom, have the truth correspondingly unfolded to it, and in the end the whole truth?

THE ANSWER.

Are we creators of truth? No; we are discoverers and only discoverers, and we no more create the truth than the navigator creates the island that he sees rising from the far blue sea. We are no more creators of the truth than the agriculturist is the creator of the corn that springs up, rustling its

gratitude in answer to his prayer in the faithful harvest time. We open our minds to receive it; we climb as one who wishes to have a broader view of the landscape, weary of the ways of the narrow valley; climbing step by step until he gazes upon the broadening horizon, the fairer lands that lift themselves into view over the hill-tops that once enclosed for him these fair lands and formed their boundary. Higher and higher as he climbs, the broader becomes the landscape and far more wonderful; and this is but an illustration of what the Infinite can reveal, and yet we know there is a point beyond which we cannot go, a point where the atmosphere becomes so rarified that we can no longer breathe it and live.

This is in material life, but we know that, as the round earth floats away from our path, beyond the farthest point in the horizon, there are yet before us vast and wonderful glories of landscape, the wonderful revelations of our God; and so it is with our aspirations, our intelligence, our intellectual culture and unfoldment, we climb the hillside, the mountain side, and expand our souls; but farther off are greater lights and truths.

You ask: Will the time ever come when the human mind shall have the whole truth unfolded? Why, friends, are you able to conceive of the end? If you are, then you possess a power I do not, and which I am not ambitious to possess. Where is the end? Seek for it as the men of old sought for the end of the earth, for it is seemed limited. Seek for it, but you will never find it. In its immortal flights, in its eternal unfoldment, the soul goes on and on until we are dizzy in watching it, and bewildered in seeking it; and if one little message comes down to us from the highest soul that we can conceive of in progression and aspiration, if it tell us of anything beyond, of that which is visible to them and in rapport with them, there comes to us this answer to our prayer: "Not there is no end, no end!" Therefore you will never possess the whole truth. Is it not good that it is so? because there is always something to aspire for, something always to look for, something always with which to feed the soul's infinite hunger, and delight it. There is always some crystal fountain flowing far away, and when we reach it and drink of its pure waters, we know there is another just as far beyond us as this was, whose diamond drops are flashing in the sun; and so we go on learning the truth eternally; and do you know that because of this we have no right to be dogmatic, no right to be arbitrary, no right to turn to our fellow-workers and seekers after the truth, and impatiently condemn them because they do not possess our light and understanding? Ah! no.

There was a vision given to a seer of old, and that vision is to-day of as much significance as then. He was upon the cold earth, not on a soft downy bed, but with a stone for his pillow, with the great stars watching above him, and there dawned upon his sight a wonderful ladder resting on the earth in the desert place where he lay, and reaching away up into the light of heaven until it was lost in the glory beyond; and on the ladder he saw the angels of God ascending and descending.

O friends, you may stand in a desert place; you may be as was this dreamer, desolate and alone; if so, God grant that you may have this vision also; that you may know the angel-ladder is in place; that its foot is beside you; that you can reach out and touch its tiny round and find that it extends into the ineffable light and glory that belong to the highest heaven, and the ladder is for you, for you are one of the angels. You may not see it, it is so, but if you have any work to do, if you have any message to bear to men and women, if you have any power to lift a burden, or to bring one ray of light into the darkness, you are one of God's messengers, and so far you are an angel. We say it not flatteringly, but truthfully and purely: Be an ascending angel, and know that this ladder is for you, and that in its place in the eternal rests the truth. You discover portions of that truth, and these portions you call the whole truth; just as a person discovers a leaf and talks of the branches and the limbs of the tree.

Truth is not created, and it cannot be. It becomes revealed to you, or is discovered by you, in your development, in your progression, in your awakening, but you cannot destroy it. It is the expression of God. God is the truth and truth gives us liberty. "Where the spirit of God is, there is liberty." That does not imply license; that does not mean lawlessness, but it means the liberty which is holy and pure, which flows from the fountain of divine right, or what Theodore Parker used to call so wisely, the "Higher Law," meaning the law of God.

This, then, is our answer to your question: There is no end to progression; there never will be a time when you shall have learned the whole truth, because you are mortal, you are progressive, and your mind will expand more and more. "Ah!" but one says: "If we are all progressive and there is no truth absolute and final, will we not in our progression approach each other, and will we not at last become merged into one perfect existence according to the idea of the poets, and enter at last into Nirvana, the eternal sea of truth?" But we answer: The highest spot we have ever found for the human soul in its development is a sphere, a perfect sphere. People are angular when they are undeveloped; are full of corners, and in their antagonism, in their selfish lives, they wish only for what they would like; but if they are sensitive and sensible, these corners be-

come rubbed off little by little as they advance day by day, and they seek the highest top of the sphere.

We will say that here is some gold, and we will make it into certain beads or spheres, and one says: "Is not that monotonous work, and will it not be simply a repetition?" We answer: each sphere of gold is a perfect individuality, and they make the perfect necklace; but they touch only at the corners, yet in their individuality there is the most perfect harmony. And so like a string of golden beads that touch at a point, and work away from each other in their separate identity, we find a type of human life and development. Where we meet without jar; where we meet without clash or crash, we meet not at angles; we do not stop in our progression, but keep on, working ever in most harmonious development.

Men who love flowers and fruits have experimented and brought forth the best results. Among the most pleasing flowers, you find their beauty is the result of development and culture, as with the single wild-rose; or we may take the little heart's-ease that used to grow in the garden of our grandmothers. You remember them with their yellow blossoms, each one like a little face that looked up in answer to your smile of love and gladness. Now, from this little heart's-ease, you have the great royal pansy, purple and golden, in its beauty and perfection. Each is developed in its own order and in its own time.

You may take, for example, the little wild strawberry, ripe in its central life, away down to its heart of sweetness; compare it with what culture has done for the strawberry, with the largest that is produced? Or take the little wild apple, the thorn apple or the crab apple, with many seeds and little pulp, and compare it with the largest and most perfect apple, deep in pulp and very few seeds. Place the two together, the developed strawberry and the perfect apple—are they monotonous; is there any great sameness? are they any nearer alike than they were before? It is individual progression.

For the Harmonial Philosophical Journal.

THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY.

BY PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

In the broad realms of human knowledge, there have always been two parties, the conservative and the progressive. The conservatives, whose mental obtuseness and self-sufficiency lead them to think that they have mastered all the important elements of wisdom, and that the unexplored regions are chiefly occupied by the unknowable, all importations from which should be looked upon with grave suspicion, have a very limited conception of the divine wisdom, which can never be fathomed by man, and an equally degraded conception of humanity, which induces them to think it perfectly proper to reject with contempt the testimony of thousands or even of millions, concerning any facts which they have not met in their daily experience.

Such is the attitude of the majority of the medical profession to-day, concerning the facts of Homeopathy and the clinical experience of American Eclectic physicians for half a century—concerning the very numerous and well attested facts of animal magnetism, and concerning the facts of Phenology, a science which, with all its crudities, contains a large amount of truth and well attested facts.

The American Eclectic medical revolution is the first organized and effective movement in the profession to introduce correct and liberal principles, and the establishment of the Eclectic School at Cincinnati will be one of the towering landmarks in the history of progress.

The progressive class for whom I am writing, recognize the extreme narrowness of the present area of human knowledge in comparison with the boundless realms of the unknown; and are ready with a hospitable welcome for every sincere explorer of nature who can bring in any additional useful knowledge. I have had some experience with both classes. After a vast number of experiments on the brain and nervous system, I have found it impossible to obtain from the National Medical Association or a State Society any investigation of discoveries as demonstrable as the facts of chemistry. On the other hand in association with the liberal minded physicians, who led the Eclectic movement at Cincinnati, my contributions to physiology, anthropology and medical doctrines became the recognized philosophy of the College.

These discoveries, constituting a complete anthropology, make a greater change or innovation in physiology and medical philosophy than has ever been made or proposed heretofore. Harvey's discovery concerning the function of the heart has far less influence upon our conceptions of physiology and medical philosophy, than a discovery concerning the functions of the brain and the mutual relations of all parts of the nervous system, which associates the soul, brain and body in one compact and intelligible science—the science of man; a science which is not organized or justly conceived when we merely study the human body and ignore the eternal man who inhabits it.

Of this vast science, in developing which I have been engaged since 1835, and which has received the endorsement of all to whom it has been fully presented, including some of the brightest minds and worthiest scholars of our country, the most entirely novel and at the same time most immediately practical portion is that which I have called Sarcog-

my (from *Sarcos*, flesh, and *Gnoma*, opinion), which considers the development of an animal form, and recognizing in its various parts the neurological energies which give it development and sustain its vital action, judges at a glance the nature and predominant elements of the constitution, giving a scientific estimate of the entire vital character, as empirical physiognomy attempted to comprehend the countenance.

In this respect, Sarcognomy is a science of great artistic and æsthetic value, as it gives the philosophic basis of art, which has been so long desired, and it would require an expensive volume for its full artistic illustration.

In its medical aspect, Sarcognomy is very practical. It explains the sympathetic relations of the body with the brain, and consequently with the soul, tracing vital action wherever it occurs in brain or body, showing the correlation of functions and the laws of sympathetic connection between the three elements of our constitution, soul, brain and body, in each of which the totality of life is represented, for mental operations affect both brain and body—bodily conditions affect both brain and soul, and cerebral conditions affect both mind and body.

In explaining this triple combination we grasp what no physiologist has ever professed to explain, and which no one could possibly explain without a full understanding of each of the three elements of the problem, soul, brain and body. Our standard physiologists, to their shame be it said, now near the close of the nineteenth century, with a wonderfully minute and accurate knowledge of the body, are groping in darkness when they speak of the brain, not even professing to comprehend much of its functions, knowing less of its psychic character than many who do not belong to the medical profession; and as to the soul, alas! many do not know or believe they have a soul, and our American physiologist, Prof. Flint, who is a bigot of bigots in opposition to medical freedom and progress, teaches that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. This large class of medical scientists are thus studying the shell of man instead of man himself.

Failing to recognize the soul as an element of life, although a single thought may suspend or reverse any or all vital processes (as sudden alarming intelligence may cause sudden death) and failing to comprehend the brain and its compound psychic and physiological function, failing to profit by the teachings of the great master of cerebral anatomy, Dr. Gall, it is obvious that more than half of the problem of anthropology has been left out as beyond the grasp of the medical profession, beyond the profoundest learning and research of its medical colleges.

Sarcognomy solves the problem by showing exactly in detail how the brain and body sympathize, how impressions on the brain modify physiological functions, and how the conditions of the body affect the brain, and thereby affect the mind.

My experiments on the body in 1842 demonstrated a sympathy of the brain in its totality with the totality of the body, corresponding with the higher fact that the brain in its totality represents the entire soul; or, in other words that all mental powers and impulses are manifested through the brain, each faculty having a specific apparatus, as each function in the body belongs to its special organ.

To be more specific: The entire surface of the brain corresponds with the entire surface of the body—the superior surface of the brain with the superior portion of the body; the inferior with the inferior; the anterior with the anterior and the posterior with the posterior. I observe but one exception to this general statement, in a portion of the surface of the front lobe, which sympathizes with the interior of the chest. What are the practical consequences of this great enlargement of physiological knowledge? Concisely stated they are as follows:

1. As to the philosophy of disease, it explains why certain mental conditions accompany each disease, such as the hopefulness of consumption, the irascibility of gout, the gloom of hepatic and gastric diseases, the hysteria and insanity connected with the pelvic organs. There are a vast number of mental symptoms which are of diagnostic value, but which our text books greatly neglect or ignore. The higher emotions all have definite locations of sympathy in the chest, while the sensual faculties and animal impulses have each their definite location below the waist. An inflammatory, excited or hyperæmic condition in any bodily organs or tissues of the body, produces the mental condition with which that locality is in sympathetic connection.

2. The emotions, passions, faculties and impulses having definite seats in the brain, the excitement of each is connected not only with a definite cerebral action, (which if we watch closely we may perceive produces some slight local sensation in the head at the site of the organ) but also affects the corresponding organs in the body, in a very sensible manner, as when combative anger energizes the muscles of the limbs, mental excitement agitates the heart, and the higher emotions produce a fullness of the chest and expansion of the ribs, or depressing emotions affect the liver and bowels, all of which occur according to definite laws, which have never before been stated or ascertained.

3. As each locality in the body has a characteristic effect on the mind, we perceive that the exercise of certain faculties, cerebral organs and bodily instruments may have a most excellent tonic, hygienic effect on mind and

body, while another set may have morbid and insane tendencies, as is abundantly shown in the effects of sensuality, intemperance and profligacy, compared to those of sobriety, industry and rectitude; hence we ascertain the law and the exact *modus operandi* of the origin of disease and insanity, through elements of our constitution which produce the liability, and the deficiency of the tonic elements which would resist morbid and insane conditions.

Experiment by my methods, demonstrates that the highest susceptibilities to disease are connected with the anterior inferior end of the middle lobe of the brain, and with the hypochondriac region of the body, and that the strongest tendencies to insanity are associated with the pelvic organs, while the tonic elements of the constitution, which resist disease and insanity, are located in the superior posterior region of the brain, and in the shoulders, the magnitude, breadth and prominence of which give us the strongest possible assurance of vital stamina and strength of character. The vital energy to resist disease and the sustaining power of the healer are thus associated with the shoulder.

These views give us a clearer conception of the nature of insanity, which is associated not only with the pelvis, but with the basilar surface of the middle lobe at the entrance of the internal carotid artery, and with the superior conical ganglion and its extensions upward. I have, therefore, felt authorized to lay down a course of treatment that should be pursued in insane asylums, in which electricity may become the most important remedy, although it has heretofore failed to be of any great value from ignorance of the proper mode of its application. What can be done I have shown by producing temporary insanity in persons of sound mind, and restoring them by reversing the process.

4. Sarcognomy explains the philosophy of animal magnetism, showing from what parts of the brain and body come those exalted powers of somnambulism, trance, clairvoyance, etc., which have astonished and puzzled the world, and led many narrow minded people, especially college professors to reject the well attested facts because they could not discover their philosophy. Sarcognomy removes their difficulty, and shows them how to conduct experiments in a scientific manner, where to apply the hand to produce somnolence.

5. Sarcognomy becomes the monitor of mediumship, teaching the medium the proper care of the person, the method of seeking the higher influences and of cultivating whatever development is sought.

6. Sarcognomy becomes the healer's guide and physician's assistant. Therapeutic magnetism has been a blind business, destitute of scientific principles, and its remarkable cures have been greatly undervalued, because they were not scientifically understood, and were often made by persons of little scientific knowledge. Sarcognomy shows exactly where in the body to find the seat of each mental and physiological impulse or power, and enables the efficient magnetizer or healer to place his hands just where they will produce the effect, as when he removes a chill by operating on the hypogastric region, or removes melancholy by operating at the axillar, or produces sleep through the epigastrium and the lateral posterior surface of the thorax.

All possible conditions of mind and body (not due to poisonous or malign agencies) may thus be produced in a sensitive subject, and in all persons in proportion to their susceptibility. When I have instructed classes in Therapeutic Sarcognomy, I have invariably made the members of the class subjects of the experiments, making them distinctly feel the effects in their own persons, and showing them how to experiment on each other. We have had very impressive scenes sometimes when the whole company was placed under the influence of cheerfulness, health, religion or spirituality.

There have been but few in my classes, not over ten per cent, who could not distinctly feel and recognize the effects of treatment by the hand which stimulated the various emotions and faculties, and produced morbid or healthy sensations as they were conducted. Of course, not so much was done in the way of producing morbid effects as in showing how to remove them, and curing the diseases or infirmities of the pupils, as a clinical illustration. The percentage of impressibility in my classes was somewhat greater than that of Northern communities generally, but not greater than that which prevails in the Southern part of the United States, nor quite as great as we find in tropical regions, in which it is rare to find one who does not yield to the influence of the hands scientifically applied.

It is a pity that the cultivated and dogmatic ignorance of the majority of the medical profession, should have led them under the false guidance of medical colleges, to substitute for skillful magnetic treatment, the coarse mechanical process of rubbing, which they call massage, which is ineffectual in producing the admirable effects of true magnetic treatment, and sometimes does injury instead of healing. No doubt the desire to have an ignorant subordinate as a rubber, leads them to prefer the rubber to one whose skill might contrast with their own failures, and might diminish the demand for medicine.

If even one-half of the community are capable of being beneficially treated by the influence of the hand, and many troubles relieved promptly, to which medicine offers but slow and doubtful assistance, it is obvious that Therapeutic Sarcognomy should be considered a very valuable portion of a medical education (although at present it appears only in

Continued on Eighth Page.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER VII.

MORAL EDUCATION.

"And ye shall succor men,
Till nobleness to serve
Help them who cannot help again;
Beware from right to swerve."

The beginning of all education is in the home. The life of maturer years, the work of heart and brain and hand in the world's wide field is its great University, with highest honors, largest attainments and saddest failures. While it is true that the larger part of our education is outside of all school houses, that does not lessen the importance of the years of training within their walls. Not only is the practical element lacking in those years (which industrial education will supply), but the moral element also. In our blind zeal for intellectual cramming we neglect and slight the foundations of character and conduct, and the fine humanities. We wisely remit dogmatic theology to the pulpit, but shall morals and ethics, and those natural religious sentiments which prompt us to reverence for right, and to the sacred doing of duty be also banished, or held unimportant? A larger proportion of crime than is supposed, is perpetrated by men of good school education—keen brains and dull moral senses.

In 1780 the Constitution of Massachusetts declared: "It shall be the duty of the legislature in all future periods of the commonwealth to cherish the interests of literature and the sciences and all seminaries thereof, to countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, industry and frugality, honesty and punctuality in their dealings, sincerity and good humor and all social affections and generous sentiments."

We may well apply the spirit of that noble declaration, interpreted in the light of our day, to our school education. It would be like a stream of golden light making clear the upward path of the student, from the primary lessons of his childhood to the highest exercises of the college graduate.

Some affirmative teaching of the excellence of virtue, the hideousness and danger of vice and dishonesty, the joys of clean and pure life, and the grandeur of self-control, and some natural ethics, we want in our schools. What the method of this moral education shall be, cannot be discussed here, but that we greatly need it is plain enough. Send out the scholar with intellect and practical skill and moral sentiments developed and disciplined, and he is full-orbed and harmonious, ready for the highest and most useful work for the common good.

CHAPTER VIII.

PERSONS AND EVENTS—"THESE NOBLE SILENT MEN."

The world's saviors are the best men and women who have lived, and are living on earth. This "house of David" endures. Wise men without guile, holy mothers, useful Martha's and waiting Mary's, are here, and will be. Seers and prophets, and leaders of men, dwell along our blue lakes and rivers, as others dwell by Jordan and Genesaret. Life in Judea was more divine by the presence of the carpenter's son, and the fishermen and tent makers, of whom the Testament gives brief record. Their lives even give light, far off but clear to ours. Life in America is more divine by the presence of our best and truest. Without Garrison and Parker, Abraham Lincoln, Lucretia Mott, Peter Cooper, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, our light would be dim. Others, too many to name, have added to our imperishable wealth. Some of these are widely known; some are unknown. Of the last Carlyle said: "These noble, silent men, scattered here and there, each in his own department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no morning newspaper takes notice of; they are the salt of the earth. A country that has none, or few of these, is in a bad way; like a forest which has no roots; which has all turned into leaves and boughs; which must soon wither and be no forest."

No land is better rooted than ours, and the strong, deep roots hold the earth together and make our ground solid. Of a few whom I have known some brief record is made. Others as worthy must pass by.

"Only remembered by what they have done." It is impossible to write of those yet living among us; there are too many and their work here is not done. It would be invidious to select from them, but from such as have passed on we can choose freely, and they will not be troubled, even if they know it, as perchance they may.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

"Thou art not idle, in thy higher sphere,
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here,
Is all the crown and glory that it asks."
—J. R. Lowell on Channing.

In 1838, being in Boston over Sunday, a merchant with whom I dealt asked me to sit in his pew in the Federal Street Church, and hear Channing. The simple taste of the old meeting house, and the fine aspect of a congregation of such people as would be attracted to such a man interested me. Soon the minister came—a man of middle stature and delicate form, drawing a little on one's sympathy by his physical feebleness before he spoke, but lifting all into a region of higher thought when he was heard. At first his utterance was somewhat faint and low, but soon that sweet clear voice reached all in full distinctness, its fine cadences rising to earnest warning and entreaty, or falling to tones of tender sympathy, as naturally as the Aeolian harp varies with the breeze. He seemed inspired by an exalted enthusiasm, looking toward the higher and more perfect life of which he held men capable, and calling others up to the clear height of his own thought. Men and women heard him as though some angel from the upper-heaven spoke, and the hour in that church was sacred.

Each fit word dropped into its place in the sentence naturally, each period was rounded out in full and fair perfection with spontaneous ease. The inspiration of his ideas seemed to set each word and phrase in harmony, as that of the musical composer sets note and cleft and bar in the scale to make a perfect and sustained strain of melody.

It was a privilege to see and hear him. I could know better how his words had such uplifting power, and how it was that those who knew him best loved and revered him most. The great central idea and glowing inspiration of his life was the capacity of man for eternal culture and spiritual growth, and the divine goodness that has made the eternal life, here and hereafter, a fit field for that culture. In the day when New England, weary of the grim despair of total depravity, needed to hear a fresh and living word, he spoke. He was the Apostle to teach and emphasize the dignity of human nature, the capacity of men for spiritual culture, the beauty of that holiness of which we are capable,

and the wretchedness of that vice and weakness to which so many descend.

JOHN PIERPONT.

"Not there! Here, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave that now doth press,
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there."
—Pierpont.

I first met Pierpont at his home in West Medford, Mass., May 23rd, 1861. He was then a Spiritualist, and our interview was partly filled with his narration of his experiences. He told of being in Buffalo in June, 1859, when a girl seventeen years old, a total stranger, described a woman she saw as a spirit so that he knew it was his sister Elizabeth, who had been gone thirty years. Other good proofs of her identity were also given. In May, 1861, he saw J. V. Mansfield in New York, and this message was written as he sat by him, unexpectedly, and not in reply to any request. Mansfield not knowing of his Buffalo visit or of his sister Elizabeth:

"DEAR BROTHER: I have often noticed [doubt probably left out] on your mind, since I partly showed myself to you at Buffalo, whether it was an illusion, or truly so, and you have not yet been able to settle it. Now, Brother John, let me assure you that it was no illusion, but a fact. I came to you when you thought it was so. You are doing your work, Brother John. Go where duty calls you, irrespective of what the world may say, think or do. Your sister Elizabeth."

He had just been telling me how a reaction in his favor had taken place, after his long and brave contest with the rum-selling peddlers of Hollis Street Church, and how his Lyceum lectures and poems had grown in favor, but when he became a Spiritualist he said the calls for lectures and poems grew less, and his Unitarian brethren were, many of them, cool toward him. Of all this he made no complaint, but spoke of it with cheerful humor, yet it could not but affect him. Quite natural it was that his sister should try to give him a word of strength from her heavenly home. He gave me a message, received in New York in 1860, from Mrs. Hoyt, a stranger:

"My BROTHER: The world is full of signs and tests of spirit power, and we will not allow you to question that which meets your outer and inner vision at every turn, for you know the flower-lip speaks it, and the leaf-tongue proclaims it. I have passed away, yet the grave does not confine me. I am where I see more to do, and under more favorable circumstances, than when my soul was obliged to carry the burden of my body. Not that I despise the tenement, God forbid! I parted with it as well-tried friends bid each other final adieu. I am carrying out my intentions, and urging with good faith that freedom in Christ, which shall render man the worthy companion of the angels. Here I see no eye watching with distrust or envy; no cold reserve and formalities which chill the heart's warm outpourings; but, by the light which surrounds all here, I see man in all his nobleness and simplicity. Would that more could come into possession of this spiritual sight; which must inevitably raise the fallen—while as a self-adjusting principle, it must make man his own judge and savior—God being within. It is not new, but the old, revived and relieved of all superfluous garniture which education has heaped upon it."

With kindness ever, T. P."

He thought the signature a mistake, not knowing who it meant, when the medium again decidedly signed "T. P." and further thought led him to see it was Theodore Parker, from whom he had messages at other times and places.

Five years after, wife and myself boarded on the same street, (4½ Street, N. W.), and near him, in Washington—he then holding an important place in the Treasury Department, and doing full daily work, although over eighty years of age. We often called on him about five o'clock, or just after his dinner hour when, refreshed by a short sleep and by his meal, he enjoyed a visit. One warm afternoon we went to the door of his room and found all still. Looking in through the half open door we saw him asleep on the sofa. Wife slipped in, laid a fresh rose on his breast, and we came away. Next day we met him on the avenue; he stopped us, laid his hands on her shoulders and said: "I've caught the sly rogue that slid into my room when I slept yesterday, and left a rose for me." All this with the grace and humor of youth. Fifty years before he might have been a handsome young man, but surely he was handsome as we knew him. Tall, erect, his hair and beard fine and silvery, the fresh glow of health and temperate purity still giving ruddy hue to his cheeks, strangers in the streets stopped to admire him. In his delightful conversation the culture of a scholar and poet, the brilliancy of a young heart, the courage of a reformer, the wisdom of large experience, and the insight of a spiritual thinker, gave varied charm and instruction. One evening I heard him recite a poem of his own at a temperance meeting. He came before the audience with a weary step, and began his poem in a broken and feeble voice, but a change soon came, and before he was half through his form dilated, his eyes flashed, his voice was deep and full, and the burden of a half century seemed rolled away, leaving him young and glowing in his strength. The conquering spirit had lent the body, for the hour, something of its own immortal youth, so that all were spell-bound in surprised delight.

We saw him last one lovely summer morning, at the corner of our street, opposite the City Hall, and the statue of Lincoln, waiting for the cars to go to the Treasury building. He spoke cheerily of the beauty of the day; said he was going to start for New England in the afternoon, for a month's rest, and stepped onto the car as it came near, waving his hand and smiling his good-by. In a few days he was acting as President of a meeting of Spiritualists at Providence, and just afterward passed serenely to that higher life for which he was ripe and fully ready.

(To be continued.)

Necessity and Wisdom of Organization.

BY WM. ICHIN GILL.

We must "organize victory;" for however useful are individual dash, daring, skill and genius, all will fail of ultimate, complete and abiding victory unless they work in connection with an organization which is instinct with their own great qualities.

Four principles ought to be clear to all—that for a plurality of agencies seeking the same common end, there should be organization; that organization implies some degree of individual restriction; that the degree of restriction should be no greater than is necessary for efficient action and the attainment of the best total results; and that in the end the total freedom will be greater than would be possible without organization.

1. A plurality of agencies can promote or secure a common end better by organization than without it. Organization secures a division of labor, so that each has his own task

and responsibility. Instead of several blundering by attempting the same thing and getting in the way of each other. It secures concerted action and the force of consolidation. All the iron in the world would not hurt a strong fort if fired off only in backshot from small barrels that hold only one pellet. Now combine them into balls weighing one ton each, shot from adequate engines, how sudden and vast the result. Such is the voice of a great organization compared with individual voices.

2. It is to be admitted, and not forgotten, that organization is in some degrees and forms restrictive of individual liberty. Its members enter into a compact and pledge themselves to each other for the fulfillment of certain stipulated offices. This compact they are not at liberty to disregard. They are bound by it, if they are honorable souls, more than is the malefactor by gyves and prison walls; more than the slave in the chain-gang is bound to his alleged master and owner. If the object of the organization is good, the bond which it imposes is noble and honorable. Of all bodies the army is the most despotic; yet the volunteer in the great "War for the Union" in his very subjugation found a grand sphere for the exercise of the noblest qualities, courage, energy, self-control, heroic fortitude and the loftiest patriotism, and he thence achieved a result of the most glorious character. Who does not praise the faithful members of that organization? And who shall shrink from the nobler bonds of a Spiritualist army which by milder means and in a freer method shall seek to break the bonds of superstition and ignorance the world over?

3. The restriction should be as little as possible compatible with the efficiency of the organization in the legitimate pursuit of its legitimate end. Hence eternal vigilance will be necessary, especially if the organization is at the outset strong at the center, for it will naturally grow stronger till it stifles intellectual freedom. Hence its strength should be distributed equally at innumerable local centers, a system of congregationalism, which makes each local body absolute owner of all local property, so that it is always independent, and can secede when it will without loss from the confederation or general association, and change its dogmas with its growing knowledge. Oppressive centralization then becomes impossible, and the most zealous co-operation in such organization is perfectly safe.

4. Restrictions of this kind and to this extent will in the end be the source of the largest liberty. Our individual liberty in society must in some way be restricted by that of each other, and the object of organization is to make this restriction the least offensive and the most beneficial. A just and wise organization secures the least friction, the least injustice, the least caprice, the best results, and thence the largest ultimate advantage and general power and freedom. An Ishmaelite freedom where every hand is against every other, or where they that are at one, act only as many, without concert, scattering their fire in every direction and very often against each other, and never concentrating it against the common enemy, is not the freedom of science, civilization or common sense. It is the freedom of insanity; and if that is the highest liberty which Spiritualists can conceive and practice, no wonder that they are so often taken for a set of mild lunatics. This reproach must be wiped away. We must have organization and organizations. We must be able to speak not only with the force of individual voices as now and in the past, but any where and at any time with the collective force of the great body of Spiritualists in any locality, and at set times with all the force and authority of all places focussed into one utterance through a grand organ, which is truly a Universal Pneumaphone.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Mead's "Luther."

BY O. CLUTE.

Of the many books produced by the 400th anniversary of Luther's birth, I know of none more significant than this. Its title page is auspicious. It is: "Martin Luther, a Study of Reformation." There is a wide habit of speaking of the Reformation, as if it were a movement that began, culminated, and ended with Luther and his contemporaries. With his usual keen insight, Mr. Mead sees that the movement, of which in his time, Luther was the head, began long before Luther's birth, and that it has been going on since his death, especially that it is making rapid progress in the present. The book is mainly a series of pictures in words, painted with a rapid and bold, yet true and delicate touch. It opens with a few stirring scenes, calculated to make the blood tingle in generous veins, even in our easy-going times. The author sets before us Kaubach's six frescoes in the New Museum at Berlin, each representing a scene in the course of civilization, of which scenes the last is the Era of Reformation. We see the great leaders of art, science, literature, war, discovery, religion, poetry, "but towering above these, the centre of the whole great company, the point to which all tend and from which all radiate, stands the mighty figure of Martin Luther, lifting high above his head the open Bible."

The great painter's artistic hand could hardly make the canvas tell the story more clearly than do the writer's inspiring words. Then he shows us Luther at Worms. In this scene he finds an epitome of Luther's life. It shows the qualities of the man as they had been shown on the evening of October, 1517, when he nailed the ninety-five theses against the church door in Wittenberg; as they had been shown at the Diet of Augsburg; as they were shown on the 10th of Dec., 1530, when he burned the Pope's bull of excommunication without the city gates. We see Luther, a few years earlier, knocking at the convent gate, and bidding the porter open in God's name, that he may consecrate himself to God; we see Copernicus in his study, Savonarola in San Marco, Caxton's old printing-press in Westminster. With these gleams of light we see, also, the great darkness of superstition, beggary, and slavery in which nine-tenths of the people were buried.

With these scenes, by way of introduction, we come to the church of 1483. In a few masterly strokes it is depicted. It stands before us the enemy of science, of honor, of liberty, of religion, of man. We see its sensual popes; its debauched cardinals; its priests who dispensed the eucharist with murderous hands; its vendors of indulgences selling the privilege to rob a church for nine denarii; to murder for eight denarii; to commit adultery for six denarii; its anointed vicegerent of God reaching the papal chair by treachery and murder, and then prostituting the church's gifts to shower honors on their crowds of illegitimate children.

Against this church and this priesthood, that Martin Luther, a study of Reformation, by Edwin D. Mead. Boston: Geo. T. Kim, 1884. Price \$1.50.

and decent men, Luther stood up. He stood for Religion. In standing for Religion, he stood for reason. He was the first great modern Rationalist. To the claims of the church he opposed the claims of reason; to the interpretation of the Bible he applied reason; against the assumptions of the pope he set up the conclusions of reason. But with Luther reason was the instrument, the method. He prized the method because it led to results, to truths. He did not devote his whole time to praising his road; he went forward on his road. He did not worship the instrument, but used it to do good work. So he was not only Rationalist. He was Intellectualist as well. Reason led to truths, which with him became doctrines, teachings. He was a man of philosophic grasp. He saw that, in the ultimate, education, morals, religion, society, rest upon truths. His great work lay in applying reason to the attainment and the teaching of these truths.

Much soft liberal sentiment of these days effervesces over a philosophy that calls on men to worship the Unknown; or, rather, it graciously permits them so to do. Well, they who desire to pray to a fog-bank, not knowing but the fog may enshroud something deepblack; who would worship an infinite darkness, not knowing but the darkness may envelop most malignant evil, are, of course, entitled to their right so to pray and worship. In spite of their fatuity they serve a purpose; they are an admirable illustration of the survival of feteichism. The savage before his bundle of red feathers has a more worthy feteich than these worshippers before the Unknown, for he knows, at least, that they are red feathers, but these philosophic feteich-worshippers can make no affirmation at all, concerning their feteich. It is Unknownable. In the flood of this agnostic vaporing it is refreshing to come on Luther's strong words in favor of truth, doctrine, as they flow from the pen of so able a writer as Mr. Mead.

In the present condition of the religious revolt there is much that is by no means satisfactory. Many have given up the old faith without having accepted a new. They have given up the old sanctions of morality without having come to the deeper and stronger ones. They have lost the old base fear of hell, that, even in its baseness, had a deterrent influence, without having come to the nobler fear of disobeying the laws of their physical, mental and spiritual being. Hence there is much of moral laxity. We are already in the midst of the moral interregnum of which Goldwin Smith wrote some years ago. The defaulting bank officers who are prominent deacons, elders, and Sunday school superintendents, show it on the one hand. On the other it is seen in the sensual ranks of a spurious liberalism. They who have the interests of religion and humanity at least can but look at this moral laxity with serious alarm. If it is a permanent and essential result of a lost faith in old creeds, why, it were better, perhaps, to have the old creeds back, with all their evils and their flaming brimstone. But it is not an essential and permanent result. It is but a transient phase, which has had parallels in former periods of unrest. One of these periods of moral laxity occurred at the very height of the movement under Luther. Mr. Mead, on page 86, says:

"Where the new gospel made one religious man, it slay another ten, undermining their faith in the priests, and sacraments, and authority of the old church, while powerless to give them the new faith, since to most men, and especially in religion, a thing gets sanctity only when it gets age. Luther had to face the chaos which every reformer must expect in a period of religious upheaval. 'He had the pain of seeing, one after another, various tendencies in the Reformation movement brought out and exhibited in exaggerated shape and with accompaniments of violence and horror before the world.' As soon as Spiritualism had made a breach in the old edifice of the church," says Helge, "sensuality with all its long restrained terror of passion threw itself into it, and Germany became the tumultuous arena of combatants intoxicated with liberty." The history of Germany at this time consists of little else than sensualistic riots. Everywhere, the doors of monasteries flew open, and monks and nuns rushed billing and cooing into each other's arms. High prelates began to reflect whether they might not marry their cooks. The town's deputies rejoiced at the prospect of increased independence. Each had here something to gain, and the secret thoughts of each were directed to earthly advantage. For the Catholic party it is easy to assign the worst motives; and, to hear them speak, one would suppose that the sole object of the Reformation was to legitimate the most shameless sensuality and to plunder the goods of the church. We presently see how small was the result of this reaction, how Spiritualism succeeded in overcoming these rioters, and how it gradually secured its authority. One man was there who was not thinking of earthly advantage, but of the divine interests which he represented. This man was Martin Luther, the poor monk chosen by Providence to shatter the world-empire of Rome." But now iconoclasts and libertines, demagogues and lunatics of every sort, were abroad, haranguing the people and calling Luther their father. "My friends have done as much to injure me as my enemies," he said. He was held responsible for all the mad doings of Anabaptists and Antinomians; and every crime in the calendar, offspring of the general unsettlement, was charged to his account. They reproach me with all this," he cried, "unhappy Martin Luther. They reproach me, too, with the revolt of the peasants, and with the sacramentarian sects, as though I had been their author." He saw a hard, materialistic spirit manifesting itself all about him; and among his own pronounced followers, anything but a strong, united, satisfying, religious life. The common people, he wrote after a visitation among the country villages, "live like cattle and irrational swine; and, now that the gospel has come to them, they understand how to abuse their liberty in a masterly manner. O ye bishops," he adds, "well knowing where the responsibility lies, how will ye be able to give an account to Christ, that ye have suffered the common people to be degraded in ignorance, and have not given full proof of your ministry?"

After reading the above passage one may pause and ask, if that philosophic Spiritualism, which Mr. Mead mentions, had power to bring moral order out of the chaos Helge describes, may it not be possible that a similar philosophic grasp may, in time, reduce to moral order the many aberrations that have followed in the path of modern Spiritualism? Doctrine when crystallized into a creed and formulated into a system, becomes, sometimes, tyrannical and tends to narrow the life. Doctrine, crystallized into a noble character, is the very power of God unto salvation. The right of the soul, its right to thought, knowledge, freedom, worship, character—this is the very corner stone of Protestantism. Great truths inspiring great souls; great doctrines sustaining great individuals; great ideas drawing him who apprehends

them to noble works—for this lofty, organic individualism was Luther's word given. This genius of Protestantism has been the creator not only of Luther, but of all the large souls whose names make illustrious all the Protestant centuries. Latimer, Knox, Priestley, Edwards, Channing, Parker, Bushnell, Carlyle, Emerson, Martineau, are a few among those who have been led by this large faith in truth as soon by the individual soul. But their individualism has been by no means a selfish isolation, a cowardly seeking merely for their own ease, or peace, or salvation. They have rather given themselves to a devoted service of Truth, of Man, of God. Ever the largest liberty comes, at last, to the most perfect obedience. The greatest prophet of freedom is, in the end, the most humble servant to that moral law to which he freely and gladly submits. This humble service brings them near to the masses of men. They have held their thought, their science, their pens, their speech, as treasures with which to serve their fellow men. In their high thought and purpose they have had a lofty democracy; not the bragging democracy of the loud-mouthed demagogue, but the wise democracy of the thinker and the friend. They have been democrats, not in subservience, but in serving. Mr. Mead makes it very clear that Luther was such a democrat. He was a man of the people. To the people he looked for sympathy; among them was established the thought that led to the overthrow of Rome. Luther spoke the tongue of the people; he wrote so that the simplest could understand; he lived as the people lived. It was, and yet after all a bit comforting, to read of his poverty, of the straits to which he was reduced—the Son of Man has so often had not where to lay his head.

Following the title-page of this "Study of Reformation" is the following motto from Herder: "To what end do we learn from past ages, why praise or why blame? Let us remember Luther's method of thought, his plain hints and his strong truths, and let us apply them to our own times." It is to apply to our own times the method of Luther that Mr. Mead has written. This he does in a few strong pages at the close of the volume. Among other vigorous passages he says:

"Shall we keep waiting for this new Luther, as the Jews still waited for Elias, while John Baptist was thundering in their ears? 'If you had but eyes to see,' said Jesus, 'this is Elias.' And it may be that, while men wait for the new Luther, his voice is already ringing in their ears; and they are only quivering, like Eck and Emser and Cajetan, how they may disparage and rebut his word. I think he spoke in Lessing, I think he spoke in Kant, I think he spoke in Emerson and Parker and Carlyle. Let us not wait for great new Luthers. Let us each, great or small, do his own part in his own place. In Luther's spirit. Every man is great enough to be heroic and to be true; every man can possess himself of Luther's method, and apply it faithfully to his own time. The slight regard men show for awful creedal obligations is telling with a subtle power upon our whole society. When diplomacy stands at the altar, what shall be expected in the market place? And who would venture to deny that subterfuges and such constructions of religious obligations are common in our churches as, transferred to business dealings, would drive men in disgrace from the exchange? It is a startling fact, that the principals in so many of the notorious embezzlements of our time, from Glasgow to Fall River and Wall Street and on to San Francisco, have been men in high place in the churches, all the time duly and fluently repeating profound professions of belief on points concerning which it is impossible that many should have clear understanding or genuine conviction at all.... Each Reformation has in it much the same elements and types as others. A study of Reformation in the nineteenth century is a study of Reformation in the nineteenth century. Luther, too, had to deal with New Orthodoxy, and find how ineffectual it was for the great task set for the time.... To the young men and women of the land,—our country, which for the coming time has need of the most stalwart manhood and womanhood we can cultivate—to you especially, my brothers and sisters, this word is committed, in the hope that it may strengthen the resolve in some, that in religion their communication shall be yea and nay. Whether yea or nay does not matter—nay to each false thing proposed to you, yea to each true thing. You shall find the resolute and constant nay to the false thing the sure way, and the only one, to the firm yea of real conviction and the peace which passeth understanding. So it was with Luther. The last word of the great Protestant was a great affirmation. 'Do you die,' they asked him, after their manner, 'firmly professing the faith you have taught?' He looked on them for a moment, and summoned the last strength for the one word, with joyful emphasis, 'Yes! Had they said, 'Do you not believe the old doctrine again? Do you not repent your work against the church?' It would have been with the same emphasis, 'No! Protest and faith were to him the same; the everlasting no was one with the everlasting yea."

Iowa City, Iowa.

A Birmingham mother let out her curious diminutive baby to a showman for a small sum weekly. The infant was six weeks old and weighed but ten ounces. The unfortunate child was exhibited every five minutes, and soon died under the exposure. In court the woman expressed sorrow that the law would not permit her to sell the remains to a surgeon for \$100.

In the province of San Pedro, Brazil, the destruction of all eucalyptus trees has been ordered. It appears that the tree favors the generation of a terribly dangerous dragon fly, which attacks all living creatures, and whose sting is fatal within a few minutes.

Church-robbing has been alarmingly rife of late in and around Paris; as many as 76 burglaries have been effected in the capital and surrounding localities within the last eighteen months, Notre Dame being visited three times.

A Vermont man thought he was inspired to kill Mrs. Adams, a school teacher, but after she had knocked him down with a club and battered his body for ten minutes he concluded that it was whisky instead of inspiration.

C. R. Talmage, of Savannah, has invented a machine that he is confident will navigate the air without any difficulty. He calls it a steam-bird.

A citizen of Columbus, Ohio, has had over 200 men fined for using profane language on the street.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

IN BRACKENRIDGE.

Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says: "I used it for seasickness, during an ocean passage. In most of the cases, the violent symptoms which characterize that disease yielded, and gave way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(METHUEN, N. J.)

THE SOUL'S DESTINY.

Up o'er the shining ways of light,
That flash across the starry skies,
Up to creation's loftiest heights,
The pathway of the spirit lies.
Where countless constellations gleam,
The soul triumphant shall ascend,
Shall drink of life's eternal stream,
And with new forms of being blend.

No boundless solitude of space
Shall fill man's conscious soul with awe,
But everywhere his eyes shall trace
The beauty of eternal law.
Sweet music from celestial isles
Shall float across the azure seas,
And flowers, whose endless summer smiles
Shall wait their perfumes on the breeze.

No empty void, no rayless night,
No wintry wails by tempests tossed,
No treasures ravished from the sight,
No blighted hopes, no bleeding heart;
But all that was or yet shall be,
Through endless transformations led,
Shall know, through life's sublime decree,
A resurrection from the dead.

And he who, through the lapse of years,
With aching heart and weary feet,
Hath sought, from gloomy doubts and fears,
A refuge and a sure retreat—
Shall find, at last, an inner shrine,
Secure from superstition's truth,
Where he shall learn the truth divine,
That God dwells evermore with man.

Throughout the boundless All in All,
Life lengths, an unbroken chain—
Are He in whom we stand and fall,
Feels all our pleasure or our pain,
O Infinite O Holy Heart!
Give us but patience to endure,
Until we know thee as thou art,
And feel our lives in thee made sure.

—Little Helen.

CONCERNING WOMEN.

Mrs. Jane Swisshelm invented the use of the red light on the rear of all passenger cars.

Miss Nettie Carpenter of New York, sixteen years of age, took the first prize in the violin class at the Paris Conservatoire this year.

A woman's college is to be affiliated with the McGill University in Montreal, the Hon. D. A. Smith having given \$50,000 for an endowment.

Miss Flora Underwood is the teller of the Granite National Bank of Quincy, Mass.

Dr. Aurelia E. Gilbert of Louisville, Ky., has opened a cure and school of physical training for young girls.

Lady Haberton, the author of the divided skirt for women, and of dress reform in England, attended the Science Association in Montreal.

Mrs. Emma Hopkins of Manchester, N. H., has assumed the editorship of the Boston *Journal of Christian Science*, a paper issued in the interest of the new science of mental healing.

Florence Marryatt (Mrs. Ross Church) is coming to this country expressly to deliver her prize conundrum lecture, "What Shall We Do with Our Men?" She is a novel-writer, singer, actress, reader and elocutionist.

Rev. Clara M. Bisbee, an eloquent Unitarian minister, conducted the services of the Boston Ethical Society, during the absence of the pastor, Minot J. Savage, on Sept. 28th. Even the Congregationalists are yielding to the times. Louise S. Baker has become the minister of the church of that denomination on the Island of Nantucket, and is legally qualified to solemnize marriage under the laws of Massachusetts.

An exchange reports that: "A new field in an entirely unexpected quarter has been opened for woman's labor in Chicago in clerical positions of trust in leading hotels. The first man to move in this direction has been Potter Palmer, and the experiment has proved a success in one of the finest hotels in the world. He offers such salary as will command the best talent. At present he gives employment to three women in his office. Two of them are cashiers and one a book-keeper. To one of the former he pays \$1,000 a year and board, to another \$900 and board, and to the book-keeper he pays \$600 and board. He says they fully earn these salaries, and give much better satisfaction than the male employees. They have long recognized this fact in continental Europe, where all the officials of a hotel are women."

The unveiling of the statue of Margaret Houghery in New Orleans, has caused discussion in regard to the number and order of statues of women in this country. The facts are these. Anne Whitney's statue of Harriet Martineau in the Old South Church, Boston, is the first of the kind given to the public. On the 30th of May last, a monument to Mrs. Julia A. Teris was unveiled at Shelbyville, Ky. Mrs. Teris was the founder of the Seaside Hill Female Academy of that place, of which institution she was principal more than fifty years. She was a successful teacher for more than sixty years, and exerted a powerful influence over the education and training of young women.

And now the statue of Margaret, the working woman of New Orleans, seated in a hickory bottomed chair, and wearing a calico dress, will soon smile down from her elevated position in the Southern capital, upon the working women who loved her when living and honor her when dead.

Mrs. Susan C. Waters of Bordentown, N. J., has presented to the Odd Fellows Lodge of that town, a large and striking picture symbolic of the principles of the order. The painting, which is nearly six feet in length, represents a shipwrecked vessel in a storm, spanned by a rainbow. The All-seeing Eye looks down on the relief of the sufferers by their humane saviors. Mrs. Waters, who is an artist of great skill, is the consoler and sustainer of an invalid husband. Both are the friends of progress and equal rights, bearing the burdens of ill-health and a checkered career with the equanimity born of true philosophy.

COOKING SCHOOLS.

One of the significant signs of the times is the multiplication of cooking schools. A late writer has truly declared: "It has been said that indigestion is responsible for as much crime as liquor; without discussing that, we would affirm that a large proportion of the misery in the world is caused by ill-cooked food, and that it is, directly or indirectly, the cause of two-thirds of the drunkenness. Until there is a reform in the cooking of the land, the temperance workers will strive in vain. Heavy sour bread, tough, overdone meats, muddy coffee, half reasoning used to drown bad flavors, all tend to excite abnormal appetites and a craving for something stronger. The more civilized nations become, the greater variety of food and the greater care given to adapting diet to the needs of each class of society." It has now come to be

understood among progressive people, that spiritual development is so intimately connected with good physical conditions, that the two can in no wise be dissociated. It is the one-sided, inharmonious person who sneers at care in the preparation of food and eats any thing that is set before him.

Accordingly, cooking is a study, care and experience. And schools in which it is regularly taught are multiplying even in small cities. Boston has the oldest incorporated school in this country, with Mrs. Lincoln at the head, whose Boston Cook Book is the most complete manual yet issued. The graduates from this institution are sought for, far and near. New York boasts of Miss Parloa, whose classes number some of the most refined women of the metropolis; Chicago is no less fortunate in Mrs. Ewing who is also an authority on the subject of diet, and who teaches cookery at the summer school of Chautauque, and the remainder of the year in the Queen City of the West.

Milwaukee, not to be outdone by other cities, sent for a graduate from Boston, and secured Miss E. M. Hammond, under whose enthusiasm and practical ability one of the best cooking schools in the world has been organized. Having a genius for the work and a love of doing good, Miss Hammond is accomplishing a task for which all women ought to give her thanks. She is popularizing a pursuit which was formerly regarded with distaste if not disdain, and inculcating pride in the beautiful and economical preparation of food. The directors of the school have fitted up a commodious building for the use of pupils of all ages, married and unmarried, and at the opening, this fall, more than a hundred were already enrolled.

Young women of to-day! you can afford to enter upon married life ignorant of trigonometry and conic sections, unable to construe a Latin verb or beat the Battle of Prague upon a much-enduring piano, but you cannot afford to be ignorant of the best way to make bread or to roast meat, or make nourishing dishes for the sick. Study cooking both as a science and as an art!

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

MAN—WHENCE AND WHITHER? By Richard B. Westbrooke, D. D., LL. B. Price \$1.

The little monograph by Dr. Westbrooke bearing the title: Man—Whence and Whither? is as full of thought as a book so small is well capable of being. The author does not hesitate to give any topic a faithful handling, using great plainness of speech, logical directness, and a masterly boldness in deducing his conclusions. He may justly be termed a man of the times.

The Introduction announces a religious crisis. There is a drifting away, we are told, from the ancient felicitas as now represented in a perverted theology. It is not confined to the educated classes, but the working population are moving in the same direction, and becoming thoroughly estranged from the religious institutions in their theological aspects. This is true both of Europe and America. The work of disintegration goes on. The great majority of the clergy are unequal to the exigency, and have not the ability to meet the vexed questions of to-day; yet we have the assurance of the Rev. Philip Brooks that they are becoming more involved in the general disbelief. The doctrines of verbal inspiration of the Scriptures as formerly held, of the everlasting punishment of the wicked, are not now believed by them, but they do not tell this to their people. This suppression of the truth and suggestion of the false result in the minds of the public teachers and the blinding of their moral vision. The error of canonical authority overwhelms the modern pulpit. Professional standing, sectarian habits of thought, false pride of opinion, and pecuniary dependence, are shackles that now encumber the free, fearless and independent march of the clerical corps.

This is true, and as sad as it is true. Philosophic thinking has been by universal consent, relegated to the religious teachers, as there is a tendency to confine the healing art to professed medical practitioners, and the other callings are devoted to secular pursuits which more or less bend the spiritual sensibilities with a gross materialism. The large majority of men live and die in the faith in which they are born and educated, however absurd and contradictory it may be. They have been very little influenced by the general disbelief in religious questions. It is considered as not practical, and, therefore, outside the department of common sense. Yet at the inevitable penalty of being rejected by this sort of men, I will affirm a full acceptance of this sentiment:

"When a man has found a religion that is in harmony with the order of the universe, that requires the highest, morality and inspires the most unselfish enthusiasm of humanity, and he feels ready to give a reason for the hope that is in him, then, and then only, will he rise to the dignity of true manhood."

I should welcome the advent of a priesthood of this character. Even though its members are classed as laymen, and they generally will be, no matter. The distinction which men confer on college educators, such as "Reverend," "Doctor," "Professor," count but for very little with men of sense. The representative men of all ages have been proscribed by the life-bearing bigots of their own period.

It would extend this notice too far to give a complete synopsis of this work. It deserves it, nevertheless. It is full of robust thinking and sensible conclusions which make one read the healthier. The first chapter, "What is Man?" is manifold in very deed. It defines him by self-consciousness, the sense of individuality and personality, the conscience, the intuition of some intelligence and power [energy] higher than himself and an inherent disposition to worship that being; the desire for future existence and the gift of language. Dr. Westbrooke goes further, and increases in many particulars.

"The real human intelligence seems to have its relaxations and amusements and to exert its higher faculties without restraint, when the physical organs are in a state of repose. It is not probable that the mind of man ever grows weary and exhausted. Then there is that strange power of dividing in dreams of which Tertullian and other Christian Fathers made so much, and no one who has the least degree of historical faith or of confidence in the Jewish or Christian Scriptures can doubt that many cases of prevision in dreams have actually occurred. There are also many such cases reported in modern times. Of the precise source of these nocturnal visions none can be sure; but this does not affect the position that the phenomena of somnambulism and dreams show, at least in some cases, the independence of the human ego of physical environment."

Passing beyond this, our author adds clairvoyance and clairaudience in the same deduction. His witnesses are Deleuze, Henry George Atkinson, Dr. Gregory, Boston, J. B. Nichols, Miss Fancher, Swedenborg, Dr. La Roche, Dr. Edward H. Clark, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mrs. Carpenter, and Anna Jackson Davis. Verily, the man who does that with a clear mind and conscientious purpose, is not far from the kingdom of God.

The common dogma of the origin of man is disposed of with equal fidelity. "The story of the origin of our race," Dr. Westbrooke declares, "is not first found in writings, improperly, as many think, ascribed to Moses; so far from this being true, we find the story substantially, in documents written hundreds if not thousands of years before Moses."

The evolution hypothesis of the origin of humanity is next treated. The reign of law, fixed and uniform, and the unity of the human race are recognized, and therefrom is deduced the principle of dominated evolution. But what is evolution? "Strip this simple word of its much-perverted sense, and it merely means the uniform processes in which every product has an antecedent, every effect a cause, and one thing follows another and grows out of another in orderly succession."

After acknowledging the almost uncountable antiquity of the human ego on this globe, millions if not billions of years, he seems to imagine primitive man, "If, indeed, we have found the truly primal man, which is so doubtful as to admit of a fiat denial, to

have been an ape-like being, stunted, brawny, coarse, long-armed, dumb, stupid, not erect, but his hairy body forming an angle of seventy-five or eighty-five degrees, wandering through forests, first using as a weapon, living on worms and roots, fruits, inferior animals—some of which a very cannibal, eating his own kin—living in caves, having little knowledge of himself or of the world around him." Very properly, Walt Whitman is quoted for illustration: "I have little taste for this department of speculation; it may be so and it may not. I feel very much like Mr. Hardback in the *Atlantic Monthly* of March, 1867:

"To exalt a man's soul above his skeleton, is now to be behind the age." "It isn't monkey that rises anatomically into man, but rather man that descends mentally into monkey." "Nobody who reasons himself into a development from the monkey has the right to take mankind with him in his induction. His argument covers but one individual—himself. As for the Hardbacks, they at least leg to be excused from joining him in that logical excursion." "Early peoples worshipped their ancestors, because they knew their ancestors were nobler and higher than themselves."

However, Dr. Westbrooke only takes ground like Prof. J. P. Lesley, that widely-divergent types may proceed from a common source.

He sets aside the so-called scientific method in his next argument, the Answer of Theism to the question: "Whence is Man?" Materialism will not first meet the question of original causation. "When theists postulate the existence of an Infinite First Cause, which by common consent is denominated God, they are charged with assuming the fact in question, and demand is made for proof positive. To this is answered that the thing to be proved, must be assumed before it can be proved. Indeed the whole framework of materialistic 'science' rests upon a host stupendous series of assumptions."

I like Dr. Westbrooke's remarks upon the question of personality as applied to God. I would use language to utter my ideas, not to conceal them. A personal God is to my apprehension equivalent to a personal devil. "If by 'personality' we mean unity or oneness, we say God is personal; but if you mean by personality limitation, any thing like a man, it cannot properly be applied to the Infinite. Personality is one of the divine characteristics, but one word cannot describe any one of his attributes. He is personal, in a certain sense, but he is more than personal."

"Men constantly talk of the laws of Nature, forgetting that law itself is a product and not a cause." "What is known as the scientific method leads logically to the conclusion that there must be something that is generally named God. You may call it 'protoplasm,' 'molecular force,' the 'potentiality of matter' or even matter itself; and when you tell us what these words mean, we will tell you what we mean by God. For we will mean the same thing. We know of the existence of God, as we know other things, by palpable manifestations."

"Human consciousness feels that God is, and human reason demonstrates that this is not a universe without a God, and from phenomena proceeds the existence of *Noëma*." "Phenomena have something behind them, and energy has something behind it, and as something in them which is the source of all phenomena and energy." God is identical with the cosmos plus the eternal mystery.

The fifth chapter is devoted to the question: "Is Death the End of Man?" The scientific argument in the negative is made very clearly and I think unanswerably. An example of a wounded British officer is also cited, in which the power of communicating thought by speech was interrupted by an injury to the brain, but that which thinks was not destroyed.

The prevailing skepticism of the day is largely chargeable to the absurd dogmas of all branches of the churches, Roman as well as Protestant. It is necessary to have a general revision of church-creeeds and easy to substitute a more rational faith without giving up any single principle fundamental to religion and the highest morality. It is to be regretted that our liberal preachers are not more settled and outspoken on the question of the future life. We have too much diffidence and hesitation from them, seeking to be as "ecclesiastical" as other churches, aping the "regular clergy," using evangelical terminology. Indeed, I am compelled to believe what our author suggests, that they unwittingly play into the hands of their rivals and do much to retard robust, healthy thinking than to advance it. Much of modern Unitarianism occupies the ground of apology for not being trinitarianism.

The proof of a future life is given by Dr. Westbrooke, is a bright example of logical excellence. "The literature of the world shows that men in all ages and countries have not only believed this doctrine, but have been so influenced by it, that they regarded as proof palpable of the actual existence of man after death." Aye, aye. To prove this, testimonials are given from intelligent individuals, not professional intermediaries, sensitive or psychic, well grounded in scientific knowledge. Then come such names as Zöllner, Stanton-Moses, Epps Sargent, N. R. Wolfe—named by the statement of Herodotus, that the persistence of a faith is generally in proportion to its truthfulness.

"After Death—What?" asks chapter VII. "The views entertained by both Catholics and Protestants have generally been extremely literal and materialistic." I would add: and superlatively diabolical. Such writers are quoted as Jeremy Taylor, Jonathan Edwards, Nathaniel Emmons, Thomas Burton, Charles Spurgeon, and the Rev. J. Furness—all of them with brains turned insensate by stupendous ideas of the horrible. The terrors and sneers of Robert G. Ingersoll are tame beside their quotations. Reprobate infants held over hell by Jehovah in the toils of his wrath till they turn and spit venom in his face; and he hating sinners, holding them as so many spiders over the fire of hell; and being "very good" to an infant enclosed in a red hot oven, turning and twisting about, beating its head against the roof and stamping its feet on the floor—all, too, in mercy, is a picture that no sane man can contemplate. The fearful executions for which the English language has the bad eminence over other dialects, was first originated thus:

"Here the secret might just as well be let out," says our author, "that the doctrine of suffering torment in hell, and purgatory after death, are a priestly origin." "They cannot be reconciled with any proper conceptions of the Divine character." "True punishment is never arbitrary nor vindictive." Following out this line of thought, he argues that men are not rewarded or punished so much for what they have done, as for what they are. It is a matter of man's own nature and will. A man after death is just what he was before death. Swedenborg was right, no doubt, in describing the Spirit-world as a counterpart of this. As to hell we may carry with us—the hell of unholy lust, the hell of unbridled passion, the hell of selfishness, the hell of wrong living and wrong doing.

Very judiciously, Dr. Westbrooke waives giving of any judgment in regard to the published descriptions of the Spirit-world, preferably given by those who have been permitted to return. "It is safest to be governed by general principles, of which no doubt can be entertained, in forming opinions of the life to come." It is the part of wisdom to make our lives here what we would have them to be hereafter, and calmly wait the issue.

The eighth and last chapter is entitled Scientific Evolution and Theologic Revolution. In defining science our author hits a severe well-deserved blow at the quackery now so generally palmed off upon us by that name. "Muc" which has been called science should be known by a very different name." Edison, the inventor, says in one quotation: "There are more frauds in science than anywhere else." Moreover, scientists have as many creeds as the churches, and call each other by many equally contemptuous. Prof. Tyndall has admitted that the desire to establish or avoid a certain result, are so very much the mind as to destroy its power of estimating fact. One needs but to read the *Popular Science Monthly*, in order to witness the apotheosis of learned, large-worded nonsense.

Religion is a word about as much misapplied. It has been made the synonym of every thing detectable. It often improperly covers the idea of bondage; but as shown by Francis Ellingwood Abbot, and used by Cicero, means etymologically, "to go through or over again in reading, speech, or in thought."—hence, "true religion consists in an effort, serious, conscientious and devout, to realize ideal excellence, and to transform it into actual character and practical life."

"There is no use in attempting to conceal the fact that the Church as represented by the Romish hierarchy and the dominant Protestant sect, is a failure. The doctrines of total depravity, the fall of man, vicarious atonement, the retrospective scheme, man's redemption, the resurrection, the final judgment, the millennium, the foundation of reprobation, or even of a Christian origin."

The faith of the future will recognize God as

spirit, immanent,—being in all things and not outside of any thing. The divine government will be regarded as preeminently one of law. Man will be considered as of divine origin, not by sudden or miraculous creation but by orderly evolution. The law of Heredity will be recognized, and also human infirmity from want of development, imperfection, incompleteness, rather than essential depravity or innate viciousness. Salvation in the theologic sense will be discarded. Evil can only be overcome by "ceasing to do evil and learning to do well." There have been many saviors, among whom Jesus will always have the preeminence, but not in the theologic sense which he never claimed for himself. The rational doctrine of the Resurrection will be found to be the rising up of the spiritual body out of the defunct physical body, and that this takes place at the time of death. The dogma that sin deserves eternal punishment will be found to have no foundation. Prayer is rather a matter of the heart than of the voice. It is a true religious instinct, countenanced by Nature and philosophy; and consists in meditation and aspiration rather than supplication for special powers. The question of a professional priestly class is one into which many sensible persons are inquiring, and in regard to which they will reach no doubtful conclusion. Religious assemblies, however, will continue. The Bible will share in the evolution and revolution. It is not infallible, yet contains many things that will never become obsolete. Intelligent men of the future will judge the Bible by its merits, just as they judge other books. The day will, no doubt, come when the world shall have a new canon compiled from the best specimens found in the Bibles of all ages, and from which will be excluded every thing that is purely obscene, manifestly false, or unfit to be read in any presence. It is not intended to suggest a formulated creed. Men will never be of one mind on all subjects; but the nearer they get to Nature, the nearer they will get to one another. The methods of science are sure to be applied in the domain of religion. A religion that is not natural is not worthy of the name. Theology says: "I feel silent when I speak." Reason answers that, when true science speaks, it is the voice of the Infinite. All happiness here and hereafter depends upon our knowledge of the order of the universe and the adaptation of our lives to it. It is impossible to divorce true religion and real science. The more we have of the latter the more we shall have of the former.

So closes the book. My principal criticism is that it seems to depend too much on its association than upon intuition; that it is didactic rather than poetic; yet, perhaps, this is apparent rather than actual; far more would read and esteem the work if it addressed their logical faculties. It is in most respects excellent, and aims at a height of excellence, which far transcends the current conceptions of the day. Its truth and many utterances are noble and godlike.

A. WILDER.

Books Received.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND DENTAL Society at its Meeting in Boston, Oct. 2nd, 1884. By Henry S. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

PROHIBITION PARTY CAMPAIGN SONGS. By Horace R. Durant. Claysville, Pa.: Mrs. H. A. Durant. Paper, price 30 cents.

IN SEARCH OF GOLD. By Don Juan. New York: H. W. Thompson. Cloth, price, \$1.25.

MAGNETISM CLAIRVOYANTLY DISCLOSED. By Mrs. Sarah Cartwright. Detroit: O. S. Guley, Hornman & Co. Cloth, price, \$1.50.

CONFLICTS IN NATURE AND LIFE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, price, \$2.00.

REFORMS AND THEIR DIFFICULTIES. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, price, \$1.50.

Partial List of Magazines for October Not before Mentioned.

THE DIAL. (Jansen, McClurg & Co. Chicago.) Contents: Bayard Rustin; Herbert Spencer as a Prophet of Society; The "Odyssey" in Rhythmic English Prose; A Novelist's Theory of the Art of Fiction; A Pioneer Historian; A Cold-blooded Reformer; Swinburne's Poems; Books of the Month; Literary Notes and News; Briefs of the Month; Topics in leading periodicals for October.

HOME SCIENCE. (29 Warren St., New York.) Contents: Home Education; Prohibition; The Home and Mormonism; How to Sleep; In a Gastronomic Vein; Is Originality Indispensable? Luxurious Homes; The Heroic Element in National Life; Diseased Pork; Our Experiment in Home Building; Dragon-Flies, or "Snake-Doctors"; Maid of Damascus; London Health Exhibition.

CHOICE LITERATURE. (John B. Alden, New York.) Contents: The Women of Chaucer; Longer Life; Mohammedan Mahdis; Jacob's Answer to Esau's Cry; The Steppes of Tartary; About Old and New Novels; Greece in 1884; Afoot Across St. Gothard; The Conflict with the Lords; Dynamite; Beaumarchais.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (M. L. Holbrook, M. D., New York.) Contents: Our Emotions; Progress in Food Reform; A Letter from Paris; Constructive vs. Destructive Work; Beautiful at Forty; Answers to Questions; Topics of the Month; Studies in Hygiene for Women.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) Contents: "Misgivings"; A Family Affair; The Horse; Ancient and Modern; Loch Fyne; Heidelberg; The Little Schoolmaster Mark; Ornaments, Initial Letters, &c.

THE PANSY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) An interesting and finely illustrated magazine for young readers.

GOLDEN DAYS. (James Elverson, Philadelphia.) An interesting weekly for boys and girls.

LADIES' FLORAL CABINET. (22 Vesey street, New York.) The amateur florist will find in this magazine many valuable suggestions.

NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT. (Weller & Son, Chicago.) An exponent of Swedenborgianism.

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Is your Back lame and aching?

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Have you Kidney Disease?

"Kidney Wort cured me from my kidneys, as it were, after I had been green up by 1100 doctors in Germany, and I was cured." Mrs. M. H. G. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Constipated?

"Kidney Wort cured me from my kidneys, as it were, after I had been green up by 1100 doctors in Germany, and I was cured." Mrs. M. H. G. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Have you Malaria?

"Kidney Wort cured me from my kidneys, as it were, after I had been green up by 1100 doctors in Germany, and I was cured." Mrs. M. H. G. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Are you Bilious?

"Kidney Wort cured me from my kidneys, as it were, after I had been green up by 1100 doctors in Germany, and I was cured." Mrs. M. H. G. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Are you tormented with Piles?

"Kidney Wort cured me from my kidneys, as it were, after I had been green up by 1100 doctors in Germany, and I was cured." Mrs. M. H. G. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Are you Rheumatism racked?

"Kidney Wort cured me from my kidneys, as it were, after I had been green up by 1100 doctors in Germany, and I was cured." Mrs. M. H. G. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Ladies, are you suffering?

"Kidney Wort cured me from my kidneys, as it were, after I had been green up by 1100 doctors in Germany, and I was cured." Mrs. M. H. G. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 18, 1884.

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Running Comment, With Kind Intent.

The truth of the old saying, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," is daily exemplified by many on the threshold of Spiritualism, and still more markedly so it must in sorrow be said, by some who have been beneath its roof for years and imagine themselves as actually within the inner sanctuary.

Neither giving free rein to an unhealthy imagination, nor the evolving of theories from insufficient data by a mind untrained in exact methods of thought, will ever increase knowledge or advance the interests of a cause to any great degree; and they are especially impotent in Spiritualism, which in its broader scope comprehend the philosophy of life. In saying this we are moved by the recollection of innumerable theories and schemes which the JOURNAL has been importuned to give to the world in years past. As a rule serious offense is taken by the several owners of these MSS. when kindly and courteously informed that their contributions are declined. We also have in mind in this connection the platform utterances of certain speakers, wherein well established facts of science, even of natural history, have been completely overturned and demolished in the comparatively brief time necessary to utter one long, complex, chaotic, bunglingly expressed sentence. Now and then some lecturer or writer is inspired by a striking assumption or statement of alleged fact, which he has run across. Immediately he builds a theory and by some sort of self-imposed deception, flatters himself he has discovered a great truth; and forthwith a two-hour lecture or an inordinately long essay is precipitated upon a helpless public.

We make these criticisms in the kindest spirit; we are fully aware that the classes criticised are not confined to Spiritualists and free thinkers. But as a rational Spiritualist and liberal thinker we are more seriously hurt when we see these exhibitions of dogmatic assumption and superficial education among those who train under the same flag with us.

In the minds of the intelligent, critical and progressive constituency which the JOURNAL is proud to serve, *The Philosophy of Life* is meant by the word Spiritualism, and because the word as popularly understood, most inadequately fails to uncover the significance attached to it, therefore it is unsatisfactory in use and only tolerated for convenience.

Fully realizing, in common with the JOURNAL's friends, the stupendous importance of the facts constituting the basis of Spiritualism, we the more earnestly persist in a careful examination of every alleged fact before accepting it as established. Realizing the sublimity and grandeur of the systems of philosophy, religion and ethics, that rest upon a scientific basis for Spiritualism, we steadfastly plant our feet on such basis and sturdily decline to be driven therefrom, be the howl of fanatics and frauds never so loud, their malice and opposition never so active.

Propagandism is well enough, but let us as Spiritualists put our own house in thorough order before we undertake the task of renovating others. Instead of directing so much effort in proselyting, let us turn a large portion of our energy toward self-improvement as Spiritualists. Let us learn more of what we are attempting to expound, instead of dogmatizing about that of which we know comparatively little.

Before a Spiritualist teacher can count himself as well equipped for the field, he must not only learn from the phenomena that man exists beyond the grave and can return, but he needs to be fairly well informed of the capabilities and powers of the spirit while yet in the mortal body. Let him familiarize himself with the researches of Herbert Spencer, Galton, Maudsley, Henri Taine and others. Plato should be his intimate friend; and he should master at least one standard work on logic. All this cannot be done in one year or two; neither is it necessary for the speaker to confine himself to his study until it is accomplished. But while teaching as best he can, let him see to it that his mental equipment is constantly enlarging and growing more effective. Ten hours study each week will in one year put a speaker of fair ability head and shoulders above others of equal or greater talent who have neglected study.

The JOURNAL's position towards mediums and mediumship is persistently misrepresented in various quarters, sometimes ignorantly, but more often intentionally and with malice prepense. We challenge the production of a single editorial line from the JOURNAL in opposition to honest mediumship. On the other hand it has been our steady aim to encourage the development of medial power, and to uphold the hands of every honest medium. In doing this we have striven to differentiate them from dishonest, tricky mediums. We abhor and denounce the doctrine taught by some, that a medium must of necessity be a poor, weak, trifling, and often immoral person; that their very sensitiveness necessarily makes them slaves to every influence. Out upon such despicable, degrading, false assumptions! Communion with the Spirit-world should and does tend to elevate the medium. But he must see to it that he lends his own efforts toward a true life; otherwise, by catering to his lower instincts he will naturally attract low and unprogressed spirits, who learning nothing of a better life from him, naturally follow their old bent. To us, intercommunion with the Spirit-world is too sacred to be trifled with, and should ever be attempted in the most reverent spirit, yet free from all superstition.

Among the Mormons.

Mrs. E. P. Miller, who has spent four months in Utah studying the life and habits of the Mormons, lately gave a few of her impressions to the *Tribune* of this city. It appears from the report that she had repeated interviews with President Taylor, a venerable old fellow, just like a Methodist parson. In spite of the hostility of Mormons to the Gentile element, she succeeded pretty well with the old man. He explained the plans of the Mormon people to her, and said the Edmunds bill had not intimidated them. They simply accepted the situation for the present, but had not given up their vote. If the Government should take any decided steps he said he could communicate with every open port in the world for help and money to enable the Mormons to defend their rights.

Mrs. M. saw many of the prominent Mormon women, and she says without reserve that there is no more complete degradation in the whole world. They are very loyal, and it requires the greatest care to get any decided opinion from the women themselves. Only one woman whom she met, dared to say how she felt, and she spoke for many others: "If there were any hope or life ahead," said she, "Mormon women would rise en masse for freedom." Polygamy is the curse of the people. Their religion, apart from that, is neither better nor worse than the average.

It seems that when a man marries a woman he has to go through what is called the "Endowment House," where in an unknown ceremony the woman gets a "spiritual name." The common belief is that when the husband is resurrected at the last day he calls his wives by their spiritual names, and they ascend with him and share his glory through the imputation of his virtues, and not through anything that they are in themselves. "I'll not call you," is the worst threat or curse that a husband can make when leaving a wife, and it is rare. They all believe in a pretty orthodox heaven and hell. The women largely outnumber the men, and so the men are obliged in magnanimity to marry several women in order that they may be called. A husband is looked upon as second only to the Almighty. In many households it was not uncommon to find from five, six to ten and fourteen children of one father. Mrs. Miller saw one case in which there were five wives in one home with seventeen children of one father.

Missionaries are sent into all parts of the world to reinforce the numbers, and they bring back with them the very lowest of the low of all nations. Only a few days before Mrs. Miller left Utah, she saw a number of girls for disposal at the tithing yard. The old slave markets were no parallel to them. The girls were filthy, ignorant, low creatures, and the old Elders came around and examined them just like beasts. They would feel their arms and other good points, as a farmer would to judge stock, and select them for wives to work and cultivate their land.

The "Tithing Yard" is the place where every Mormon has to give a tenth of his income. The goods received are sold for the benefit of the prophets and Elders, who have the most magnificent homes. If a man fails to pay his tithes, he is not allowed to marry again till he settles up.

The Gentiles are often run out of town if they dare to express their feelings. Only a day or two before Mrs. M. left Salt Lake City, Mr. Goodwin, the local editor of the Salt Lake

Tribune, a resolute, fearless, anti-Mormon, happened to be a witness in a case in which the Mormon police had permitted a mob to drag a negro accused of a crime through the streets and literally tear him to pieces. For giving his evidence as an eye-witness Mr. Goodwin was threatened, and required to be continually guarded. Only the night before she left, Mr. Goodwin's son, a young farmer in the neighborhood, disappeared on his way to the railroad depot and has not since been heard of. It is believed that the Mormons have wreaked their revenge upon him.

Shameful Statistics.

A curious fact is to be found in the annual report of the Auditor of the State of Alabama for the fiscal year of 1883, quoted from the *Trois Ages*, published at Birmingham, Ala., of date Sept. 11th, 1884. Very few people of Alabama know what a large sum of money is invested in that State in guns, pistols and other deadly weapons. The *Athens Courier*, after examining the assessment list of Limestone County, expresses astonishment and a sense of regret at the figures disclosed and says that it is enough to cause a blush to rise to the cheek of every farmer in Limestone County to compare the difference in the taxes of dirks, knives, guns, pistols, etc., and that of the farming implements. A look at the two will show these figures:

Farming Implements.....	\$3,099
Dirks, pistols, etc.....	5,587
—But, as bad a showing as Limestone County makes, it is nothing when compared with the figures from the whole State, and for every	
blush for his county the Athens editor must	
give five for the State at large, because the	
value of the deadly weapons of the whole	
State is more than five times as great. Here	
is a table of comparative values, based upon	
the Auditor's report for the fiscal year of	
1883, which may well astonish any reflective	
mind:	
Value of hogs in Alabama in 1883.....	\$ 37,558
Value of farming implements.....	75,201
Value of printing presses and materials.....	108,796
Value of libraries.....	193,204
Value of sheep.....	250,247
Value of mechanical tools, etc.....	321,447
Invested in bonds, etc.....	354,798
Value of guns, pistols, dirks, etc.....	410,763

How to Keep Posted.

We are almost daily in receipt of inquiring letters, asking information that in nearly every instance would take from one to two hours time to give; time which no editor can spare from his professional duties. These inquiries are almost invariably from persons who do not read the JOURNAL, nor endeavor to inform themselves by a study of books which treat of the special subjects they are interested in. We do not now recall a half dozen questions as having been asked within the past year, which were not during that time treated in the JOURNAL, either editorially or by contributors.

Education takes time, and no person can expect to be able to buy or beg it ready made at any moment he discovers the need of a stock of a special kind. Knowledge must be assimilated before it can benefit; and much preparatory study is often necessary to the comprehension of an answer to any one of innumerable questions which may be glibly asked by those investigating Spiritualism. To keep posted it is essential that these spasmodic questioners should read the JOURNAL and follow this up by systematic study of authorities in the direction their tastes lead.

Universalism a Moral Power.

Lift men from the fear under which they labor, assure them that the Almighty shuts the door in no man's face, urge them to a work in which there shall be success, and you have given them the greatest incentive. Hope has led in the world's best work. It has stood at the inventor's side, and fired the reformer's heart. It cheered the stormy voyage of Columbus and the midnight toil of Newton. Universalism is a moral power, because it is the religion of hope. Universalism gives no encouragement to the sinner that he will escape punishment. One angel shows us the beauty of holiness, another visits us with punishment for every backward or wayward step. Together they are leading men to God. When a man says if Universalism were true he would sin, it is like saying if there were a medicine that would cure him he would take a terrible disease or go through a run of fever; or if he had a mollifying ointment he would burn and gash himself like a Hindoo devotee.

—Rev. A. Conklin.

This preacher's logic is sound as against his orthodox opponents and is equally forcible in the mouths of Spiritualists.

N. N. Judson, in *Light For Thinkers*, tells of "The duty of Spiritualists in mortal life." In language plain if not elegant. The JOURNAL's subscribers are not of the sort he is hitting, nevertheless we quote him, in hopes the extract may meet the eye of some casual readers. "The duty of Spiritualists in mortal life," says Mr. Judson, "is to stick to that which they can understand the best and not mind what a few shallow pates say, who claim to be surrounded by an aura double refined, direct from the celestial spheres; for perhaps they are surrounded by that kind of aura, and perhaps not. You only have their word for it; and when people get to talking about themselves, you are only listening to egotistical squirt guns, telling you what they are loaded with, and who loaded them. These Spiritualists of Earth who are too pure, or too highly developed, in their own opinion, or who expect the Spirit-world to do their dirty work for them, might as well go at once to spheres where their usefulness will be appreciated."

The prohibition law in Johnson County, Ga., has caused a steady decrease of crime, and the jail has become almost a useless appendage.

GENERAL NOTES.

The Prince of Wales has a superstition that his mother will outlive him and that he shall never be King of England.

Mrs. Julia E. Burns, of 132 DeKalb Street, has been quite ill the past week, but is now able to give sittings. Good reports of her mediumship continue to come in.

"Gath" is told that Chanfrau had selected his own epitaph. It was a quotation from his "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler." "I done my level best, I ain't got nothing to take back."

Fishing for rats is popular sport in Red Bluff, Cal. They bait hooks with little pieces of meat and throw under the edge of the sidewalk, when the rats soon seize them and are yanked out, kicking and squealing.

A New Jersey farmer living near Trenton has discovered that burying hogs sick with cholera works a cure in about two weeks. Of course he leaves their heads out and feeds them in the meantime.

The Empress Mothu, of China, is opposed to foreign innovations. When her son, the Emperor, who died in 1874, was attacked with small-pox, she preferred to depend upon the god Tamien to accepting the services of a European physician.

In the MS. of the dramatized form of "Never Too Late to Mend" the late Charles Reade penned a marginal note to one passage: "If the audience fails to weep here the passage has not been properly acted."

The subject for next Sunday at 2:45 P. M., at the Spiritualists' and Mediums' Meeting, Martine's Hall, 55 Ada Street, is as follows: "Do mediums give us more facts in proof of life hereafter than ministers?"

Mrs. S. F. Pirnie is now pleasantly located at 523 West Van Buren street, and as usual is crowded with patronage, both from those seeking cure for ailments and those seeking comfort from her trance utterances.

Somebody has discovered that the Indian farmers on Pyramid Lake, Nevada, thresh their wheat by hand and winnow it in baskets, just as the Egyptians did three thousand years ago.

We have just received the "Theosophist" for September. This number contains the usual amount of interesting matter on the subjects of Oriental Philosophy, Occultism, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc. Price 50 cents.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn, having engaged to lecture in Springfield, Mass., the first three Sundays in December, will be pleased to make a few engagements to lecture on week-day nights in places convenient to that city. His address is 463 West 23rd St., New York City.

The Bourats, an uncivilized race living in South Siberia, worship a human god. When their deity has reached the age of nineteen they poison him and select a male infant to receive their pious service in his stead. Again upon reaching the prescribed number of years this god is poisoned and gives way to another.

Many Chinese families spend their entire lives aboard a junk. These house-boats are about as big as two old fashioned four-post beds placed end to end. They are covered at night by a roof of bamboo netting, and in them are harbored, day and night, man and wife, grandparents and children. There is always in the place of honor on the boat a family altar.

Mrs. H. T. Stearns requests the JOURNAL to state that she will accept invitations to lecture, and may be addressed at Cassa's, New York, until further notice. Mrs. Stearns informs us that she was formerly Mrs. Bachelor of Wisconsin, where she lived during the first five years of her mediumship; and that her spirit friends started the Northern Wisconsin Conference. She was a test medium and speaker, lecturing in Menasha, Appleton, and thereabouts.

The famous scene in "Conn." in which that amusing vagabond comes to life while his wake is in progress and drinks up the poteen with which his mourning mother was drowning her grief, finds a parallel in the case of two Hungarians who were taken up for dead after being struck by an engine on the Jersey Central Road. While the crowd at Driftort, Pa., was awaiting sight of the mangled remains one of them revived and called loudly for beer. They were both taken to a neighboring horse trough and ducked.

"Please answer in next JOURNAL this question: Is Lyman C. Howe the husband of Julia Ward Howe?"

No, he is not. Samuel Gridley Howe was her husband. He was quite a distinguished man. In 1824, he went to Greece and served as surgeon in the patriot army, and in various other capacities till 1830. In 1833, the Perkins Institution for the blind was put in operation under his charge. In 1871 he was one of the Commissioners to visit Santo Domingo and report upon the annexation of that island to the United States.

The Universalist: The numerous runaway matches and startling elopements of the period are among the evidences of a defective home life. There are sons without sense and daughters without dutifulness. A combination of untoward circumstances may sometimes annul the best training. But a true home life is the defense of society and the safeguard of the young. Not contentment, nor railing, nor hard and fast rules; but obedience inculcated early and become spontaneous at length, joined with a sweet reasonableness, with affectionate interest and with confidence, are the conditions of such a home life. Too much absorption in business on one side and in display on the other have to answer for a great harvest of domestic sorrow.

If any thing can make an American disgusted with his country, the scandalous manner in which the present political canvass is carried on by the leading parties ought to do it. The hardworking hacks who grind out partisan editorials and edit the slush which fills the daily press to the exclusion of news, will be glad when the agony is over and the country once more saved from going to the "demonition bow wows."

The JOURNAL is gratified to learn from correspondents in Iowa, that the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in that State is working quite effectively and being enforced more rigidly than even some of its friends anticipated. The JOURNAL believes that permanent abstinence from alcoholic beverages in any community, can only come from education and the gradual extinction of the desire for intoxicants by proper observance of hygienic and physiological laws. This process must be comparatively slow, extending over several generations, and prohibitory laws will serve as an aid.

Speaking of Organization for Spiritualists, *The Rostrum* says:

The arguments in favor of organization are many and weighty, and no doubt it will be accomplished when we have so far outgrown our crudities and egotisms as to not desire to cut everybody to suit our length and breadth,—when we shall have been so purged and purified, that there shall be so much of the gold left and so little of the dross, that we shall crystallize rather than fossilize. Angels help us to be able to do the right thing at the right time.

The editor and publisher of *The Rostrum*, Mr. A. C. Cotton, is a veteran Spiritualist, and the JOURNAL is glad to see his paper steadily improving.

The Dawn is a nicely printed paper devoted to the promulgation of Swedenborgianism. It is evident that sect is accomplishing something in the promulgation of its peculiar tenets, for *The Dawn* says: "The Journal d'Amiens, a paper published in France, states: 'The adepts of the doctrine of Swedenborg are about to plant their flag openly in Paris. In the Rue Thoulon, in the very centre of the students' quarter, by the side of the Lyceum of Henry IV., they are going to build a little temple which takes the name of the 'New Jerusalem.' To this church of modest dimensions is attached a library, containing the works of Swedenborg and of his principal disciples only. A lady, glad in mourning, receives the visitors and presides over the works which are confided to them.'"

Our Universalist friends have been trying their hand at foreign mission work. Glasgow, Scotland, being the objective point. The result has not been such as to create universal enthusiasm, and there is a difference of views as to the desirability and feasibility of continuing the effort. Caroline A. Soule, an earnest Universalist and busy worker, complains that of the 40,000 women of the denomination, "only about 2,000 pay in annually the paltry sum of one dollar—paltry, when we consider how much all these women spend each year on clothing and bric-a-brac." She says if the women were "faithful to the Woman's Centenary Association, they could not only sustain the Scottish mission but ten other missions in this country." So it appears that Spiritualists are not alone in the negligard way they contribute to support missionary work. But the JOURNAL believes that with proper organization among Spiritualists would come a more generous and philanthropic spirit.

Elgin, Illinois, is now known the world over for its unrivalled watches and superior dairy products. It is a wide-awake, honest, progressive city, and has given a start to a large number of brilliant young men. Among these Mr. J. K. LeBaron stands in the front rank. Beginning his business career in Elgin as a newspaper man, he has gone steadily forward, achieving one success after another. His latest, and what seems likely to prove his most fortunate venture, is the publication of a weekly paper called *Every Saturday*, which while giving in readable, spicy shape the news of the city and county, goes still farther and aims to be a good literary and society paper. The initial numbers indicate that its editor is fully competent to accomplish the task in hand. We confidently expect *Every Saturday* will soon be in the home of every resident of Elgin as well as visiting thousands of homes in the contiguous district every Saturday. Mr. LeBaron has associated with him Mr. Jas. R. Lane as business manager, and thus *Every Saturday* has plenty of talent both in the editorial sanctum and the publisher's office.

The subject of theosophy has, according to the Calcutta correspondent of the *London Times*, occupied a large share of the attention of the Indian press and the public recently. It has been brought prominently forward by the publication in the *Madras Christian College Magazine* of a correspondence alleged to have passed between Mme. Blavatsky and a Monsieur and Mme. Coulomb, who appear to have been followers of her, but who, having fallen out with the sect, have placed the letters in the hands of the editor of the magazine. These letters, if genuine, certainly prove Mme. Blavatsky to be a consummate impostor, who, with the help of Coulomb, imposed upon the credulous by ingenious trickery. The so-called astral body of the Tibetan Mahatma Koot Humi is described as a crafty arrangement of bladders, muslin and a mask, while the wonder-working shrine at Madras is said to be a mere conjuror's cabinet. The Theosophists indignantly declare the letters to be impudent forgeries, and state that the Coulombs were expelled from the society, and have taken this means to revenge themselves.

Lyman C. Howe Again.

He Protests, and in Protesting, but Confirms the Truth of the Journal's Statements.

Readers will not have forgotten the appeal for aid to Lyman C. Howe, made in last week's JOURNAL without his knowledge or consent. The following letter from Brother Howe, written hurriedly and with a pen while awaiting a train, gives so clear an insight of the man, that we feel justified in sharing it with our readers.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., October 10th, 1884.
DEAR BROTHER—I have just read your appeal in the JOURNAL, with feelings of mingled astonishment, sorrow, gratitude and profound regret. I am, you know, a stickler for exact truth and rigid justice. It is not true that I have not a dollar in the world! I had fifty dollars last night, received from Chicago, from the friend (I suppose) referred to. It is gone now; but I have a humble home clear. It is worth probably \$1,500. I owe about \$500, which I expect to pay if health be spared. It is true I have done much work without pecuniary reward. Who has not, that has worked for the cause of the oppressed? If I can be spared to work a year or two more I can clear up all debts and have our little quiet home all our own.

I cannot consent to be an object of charity unless compelled by a fate not yet mine. True, there are thousands I have served who have never paid for what they received; perhaps they paid all they thought (it worth), but they are not the ones to respond to an appeal. It would only be the great generous souls who have already paid more than their share, who would respond, and they do not owe anything, and hence what they would give would be pure charity, and I cannot accept it now. All I need is a chance to work my way out, and feel that I have earned all I have. I appreciate the motive and feeling that prompted this appeal and I read it with a grateful heart. The deep well springs of sympathy, love and good will moving like a warm gulf stream through the ocean of human life, throbs in every sentence and is a revelation of the spirit of the age; another life that breathes from within to quicken and sweeten this winter world of ours. As such I prize this expression above the power of words. It brings me close to the blessed realization of the prophecies of our religion and the glory of a redeemed and exalted humanity. But I confess it humiliates my sense of true resolute independence of character, and many there be whose lives in this way have been earnestly devoted to the cause as mine, who are to-day in worse condition than I. I have worked hard, it is true, too hard for my strength; but I am thankful that I can still work and that I have many true friends who appreciate it and open the way for me to earn all we need. In the twenty-five years of my public service, I have not more than a dozen times in all, applied for work, but I have generally been busy. I want to work for the cause while I live, and if I can keep my credit good as it has been where I am best known, I can go through the present pinch without charity. I count the fifty dollars received yesterday as a loan, and I want to repay all the help I have in a time of trial and stand even with my friends at the last day. I write confusedly and in haste. My dear wife is so much better that she desired me to go to my work and thus earn the way to pay the expenses at home. If my creditors are lenient (and I think they will be) I can work clear in due time and have our humble home left. Please acknowledge for me and recall that appeal, and say I am all right now and at my post again. Hastily, gratefully,

LYMAN C. HOWE.

P. S. I write in depot waiting for train. I thank you through my tears for the interest you have expressed and the compliment you pay to my motives and my work, but I fear you have overestimated it. I am simply honestly devoted and doing the best I can, but many are my intellectual superiors.

Equally with Brother Howe we are a "stickler for exact truth," and we think his honest effort to privately show us that we got away from it in his case, so clearly confirms our statement that we give it to the public for judgment. Here is a man rather frail in body, worn and weary with a life of toil and care, whose physical powers are only kept to their work at times by a determined effort of a disciplined will. He owns the fee of a modest little home, where his invalid wife can stay and where he can rest when not doing itinerant work. But he acknowledges an indebtedness of five hundred dollars and hopes to work it out in time. If this isn't about as near to not having a "dollar in the world" as is necessary to warrant our assertion, then we will recall it. If there is one trait more than another we admire in a man it is manly independence and self-reliance; it is a sure token of other virtues. We appreciate the shrinking from publicity concerning his private affairs, which attests our good brother. But we are more fully convinced at this writing than we were last week, that the Spiritualist public should at least lift the debt of five hundred dollars which Brother Howe owes. He has no moral right under the circumstances to decline assistance. He is in duty bound, if he is to serve the public as a teacher, to keep himself at his best and give the highest, truest, most inspiring teachings of which he is capable. To do this he must have "favorable conditions." As a medium this should be a knock-down argument with him, silencing all objection. It should also inspire the hearts of those who know his worth to at once make for him proper conditions. Let us be able soon to announce that Lyman C. Howe is out of debt.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead will lecture only in New England during the coming season. He will repeat the courses upon America in the American Poets, The Pilgrim Fathers, and Emerson, which he delivered last winter in the West, and will give the following single lectures: Carlyle and Emerson; Emerson the American; Whittier's Poetry of America; Lowell's Poetry of America; Puritanism; New England in England; Our Debt to Holland; The British Parliament; Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," or the Gospel of Toleration. Mr. Mead's address is 73 Pickney Street, Boston, Mass.

For some time the Capitol at Washington has been lighted with electric lights. It is now found that the building presents a most untidy appearance owing to the fact that myriads of all kinds of insects have been attracted by the lights and have killed themselves by striking against the dome. Bunches of May flies, beetles, crickets, earwigs, dragon flies, grasshoppers, caddis-flies, bees, wasps, ants, hornets, butterflies, moths, cicadas, frog-hoppers, plant lice, water beetles, whirligigs, skippers, horned-midges, gnats, mosquitoes, and every species of insect known to the surrounding swamps and woods of the District have met their death in this way.

Mrs. Sartoris, daughter of General Grant, is again settled in her English home. She entertains a great deal, and her father's army and navy friends are frequently her guests.

The Rev. Father Fulton, Superior General of the Jesuits in the United States, has, with the Rev. Father McInerow of Amsterdam, selected a spot near Tribes' Hill, Montgomery County, N. Y., as the site for the construction of an imposing Jesuit shrine. It will be known as the shrine "Regina Martyrum"—Our Lady of Martyrs—and may become a place of pilgrimage for pious Catholics who desire to honor the memory of Father Jacques and René Goupier, missionaries to the Mohawk village once covering the site. Its location was discovered by Gen. Clark of Auburn. After patient study of the early history of New York and of the Jesuit chronicles, Missionary Isaac Jacques visited the Indians at that place to effect their conversion. He was massacred by the savages. His head was severed from his body and placed upon the pike which surrounded the village, and his body was thrown into the Mohawk River. René Goupier also a Jesuit brother, who accompanied Father Jacques in his labors, was killed at the entrance to the village by an Indian chief.

Many tenement-house cigarmakers receive from their employers 100 pounds of tobacco, for which they have to return 102 pounds of cigars. The difference is supposed to represent the water used in moistening the dry leaf. Complaints are made when the tobacco falls short, cigar stumps, willow, oak and elm leaves are used to make good the deficiency, and that in some instances 100 pounds of tobacco have thus been made to produce 200 pounds of cigars.

Attention is called to the advt. of Dr. Cass, all troubled with Catarrh should read his advt.

General Beauregard, in his article on the Battle of Bull Run, in November Century, gives the reasons why the Confederate victory at Bull Run was not followed up by an attack on Washington. He also discusses his personal relations with Mr. Davis, and criticizes, with much plainness of speech, the subsequent conduct of the war on the Confederate side.

Catarrh is a very prevalent and exceedingly disagreeable disease, liable, if neglected, to develop into serious consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, effecting a radical and permanent cure of catarrh.

Notice to Subscribers.

We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

You can save half your time, labor and money by learning SHORTHAND, LONGHAND and TYPEWRITING at KIMBALL'S AMERICAN SCHOOL, 22 Hersey Hall 83 Madison St., Chicago. Superior instruction by mail.

Business Notices.

HUDSON TUTTLE lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. Attends funerals. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, O. P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1827 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

People of sedentary habits, and all who are subject to constipation, can keep in good condition by a moderate use of Ayer's Pills—the surest, safest, and most reliable Cathartic.

FOR TEN CENTS. The St. Louis Magazine, distinctly Western in make-up, now in its fifteenth year, is brilliantly illustrated, replete with stories, poems, timely reading and humor. Sample copy and a set of gold colored picture cards sent for ten cents. Address J. Gilmore, 218 North Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and Magazine sent one year for \$3.50.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit life, Oct. 8, 1884, at her home in Mantoloking, Ind., after a protracted illness from that insidious disease, consumption, Samantha Jane, wife of Dr. Eli T. Spencer, aged 54 years and 2 months.

The deceased was a lady of culture and refinement, and an advocate of all the reform movements of the time, especially those of temperance and the elevation of her own sex. She was greatly beloved by all who knew her. She leaves a husband and four young children to cherish her loving memory and her example. About eight years ago she became convinced of the truth of the spiritual philosophy, which gave her great consolation up to her last moments. In accordance with her last expressed wish to have a liberal speaker officiate on the occasion of her dismission, the writer of this was called to conduct the funeral services; and during her stay at the house, she was made aware of the presence of the departed spirit both by feeling and sight. A large concourse of friends and relatives assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the earthly remains. Mrs. Dr. S. D. HICKEL, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. Oscar Ashley passed to spirit life on the 17th of August, 1884, at Warrage, Kansas, aged 63 years. He was a firm believer in spirit communion, and for months past thought it would not be long before he should meet with loved ones gone before, and he was ready for the change. He left a wife, one son and two daughters. Mr. Allen, of Topeka, officiated at the funeral. S. W. A.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

Brooklyn Institute, Washington, near Concord Street, every Sunday, at 2 and 7:45 P. M.

Lecture for young and old, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. Abraham J. King, Superintendent. Ladies Aid and Mutual Relief Fraternity, Wednesday, at 7:30.

Church Social every second and fourth Wednesday, in each month, at 8 P. M. Psychic Fraternity for development of mediums, every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, sharp. Mrs. T. B. Ruyter, President.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets every Sunday at 8 and 7:45 A. M., at their new hall on Adelphi Street, near Fulton. Mrs. J. T. Little, resident speaker; Daniel Conant, Secy.

The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Franklin Hall, corner 3rd Avenue and 15th Street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Robert President; Dr. Patch, Secretary and Treasurer.

A Progressive Spiritual Meeting will be held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Frank in Hall, corner of 3rd Avenue and 15th Street, South Brooklyn. Seats free. GEORGE ENGELER, Chairman.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall 84 Fulton Street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. W. J. Cushing, President; Lewis Johnson, Vice-President.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity will meet at 16 Smith St., two doors from Fulton, in the hall of, Union for Christian Work, every Thursday evening, 8 P. M. B. B. NICHOLS, President. S. B. NICHOLS, Secretary. A. G. KIPP, Treasurer.

New York City Ladies Spiritual Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at 8 P. M., at 171 East 69th Street. MISS S. A. MCKENNA, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7th evening in Arcadium Hall, No. 57 West 23rd St., corner 6th Avenue.

Kansas City, Mo.

The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 in Pythian Hall, corner 11th and Main streets. Dr. E. G. Gervin, President; A. J. Cully, Secretary.

Chicago, Ill.

The People's Hall of Spiritualism hold meetings every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7th evening, under direction of D. F. TREMPER, Secretary.

A meeting of the Chicago Association of Medical Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums will be held in Liberty Hall, No. 218 West Madison Street, at 2:30 P. M., Sunday. The public cordially invited. Seats free. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, Chairman.

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the post-graduate courses which I have been giving in Boston, and that physicians who have a superior talent or aptitude in that direction may find manual treatment a substitute for drugs in a large portion of their practice. I know that one of our most skillful graduates from the Cincinnati School, successful in all departments of the profession, almost laid aside the use of medicines in the greater part of his practice, after discovering the potency of his own vitality. Even to those not specially gifted in that way the practice of medicine offers many opportunities in which they can promptly achieve by manual treatment special results which drugs could not produce, especially in the relief of local pains.

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In "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," I have presented the new philosophy and methods of cure with the corporeal locations. Hereafter I shall show how it combines with electro-therapeutics and produces many novel methods of treatment.

Another subject of equal importance remains; the application of the principles of Sarcognomy in the improvement of offspring and enhancing the power of education.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Amongst The Omish.

BY THOS. HARDING.

"We know what risks all landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence,
That you and I are sailors."

The great foes of mankind are ignorance and selfishness, and they are generally found in alliance; and the great friends of the human race are science and religion, which are frequently found at variance; but the seeming antagonism of science (or knowledge) and religion (or aspiration) are every day becoming less and less. The two, like the main wings of one grand army, each commanded by its own officers, are gradually approaching each other; they will one day meet and coalesce against our common foes. This is all the work of mother nature; cold and heat, electricity and magnetism, positive and negative, each doing its work in its own way, and the result is progress. Religion and science are but different aspects of a great principle, which is centred in the very heart of "The All."

Thus two-fold nature works Perfection's plan
Thus builds the planet and completes the man.
Feeling the impress of her guiding hand
Men yield obedience when they can't command.
Thinking and hoping, till at length they know
God, all above them, and God, all below;
She thus instructs us, every day we live,
Our friends to cherish and our foes to forgive.
I journeyed some days recently in an Omish, or, as pronounced, Awmish, settlement, and with the help of "The Lord," I hope never again to get so far outside of civilization. I have traveled a good deal on this little planet and mixed with all sorts of people, but I don't think I have ever met with a society of human beings so besotted in ignorance and superstition as the Omish. They accept the Bible in its most literal sense; they prefer illiteracy to education, abhor "the world's people," hitch their "duds" together with hooks and eyes, and look with holy horror on a "stove-pipe hat," and, like other lily conditioned people, they become insolent as they become rich. They seem to possess no quality capable of moderating their pious self-esteem, and, as might be expected, the condition of their women and children is deplorable.

Large settlements of this people are situated in the State of Indiana where I mingled with them; in one of these, of many miles square, I am not aware of there being a single American family; they seem to be severely let alone by the rest of the world. An intrepid wind-mill peddler ventured into their locality some time ago, with the hope of selling them some milla for their farms; but they told him that "it was a sin to make God pump water," and the "bold, bad man" had to decamp and find shelter for himself and his sinful horses in another shed. They sometimes send their younger children to school to be indoctrinated into the mysteries of a b c; but about there, their "education" must stop. The Hoosier school master has to mind his p's and q's when any of them are around; they particularly warn him not to teach geography to their children; they hold it in abhorrence, because it says that the world is round, whereas they "know" it is flat and has four corners to it, because the word of God says so. They are exceedingly fervent in the expression of their gratitude to the Deity, that "they are not as other men," which reminds me of the sailor in a storm, who thanked Providence that he wasn't a landman.

We are accustomed to regard the faculty of veneration as divine, but when women and men become intoxicated by superstition, they are nothing better than human cattle. The Omish church is a standing monument of the evil results of permitting even this sublime sentiment to rule, when unassociated with reason or uncontrolled by common sense. It shuts out the light of truth and darkens all within; should one ray penetrate the sombre clouds which envelope these people, they hasten back into the recesses of their native darkness and re-assume their chains. Their case might, indeed, be considered hopeless, were it not that these intelligences who have done so much to enlighten the world during the past thirty odd years, are at work even with them. One of their church members, a young man, has been entranced and speaks wholesome spiritual truths in their midst. Their preacher, with whom I stopped over night, explained the matter as he understood it. He says the young man goes to sleep in his chair, in presence of the congregation, and while asleep, he arises with the assistance of two of the brethren, and then addresses the people for the space of one or two hours; when he concludes, the two waiting brethren immediately grasp him on either side to prevent his falling, and conduct or partly carry him back to a seat, and after awhile he recovers consciousness. He is subject to this control at all times, and is frequently entranced in private or social gatherings.

The young man is, I understand, at present preaching, in this way, in the State of Iowa. From what I have been told of the

matter of his addresses, they are similar to those of inspirational lecturers amongst the Spiritualists. Some of the Omish did not altogether relish his style, as he told them to give up their exclusiveness, and mingle with their fellow beings; he urged them to accept the spirit of the Bible and dwell less upon the letter, and said that it was a spirit or angel who, by the will of God, was speaking to them through him. Some of them thought if such teaching should be acted upon, it would rather interfere with their hooks and eyes, but they felt obliged to stand it, as they regarded it as the work of the "Holy Ghost." Crowds of people used to flock in to hear him preach while in Indiana, although discouraged from doing so by the church, its members disliking very much to have the world's people mingle with them. It was quite a matter of surprise to all who heard him, as he was not used to speaking, and his style and language were beyond the ability of so ignorant a person.

The virulence of their dislike to outsiders was manifest to me while I was in their settlement. One of them refused me entertainment in his house, although I proposed to pay him liberally for the accommodation; and another would not allow me the shelter of his porch. Although the sun was almost intolerable, he hounded me off as he would a rattlesnake, for the only reason that I wore a silk hat and buttons on my coat.

When the traveler finds himself in a section of country where the farm houses are little better than shanties; with no chimneys but a piece of stove pipe protruding ten inches through the roof instead, he may feel assured that he is in an Omish settlement. When he enters a house where,

"Bare is the window and naked the floor,"

he may conclude that he is in an Omish house. When he sees a human female wearing a brown stuff dress and a tight-fitting skull-cap in the dog-days, he sees an Omish woman; without exception she is more dutiful than the Dutch, and more shapeless than shapelessness itself; and when he sees a man wearing a round jacket fastened with hooks and eyes, and a low hat with a leaf twelve inches wide, on Sunday, he sees an Omish despot who rules his wife and children with a rod of iron, agreeable with the instructions of the "Word of God," as he reads it. Lastly, when he hears a preacher telling his congregation that any man who votes for a president of the United States, or is interested in politics, State or National, cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, he may be sure he is listening to an Omish preacher; and if said traveler's patience holds out, he may be still more certain of the fact that he is present at an Omish meeting, when he hears him tell how deep, dark and hot, that department of hell is which holds other Christians, who had been baptized on a different plan from the holy Omish church. Eternal damnation, with its attendant darkness, fire and chains, would seem almost too good for those who sprinkle the sinner into salvation or dip him, but once under water, or immerse him backwards or sideways, or speak the right words at the wrong time or the wrong words at the right time, or the wrong words at the wrong time; all this, and a great deal more, theological and Christian "information," the traveler is likely to get by attending an Omish meeting. If he understands Dutch.

Sturgis, Mich.

The Electric Exhibition at Philadelphia.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Electrical Exhibition being held at Philadelphia is, without doubt, the most notable event that has taken place in the present century, in a progressive, scientific sense. It was my privilege to attend the Centennial Exposition eight years ago, which was grand in its immensity and magnificent in its display, far exceeding anything of the kind preceding it in any of the great capitals of Europe; but this is different, unique, and is indicative of a new field of enterprise, use and beauty, and is prophetic of the coming new era for the world. It marks the beginning of a new era, as steam navigation marked a new era, with this difference: Steam was for the transportation of the products of labor, and a quicker passing to and fro of the people, and was a great step in advance in this respect. Electricity is, or will be, for this, too, but in a far higher sense are its uses to help the progress of man.

Electricity is to give light to the world, and it is for the transmission of thought, and it thus becomes the active agent of mind! There is nothing that marks the wonderful progress of this age in so high a degree as do the recent discoveries, inventions and practical applications in the great new field of electrical science. It is a field of almost boundless possibilities, and as Mr. Edison says: "There is no limit to what it is to accomplish, for the element itself is universal." And now he has succeeded in sending a current of electricity through a vacuum, a feat pronounced by the scientists heretofore to be impossible. From this experiment Mr. Edison infers that there is a subtle medium, universal in nature, which acts as an agent for the transmission of electricity, light, heat and magnetism; and that the results of this experiment may be almost revolutionary in the finer calculations of astronomical science.

Thus science is tending towards the realm of the spiritual! We have passed the period of special interest in the more ordinary physical sciences, and are reaching forward to the more subtle, that have to do with motion, heat, force, electricity, magnetism and the laws controlling them.

I do not say that the other sciences are less important than they were, but rather more so, for as we advance in knowledge in new directions, it sheds a lustre on older branches they did not have before. Thus spectrum analysis has added to astronomy a grander field than it could have had without it; and chemistry and other branches of science have received a brighter lustre from this new knowledge than they were suspected of having before. And now comes electricity with its thousand-tongued speech, shedding light over all the branches of knowledge that have gone before; and the beautiful exhibition now in progress shows this in a splendid manner. This exhibition is said to be much finer and far more practical than the one at Paris two years ago; not so large, nor showy merely as a show, but exhibiting more practically the wonderful progress and knowledge of the uses of electricity and electric science. Indeed, such an exhibition as this could not have been gotten up two years ago, so many improvements are made and constantly being made.

The American electric lights are far superior to the European. They are more elegant, beautiful and efficient. I do not say this because I am an American, but because, when placed side by side, the American light is so superior that all at once admit it. America is par excellence the home of electric knowledge and use of electricity. Franklin introduced it to the world; Morse pressed it into service as a message carrier over the

world renowned Morse telegraph; Cyrus W. Field made a path for it to travel under the ocean; and now comes Edison, Bell, Weston, Bifsh, and others of note, all Americans, giving the world the telephone, the quadruplex and multiplex telegraph, the beautiful incandescent light, and the perfected electric light, improved dynamos for generating electricity, and motors and other devices with number for using this newly found power, such as the world has not known before! Scientists from Europe, who are here in attendance on this Electric Exhibition, are amazed at the wonderful progress now making in electrical science and the practical applications of electricity in this country.

But let me speak now more directly of the exhibition itself. The time is six o'clock P. M. We enter this palace of wonder and beauty, and seem to have been transported to some wonder-land where Aladdin's lamp is many times multiplied. The scene is beautiful and grand beyond description. Here are lights of all colors from 10 to 300 candle power, shining forth with a soft and mellow light from thousands of incandescent lamps; and here are brilliant arc lights flashing forth with a power equal to from 500 to 2,000 candles! Here also are hundreds of beautiful and elegant devices for using electricity, from the sewing machine to looms for weaving cloth, ponderous machines for planing and boring iron, organs for making music, and the running of cars on a railway.

The most notable exhibit is Edison's, who is one of the electric princes of our country. His department seems like a fairy palace with its colored lights flashing in a blaze of beauty, its revolving flower cone with lights of all colors illuminating the plants and vines. Here, too, is the wonderful cone with glass base, and 2,600 lights in lines running around it like a vine around an oak. The cone is about twenty-five feet high and the lights are of various colors, and when lighted and made to revolve or follow each other in rapid succession in spiral form, is very beautiful. There are here scores of inventions of telephones, audiphones, telegraph devices, and instruments for measuring and controlling electricity. Mr. Edison has in his department the largest dynamo in the world—the Jumbo—capable of furnishing electric power for 1,500 lights of 16 candle power each, or equal to 24,000 candles.

The Government exhibit is fine, both from the Naval and War Departments. The naval have torpedo boats, torpedo and electric apparatus for exploding. The War Department show how the Signal Service is operated. Bidwell shows his system of electric railway, which is destined to be a grand success. The power is applied in a different way from other systems. It is done by an electric tube running along the inside of each rail and connected with a motor in the front car, and the power applied to the wheels, thus obviating objections to other systems. There are many points of interest that cannot even be hinted at in a single article, and must be left.

I must mention one special feature of far greater beauty and interest than practical use—the electrical fountain. The basin of this fountain is about thirty feet in diameter and has a stone column, cone shaped, in the centre, rising twelve or fifteen feet in height. Up through this cone runs a pipe through which a volume of water is forced and made to assume an umbrella shape. Under this in a very artistic manner, is placed a large number of incandescent electric lights, which are lighted at night, giving it a most beautiful appearance. There are also thrown upon it colored lights from different points, some of which represent the national colors. The effect is grand and beautiful.

With some reflections on this grandest of the World's Electric Exhibitions and I will close. Nothing more clearly indicates the wonderful progress we are making than this exhibition. It shows that we are indeed living in a new age of great mental activity in all directions. The man who fails to read the papers for a week is behind in the race of progress. The man who fails to inform himself on the events of the day, especially in the direction of scientific and philosophic knowledge, must take a back seat. A gentleman said to me a short time ago: "You Spiritualists are a one-idea people. You don't give room for anything else but your hobby." While this is not true in a large sense, may there not be too much truth in it? Spiritualists of all others should be found in the front ranks of learners of true knowledge at the great school of nature; and if, as Edison says, "electric science is to be the science of the future," with more intimate and powerful bearing on human progress than any other, let all who would be co-workers in the grand army of progress, keep themselves well informed. Spiritual science and electric science ought to go hand in hand; for they are very nearly related—at least second cousins; psychology being first cousin.

MILTON ALLEN.

Henry Slade in Erie.

His Eloquent Lecture—Wonderful Demonstrations—Skeptics Convinced, etc., etc.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The world renowned medium, Dr. Henry Slade, of New York, has just given the good people of Erie, Pa., a brief call, and demonstrated to many the fact that spirits can return to their dear friends after leaving the body behind, and that "death does not end all." The Doctor stopped here on his tour from the West, partly in compliance with a request made some time since by Erie Spiritualists, and partly to rest for a brief period from his exhaustive labors in the great cause of humanity. On Sunday last, therefore, he kindly consented to give a lecture in the afternoon and evening, at Grand Army Hall, at which times he gave eloquent and exceedingly touching narrations of how he became a medium, and some of his experiences as such, in this country and the old world, including his so-called exposure in London by Prof. Lancaster, and more agreeable experiences with the great German scientist, Prof. Zollner, at Leipzig, Germany. The recital was strikingly interesting, was witnessed by a large and attentive audience, and at times, strong men as well as women, "albeit unused to the melting mood," shed tears, and said, afterward, "How grand, how truthful!"

After a very fine invocation, the Doctor proceeded to show how he became a Spiritualist; how his mother declared before and after he was born, that she saw the spirit of Jesus, and prayed long and fervently to him as such; how his father, entertaining infidel sentiments, scoffed at her pretensions and charged her with delusion and fanaticism. A daughter was in time born to this couple, who early manifested mediumistic qualities, and in time claimed that she, too, saw spirits under the guidance of the Jesus her mother revered so faithfully. Henry was the next heir in this remarkable family, and he also, at a very early period in his earthly

advent, became unwittingly mediumistic, saw spirits, talked, walked and communed with them; was frequently upbraided by his father and others, as well as chastised for his wayward and unnatural fancies, and stubbornness in persisting in them. These things, although sanctioned or condoned by the mother, were severely reprimanded and discouraged by the paternal protector; hence domestic strife and inharmonious prevailed in the household, in consequence of the misunderstood phenomena. Time rolled on. The daughter sickened and died in consequence of pulmonary troubles. Henry, the grief-stricken brother, saw her idolized form as it left the body, and heard her words of consolation to him, and told his father, mother and others of the wonderful phenomenon, but still the grand idea of spirit communion had not dawned upon humanity, and the family mourned almost without hope.

Soon after this, Henry manifested symptoms of the presence of the same fell destroyer, consumption. The young invalid was sent to the State of Michigan for change of air, and was benefited. He returned to Johnston's Creek, Niagara Co., N. Y., Fredonia, Chautauque Co., N. Y., being his birth-place, and had a relapse and was obliged to go back to the West, was again benefited and again returned, and was a second time smitten down, when he was entranced by a spirit who has since proved himself to be Owasso, a Spanish half-breed Indian, who sent the seer-lad to the forest for the roots, which, being prepared according to spirit direction, cured him and rendered him famous by the learned profession. Subsequently young Slade, who had acquired a world-wide reputation as a healer, was called abroad to consult with a council of able physicians in a critical case. Slade shouldered his bag of Nature's remedies culled from the forest shades under the direction of his life-long guide, "Owasso." He met the sneering sons of Esculapius, confounded them while entranced, and saved the life of the patient, and added additional lustre to his name in a profession which, in his normal condition, he claimed to know nothing.

The next revelation was the marriage of Mr. Slade to a charming young lady without the consent of *pater familias* on either side. This was followed by genuine love in a cottage, self-sacrificing devotion of the bride in battling with adverse circumstances of life—the conquest—the early death of the young wife—the gloom of the husband and his subsequent exaltation to the seventh heaven in consequence of manifestations from his angel darling and sister—the establishment of the state-writing theory—the conversion of the elder Slade (the father)—the reunion in religious sentiment, of father and mother, and the general promulgation of the grand truths of Spiritualism. These scenes, as before intimated, touched many a heart in their rendition.

At the evening lecture the Doctor continued his narrative, referring more particularly to his experiences in London, France, Denmark, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Australia, and other transatlantic points. He was free to speak of his several so-called exposures, and was particularly scathing in his denunciation or exposure of the "exposers," in rebuking fast-hearted, or fair-weather Spiritualists. He referred to his wonderful adventures in Russia as well as in Lepic, dwelling at some length upon his sittings with the great scientist and since ascended Zollner, as corroborated by that gentleman's eminent work, entitled, "Transcendental Physics." At the close of the evening's entertainment the genial Doctor gave, by particular request, a rehearsal under control of an eminent Russian actor, which rendition captivated the hearts of all present.

The Doctor gave a large number of sittings at his parlors in the Reed House, at which all were astonished, and many publicly acknowledged that they had found that for which they long had sought, in consequence of which they were prepared to say, with confidence, "The dead live," and whereas I was blind, I now see."

SIDNEY KELSEY.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 25, 1884.

No. 9

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE ROSTRUM.

Spiritualism, Past, Present and Future.

A Lecture Delivered at Lake Pleasant Spiritualist Camp Meeting, August 24th, 1884, by MRS. E. H. BRITTON.

The subject of the address which we propose to offer you to-day, friends, will present no special features of interest to the mere novelty-seeker, or those whose chief aim is ever to find something new, but to the few amongst this vast multitude who may be faithfully seeking to learn what is the real genius of the wonderful movement that has stirred the mentality of this century to its profoundest depths, under the name of "Modern Spiritualism," we deem we shall not offer an unwelcome message, when we make the subject of our present address: "Spiritualism in the Past, Present and Future."

Spiritualism means, not alone the science of soul, or the communion of disembodied spirits with those still incarnate in mortal bodies, but it includes all that realm of being from which proceeds life itself, intelligence, and all that constitute the difference between the animate and inanimate kingdoms of nature. Now, if there be any other realm of existence for the spirit in man, than that of which his physical senses take cognizance, how can he know it, except through communion with the beings who exist in that realm? If his soul survive the shock of death and maintain a continued life, invisible though it may be to the outward senses, then there must be some means of communing with the enfranchised souls of men, and some method of ascertaining beyond a peradventure, that this earth life is not the only sphere of the soul's existence. On the other hand the reality of Deific existence, since it has never been demonstrated to the senses of perception of man, must depend upon super-sensuous evidence, so that the entire problem of a supreme spiritual existence, of man's immortality, and the conditions under which the life of the spirit is continued beyond the grave, all depend upon whether there be any means of communion between the invisible spheres of spiritual existence, and the visible plane of being, of which mortals are non-denizens.

To prove, define and systematize the communion between the spiritual and natural worlds, and collate the teachings of spirits and spiritual beings concerning their own realms of being, constitute Spiritualism, and though the methods of intercommunion may have differed in various countries and at different times, and especially though it may have been differently estimated by man under diverse conditions of time and place, in all ages and in all times, Spiritualism, *per se*, is the same, and constitutes the only true essence and significance of religion. Religion is: a knowledge of God, the proof of the soul's immortality, the law and guide of human action. It was to teach religion, and give it system and shape that theologues were founded, temples and churches built, priests ordained and bibles written.

Religion—which is Spiritualism—was before theologues, churches, priests or bibles; all these were and are, but the outward symbols, designed to express and teach Spiritualism, they are only the garments in which Spiritualism appears; nothing but the body in which Spiritualism takes visible form, and they too often only express man's ideas of what he deems of Spiritualism, rather than the actual truths of the spiritual universe and its inhabitants.

What is Spiritualism in the past, and wherein does it differ from that vast and world-wide movement which has brought together the thousands assembled here this day? Spiritualism depends for the proofs of its reality upon spirit communion, and this is, and ever has been, effected through certain phenomenal modes, some of which appeal directly to the senses, others to the mind. As to the difference between the past and present modes of spirit intercourse, it consists solely in the difference of customs, manners and habits of thought prevailing amongst different peoples. In most ancient times, or of well informed and highly instructed persons were set apart to minister to the people in respect to spiritual things. These persons constituted the powerful hierarchies of the ancient priesthoods. In India, Egypt, and generally throughout the East, the priests were also prophets; that is to say, they were "naturally inspired persons, endowed from birth with peculiar gifts of seership and other powers, then called "magical," now styled "mediumistic." There is no doubt that they improved their gifts by searching into and mastering the occult forces of nature. They adapted themselves, too, by abstinence, contemplation and pure devoted lives, for the attainment of high spiritual powers, and though the world of modern civilization now scornfully regards the ancient priests as "pagans" and "heathens," and attempts to cast obloquy on their achievements by stigmatizing them as "magic," it is very certain, that their powers were stupendous; that they were the result of a complete mastery of the forces of magnetism and psychology, and that if the priests of to-day had the same sublime knowledge of occult forces, and the same intimate means of communing with exalted spiritual intelligences, they would not be the "useless book pedants of modern ecclesiasticism" they now are, while the church would be the spiritual home of the people instead of the scene of a dull, lifeless routine of prayers that no one ever expects to be answered, and appeals to a spiritual existence of which the church can give no proof, save by referring back to the ages of antiquity.

For many of the methods of ancient communion with spirits, no better transcript can be found than the Hindu Vedas, the Persian Zendavesta, the Hebrew Talmud, Mahometan Koran, and Jewish Scriptures. Of course, in the excessive egotism of modern Christianity, it is assumed that the last is the only reliable source, and that the others, and indeed all other sacred books of other nations, save those dominated by Christianity, are false and worthless. On this insolent and blasphemous assertion of God's partiality and injustice, we have now no comments to make.

Common sense, piety and scholarship are dealing with such pretences, and they are fast sinking into the disrepute they merit. Meantime, as the Bible is the most familiar of the ancient record to modern thinkers, we need but challenge you to a close study of its pages, to find records of every form of phenomena by which the Spirit-world ever has, or can hold communion with man. By sight, sound, touch, inspiration, trance, healings, and acting in hundreds of super-sensuous methods upon matter, the Spirit-world in Palestine, as in other lands, and during thousands of years ago as to day, manifested the everlasting watch and ward which spirits and angels hold over humanity. The spirits of the evil and the good alike communicated. When evil-minded men and women would have employed spiritual powers and forces for wrong and mischief, the spirits in affinity with themselves responded to them, and this kind of Spiritualism was wisely denounced, and rigorously punished, under the name of "witchcraft, sorcery, and necromancy." When good and inspired men and women used their gifts for warning, blessing, and benefit to mankind, it was regarded as prophetic power, deemed to be the work of angels, and obtained the sanction of the best and purest of humanity's teachers.

Witness the commands of Jesus "to do the works" which he did, and to "give signs" of supermundane endowments, as evidence of faith in him. Witness also the reiterated commands of Paul "to covet after spiritual gifts," his enumeration of those gifts, and other charges, all of which clearly prove, or should prove, to the Christians, that without Spiritualism they have no religion, and without the exhibition of spiritual gifts the Church is a mere name, its priests have no authority, and no right derived from their founder to preach, teach or use his name as the author of their various sects. It may be asked: "Do not the Christians know all this, and if so, are they wilfully blind, or woefully stupid?" We answer, choose which horn you please of this dilemma. For our part, we can only liken them to the image makers of ancient Ephesus, and when they scream "anathema maranatha" against those who do have the gifts and practices them, we remember the heavy tithes, pew rents, salaries, and other rich endowments of Christianity, and are willing to interpret their anathema into the memorable words—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Notwithstanding the oft-reiterated claim of certain Christian ministers, that "miracles," as they term them—that is, spirit communion—ceased with the days of the Apostles, it is certain that no such claim can be substantiated. The histories of the early Christian Fathers, and many of those whom the Roman Church canonized as "saints," are full of spiritual phenomena, and for several centuries the most striking "miracles" were said to have been wrought by eminent members of the various Christian sects. When the

Church at length grew rich and arrogant, spiritual gifts ceased within its borders, and although the facts of spirit communion have never been wholly lacking in any period of history or amongst any people, the signs of Christian faith, commanded by Jesus, disappeared in exact proportion as the Church grew powerful, and its high dignitaries—rich, luxurious, and autocratic. Doubtless it was for this cause that the churches of Christianity so ruthlessly and persistently persecuted all those who did give the signs which churchmen could no longer hold a monopoly of, and thus, for nearly six centuries, the history of Western civilization has been disgraced, and the name of religion rendered odious, by the horrible murders and atrocious cruelties that were practiced under the pretense of stamping out "witchcraft."

The trials of the medieval ages for this imaginary crime, are, happily for the truth of history, for the most part extant, and while they abundantly prove that spiritual phenomena were from time to time abundantly poured out on individuals and communities, with unmistakable proofs of a supermundane origin, they also bear testimony to the monstrous inhumanity and impiety with which the Christian Church has ever endeavored to crush out all evidences of spiritual power or existence that did not emanate directly through its own authorized officials. Having done to death by fire and torture, all the tens of thousands who could give proof that angel ministry and spiritual gifts are the unceasing heritage of humanity, the church triumphantly cried amidst the ashes of the witnesses whom it had savagely done to death: "The age of miracles is past; there is no God outside the Church door, no way to Heaven save by the payment of tithes and pew rents." The first blow which this tremendous co-operative monopoly of divine rights sustained, was dealt out by the hand of Anton Mesmer, the real discoverer of the long sought "philosopher's stone," and "elixir vitae." Mesmer, who in displaying and proving the potencies of animal as well as universal magnetism, furnished the key which unlocked the mystery of ancient magic; the specialties of prophetic power; the healing virtue imparted by touch through Jesus and his apostles; the marvels of will; the secrets of witchcraft and spiritual endowments; in a word, the mystic life principle, the use and power of which, both by spirits and mortals, constitute the true force by which all occult and spiritual phenomena are wrought. The followers of Mesmer, improving upon his sublime discovery, and pushing their experiments deeper and higher into the realms of invisible forces, soon manifested to the world the miracle of clairvoyance and seership. Mesmerized subjects, passing beyond the narrow confines of materialism, and soaring away from animal to spiritual magnetism, at last penetrated into the realms of soul life; brought back tidings of the Father's "many mansions," in which all the vanished generations of the past have found homes, and new spheres of ever advancing progress. The dead were all shown to be in the continuance of quiescent life; the evil in judgment, the good in glory. Incredible as these revelations at first seemed to be, they gradually wove their way into the acceptance of every candid investigator. The church began its usual series of "anathemas." The schools, or those of the scientific fossils of the age, that would denounce without knowledge, strove to crush out the new light by the assurance that what they did not know ought not, and therefore could not have any existence at all; and yet in despite of church and school, the witnesses multiplied, the power grew, and at length culminated in the last grand final experiment of the telegraphists from the spiritual side of being, to-wit, the famous "Rochester knockings."

It would be useless now to reiterate the story of how the Hydeville manifestations grew out of the mediumship of two little children, and the common sense, patience, and endurance, of the good people, who were the earliest subjects of the celebrated rappings. Suffice it to say the specialty which marks the modern spiritual movement from any other preceding spiritual outpouring in history, is the systematic mode in which the spirits of the new dispensation seem able to communicate, and the no less systematic methods by which mortals have been led to conduct their investigations. We have learned something of the nature of mediumship, and its necessity as a factor in producing phenomena. We have discovered something of the *modus operandi* of awakening latent mediumistic power through the spirit circle. We have learned more, too, of the latent powers of the human soul itself, than has ever before been taught in church or school. As to the new things which this wonderful communion has taught, volumes would not serve us to point them out. Suffice it now to say, that we have learned that every phase of spiritual phenomena is produced not by miracle, but through laws, the basis of which are magnetism and psychology, the working of which constitutes an array of spiritual sciences, as much broader, deeper, higher and grander than material sciences, as infinity is grander than space, or eternity more comprehensive than time. And this great, wonderful and supermundane movement, has spread from land to land, and without the aid of apostles, propagandists, leaders, or concerted action, stretched its telegraphic, life-lightning wires around the equator, and girdled the earth from pole to pole. Your speaker has visited many lands, and sped from shore to shore, alike in tropical and northern regions.

In China and Japan, beneath Arctic or tropical skies, search where you will, the high standards of Spiritualism are fluttering between heaven and earth, and angel voices, in every home, from the palace to the hut, from the salons of fashion to the lonely mining camp, are dwelling the echoes of the cry, "There is no more death!"

Should you ask us of Spiritualism in the future, we should only be able to say at this time, that Spiritualism can never die. The Spirit-world is to this natural world as more live, grow and advance up the steps of progress without spirit, indox, inspiration and revelation, than you could sustain your physical forms without the need of daily bread. Yet again, the stern inquisition which Spiritualism has inspired its mediums to promote into the true foundations of religion, and the true relations of life here to life hereafter, have struck blows at the assumptions of ecclesiasticism, from which it can never recover, never again usurp monopoly over divine things, or fasten the chains of superstitious mysticism around the neck of the human soul. Whether Spiritualism will continue to be a curse; whether it will be the teacher of the ignorant, the consolation of the bereaved, or the promoter of high exalted occult revelations, in this generation, depends, oh! Spiritualists, upon yourselves. Will you heed too folly, fraud, fanaticism, libertinism and cupidity, from your midst, and cease to call these abominations Spiritualism? Will you make sacrifices of your darling idol Mammon, and place this gospel freely before the world, honestly paying the laborer, and giving humanity the chance to realize the pearl of price it truly is? Will you give time, service, means and intellect, to sift, investigate, and prove it, and resolve it into the great religious science, and scientific religion it is? And above all, will you forget your insane fear, lest some one is going to become a leader, rise in the scale of influence higher than you, and proclaim the grand central ideas upon which all might unite and form a creed, high as the heavens, deep as the centre, and wide as infinity? Will you do all this, or help or aid others to do it? If you will, Spiritualism will be the church, the religion, the science of your generation;—if not it will wait for a nobler race and for a better understanding of its priceless worth, in the ages to come.

To show you how little you have to fear from asserting the broad and ever expanding axioms which Spiritualism promulgates, we shall close by reiterating a few definitions of creedal faith which fell from your speaker's lips some twelve years since in a lecture delivered in London, England, and entitled—"The Creed of the Spirits."

"I believe in the fatherhood and motherhood of God.

In the immortality of the human soul.

In the universal brotherhood and common destiny of man.

In the personal responsibility of the human soul for good or evil deeds done in the body.

In eternal progress; every step of which must be trod by the soul for itself.

Rochester Rappings Outdone in a Modern Seance.

A Lady Who Claims to See Spirit Forms as Frequently as Human Faces—What Twenty-two Persons Saw.

(Rochester, N. Y., Herald.)

On the evening of last Saturday occurred one of the most remarkable performances of its kind known in this city. Not only yesterday were the *Herald* reporters, present in individual capacities at the invitation of a friend, granted permission to allude to the matter, and license so to do is hedged in by many restrictions which tend to affect the interest of the narrative in the mind of the skeptical reader. With the exception of the active force of the affair, who hardly known in this city, implicit injunctions have been laid upon the use of individual names, but it may afford satisfaction to the reader to be assured that each person concerned is well known and highly respected in Rochester, and all are more or less skeptical as to the supernatural in the phenomena referred to—skeptical in mind though every sense leads to faith—choosing to give the matter investigation which might lead to an exposure of trickery rather than a hitching-post for belief. On the night referred to two physicians were present, a retired minister, a lawyer, two dry goods dealers and two or three other gentlemen, with ladies, host, hostess and the two newspaper men, making twenty-two persons, exclusive of Miss Hill, the medium, though she repudiates that name, and without attempting to characterize her powers, states that she has never informed herself as to the claims, manner or methods of so-called Spiritualism.

Miss Hill has been in my family for about six months," the host said. "She occupies her time as governess of my two children, and aside from the short time she requires to instruct two outside pupils in music, with lessons twice a week, she is never out of our sight and seems carefully to avoid making acquaintances. She came here direct from Boston and brought with her a recommendation of the warmest kind from a prominent minister of that city. The manifestations you will see to-night are as void of comprehension to her as with any of us."

The lady entered the room at this juncture, hesitating in an embarrassed manner at the

door as every eye in the room fell upon her. "Here, Miss May," the gentleman called out, motioning her to a seat near the reporter. General introductions followed, and the *Herald* men were presented among others. The lady is in appearance as much an anomaly as her performance a mystery. She is tall, slender and shapely, with dignified and slightly diffident carriage, oval face, prominent nose, large dark eyes with a bright flash in them, and hair intensely black, put up in a plain coil. Whether it was the darkness of hair, eyes and costume, or other cause affected the lady's complexion, it seemed wonderfully fair to the reporters. All in all she is one to be quickly noticed, and if her dramatic ability measures with the figure and appearance nature has given her, she is fitted for the role of a tragedy queen. The writer approached her, for once almost deserted by the confidence of his craft, but found after a moment's conversation that the lady could be affable as a sedate. "When did you first realize the mysterious power you possess, Miss Hill?" the reporter asked.

"Well," pausing reflectively, "indeed I can't say. From childhood I have been carrying on this mysterious telegraphy, and for a long time supposed it was something everybody did. The manifestations or whatever they may be, grew upon me, too. I first heard the raps and this new sense was followed by occasional fits of involuntary handwriting. This grew and for the last two years materialized forms have been as common to my sight as human faces. I can't explain it, and don't pretend to. I am clear out of patience with nine-tenths of what they call Spiritualists, but that the matter may be investigated by those who are qualified to pursue the study, I am willing to do what I can in an unprofessional capacity."

"Have your gifts been known long here?" "For about three months previous to this I naturally sought to hide what has become a part of my nature itself. I was moved to this because my friends here had no faith in anything of the kind and would have regarded such work with some suspicion. Revenge was taken upon me very unexpectedly. One evening Mr. and Mrs. S., host and hostess, and myself were in the sitting room about the center of the apartment under the gas, I at one side of yonder wooden center table, pointing to the next room, "Mr. S. opposite and Mrs. S. at the end, between us. Knowing as I did that a combined electrical current is much more favorable than that generated from a single organism had I given our posture a moment's thought, I should have broken the circuit. My left arm and hand rested upon the table, Mr. S.'s right arm and hand were disposed in a similar way, while Mrs. S. was merely touching the table with her side, knitting at the time. Suddenly, with a force which sent us all to our feet in alarm, the table was struck underneath. It was no light tap, as given under ordinary conditions, but a startling blow which jerked the table and did violence to the arms resting upon it. It was a scene," laughing, "all three of us standing bolt upright as if shot into position, the others frightened and perplexed with 'each particular hair' on end, while I realized that the time for confession had come. After talking over the matter the position was resumed again when almost immediately I was overcome by the fit which Spiritualists call a trance, in which the most active forms of involuntary writing occur. My left hand, Mr. and Mrs. S. stated, seemed to be influenced by a violent tremor over a paper on the table, and they placed a pencil in my fingers when I wrote a dispatch which I think is in the next room." She stepped through the arch dividing the rooms and a moment later laid a bit of paper, torn from a city daily, in the reporter's hand. Across the printed lines in a bold masculine hand appeared the following:

BUFALO, July 2nd, 1884.

Cannot meet you here on Friday as you request. Name another date.

"I was soon my self again and Mr. S. assumed this message to be from a business friend of his with whom he had an appointment. Ten minutes after this a boy arrived with a dispatch of which my message was a verbatim copy. Great interest was felt in these manifestations and my friends have since had me engaged in feats of materialization, which I am myself unable to judge of, but which they pronounce wonderful."

"Then during materializations you are unconscious?"

"Oh, yes. Except during a few painful intervals, when my physical powers seem to cry out against the strain placed upon me. I know nothing of what occurs while behind the curtains. When unexhausted by the seances spiritual faces and forms were familiar to my sight daily, though others could not see as I did. Lately my forces seem to exhaust themselves at the seances with the friends who come here."

During this conversation a ripple of laughter and conversation had pervaded the room but ceased when the legal gentleman present arose and briefly explained the spirit of investigation which had influenced himself and probably all others admitted to the circle. While there had been wonderful demonstrations of mysterious influences before, Miss Hill believed she could this evening clearly prove there was no deception and for this reason desired that a committee of ladies be appointed to examine her costume and that every one present inspect the extemporized cabinet and its surroundings. Four ladies were detailed for the former duty and after an absence of about twenty minutes said they had carefully examined every detail of dress.

Continued on Eighth Page.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STERDINS.

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN D. ZIMMERMAN.

"Will thou not open thy heart to know,
What rainbows teach and sunsets show?
Vendit which accumulates,
From lengthening scrolls of human fates,
Voices of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that truly burned,
Saying—What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust; heart's loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again."
—Emerson.

Twenty-five years ago or more I left the Michigan Southern Railroad at Coldwater, rode northward in a wagon called a stage, fourteen miles, crossed the St. Joseph river, and went up the slope on the north side to the level table land on which stood Union City—a pleasant village of a thousand people amidst beautiful farms and groves. I was to lecture there, and to find John D. Zimmerman. Turning east a short distance, I reached a plain story and a half house, facing south and overlooking the winding stream and its broad meadows. West of the dwelling was an orchard, east a grove of oaks and maples in the deep yard of a neighbor. It was attractive and home-like. My rap at the door brought out a strongly built man who welcomed me in a deep, rich voice, and with a frank simplicity singularly attractive, and the quiet kindness of his wife made me at home. We stepped into the sunny, low-ceiled south-east room, in which I was to spend many pleasant hours, and I noticed a large book case in the corner, its contents costing more than all the simply comfortable furniture around it. Emerson's volumes were there. He was sitting in an arm chair waiting for dinner as I said: "You read Emerson, I see." His wonderful blue eyes lighted up and his mellow voice had new music as the answer came: "Of course I do, over and over again." After dinner he said: "I must go to my blacksmith shop until night," and left me. I soon found him swinging his hammer stoutly, as he did for over forty years, and at night we went to the plain Congregational Church opposite the house to find a good audience at an anti-slavery meeting. So began one of the most delightful and beneficial friendships of my life, kept up for more than twenty years. After coming home that night he told me he had belonged to that church, but had changed his views and was not in unity with their creed. He felt that honesty required that he should state his dissent and soon a church meeting was called, and one of the deacons asked him to attend. He went, asked if there were any charges against his conduct, and was answered: "None, we hold you in high personal esteem, but our rules require that you should not be a member as you do not accept our doctrines." The usual course in such cases involved a censure for heresy. He said: "I do not, and cannot, believe your creed. You who can, have a right to do so, which I respect. I offer a resolution, and will go home for you to act as you please," and then read and laid on the table a resolve as follows: "Whereas, our brother John D. Zimmerman has so modified his opinions that he cannot honestly continue to profess belief in our doctrines, therefore,

"Resolved, That he be allowed to leave our membership."

In an hour the good deacon, his next neighbor, came to his house and said they had passed the resolve unanimously, yet with much regret, and with the feeling that they should continue friends, as they did, without censure or casting reflections on either side,—an example worthy of all hours.

Years before a fugitive slave came to Zimmerman's house, and the claimant came soon after—a base fellow who had been on like errands before. Just at night he rode up to the blacksmith's shop, sprang off his horse, walked up to his owner, who stood by his anvil, and shook his fist in his face with threatening words. A blow from that strong arm would have felled him to the earth, and the bystanders would have helped, if need were, but Zimmerman said: "This is a case for law, not for a fight, go with me to a justice." There was quiet command in his voice and eye; they went away peacefully together, and he was asked to stay at the house for the night. "But," said Zimmerman, "I have another guest there, and I always expect my guests to be quiet and civil. The other man shall treat you well, and I only ask you to treat him well—he is the man you claim as your slave." The astonished hunter of men took supper and soon went to his rest, without seeing that other guest. In the morning he was late, worn from long riding; his host went up stairs to call him, and was asked to come in. He was nearly ready, and his valise was open on the bed, evidently to display a pair of fine revolvers and a bowie knife. Picking up a revolver, Zimmerman remarked: "These are pretty fair weapons, but we don't think much of them up here; our rifles are surer and have longer range." They went down together and met the slave in the breakfast room, who was greeted with a cool nod by his claimant. They were seated at table, on either side of their host; the Southern conqueror his prejudices, and all was quiet. For a week this lasted, until the slave was missing one morning and none knew where he had gone. The baffled hunter swore and raved to no purpose, was told such talk was not allowed in decent houses, and saddled his steed for a return southward. The slave was heard of a year after and lived safely in Michigan a long time. In all the varied annals of underground railroad experiences, I think no other case like this can be found. It illustrates the majesty of magnetic control and command, the great power of my friend's personal presence.

He spent a month at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia. With a mind large enough to take in and compare its varied aspects, with practical skill in mechanism and a native taste for artistic beauty, the time was full of enjoyment and profit. It took a comprehensive range of thought to fully appreciate that Exhibition; narrow and common-place people were dazed and confusedly pleased, but a man like him would be enriched and instructed. While there he stopped at the Atlas Hotel—a vast temporary caravansary near the grounds, holding a thousand guests or more. One Sunday its great central room had a platform and seats extemporized, and some hundreds sat to hear a sermon. He joined the rest, and soon found that the preacher was laying out the "scheme of salvation" in such a way as to send all the race into eternal torment, save a pitiful little company specially elected and saved. He felt indignant and stepped quietly to the platform while a hymn was being sung to ask the privilege of making a few remarks, which was rudely denied. Taking his seat again, he waited until the audience were dismissed and then rose and said: "I have some thing to say for a few minutes, and will ask

such as choose to sit and hear me." To the magic of that deep voice and a curious wish to hear, kept most in their places, and he said, in substance: "This Centennial is a sign of the fraternity of mankind. It shows that we are drawing toward the era of peace on earth and good will among men. Christian and Pagan, all sects and races, come here from the four quarters of the earth in amity and mutual respect. This very room is decked with the flags of many nations, displayed together in token of this unity of spirit. We live in the Nineteenth Century with its broad thought and growing charity, its willingness to search for truth wherever found. This poor man whom you have heard takes us back to the Dark Ages, and tells us of a God cruel and unjust enough to doom to the fiery pit forever almost all the human race. I protest against this Phariseism, and against this horrible conception of the wrath of God and the wretchedness of man. I ask you to repudiate these degrading errors, to think of man's capacity for eternal progress, to know that good deeds are the sure warrant of salvation before that God who is no respecter of persons. How enlarging it is to see good men from every land and of every religion meeting here and learning so much of each other. If you and I live so as to be fit for their society, we shall find them in heaven above."

Doubtless he was deeply stirred and inspired. For fifteen minutes the people sat as though entranced, and the preacher was dumb with amazement. The next day many came to express their gratitude, and their unity with his sentiments.

I knew him best at his home—the best place to know him: There he grew in grace. A steady worker in his blacksmith's shop, a reader of the best books, (especially of O. B. Frothingham), a royal thinker, a noble courtesy in his manners, a simple sincerity and tender kindness in his acts. For twenty years he was a Spiritualist, clear and broad in his comprehension and of admirable spiritual culture. His private conversation was such as seldom hears. I used to wish, while listening to him as he sat in his arm chair with his feet on a stool before the fire, that I could transport him to a circle of the best thinkers and students, and enjoy their delight in his wise talk. Emerson would have made a pilgrimage to Michigan to meet him, had he known him twenty-five years ago. To spend a day at that home was a privilege and a pleasure not to be forgotten. His good neighbors respected him, but they did not know his greatness. The unrecognized great men and women of this world are a noble company, larger and adding more to our wealth of life than we know.

One of the last times I saw him was on a bright February day not long before his transition. Coming out of our room in the morning, my wife and myself found him sitting in his easy chair, the sun shining into the windows, and tingling the clouds with golden light. His fine eyes and noble features lighted up eloquently as he rose to greet us, and he said: "What a bright morning! The air is pure, the influences favorable, and the good spirits are numerous and hospitable all about us."

In September, 1884, I was at Union City. Just at night I walked past the house and was glad to find its appearance unchanged. Going beyond it, along the roadside under the shade of the trees to enjoy the outlook southward over the pleasant valley, and winding river, I turned back for one more sight of the home, and saw Mrs. Zimmerman in the yard—a surprise as I had supposed she was absent. Going into the familiar sitting-room I learned from her something of the last hours on earth of her beloved husband.

His illness was but short—only three or four days—and not very painful; his mind clear and his command of language perfect to the last. They hardly realized how near the end was, but most of the family were with him, and he soon felt, as they all did, that the great change was near. Without fear or perturbation, but with sweet hope and a cheerful spirit, his words and aspect filled the room with peace and light. His wife said to me: "It was so wonderful to us all. Much as we loved him, it did not seem like a death bed, but the whole air seemed full of a glory and beauty, which gave us comfort and calm joy. All felt peace. It was serene and no gloom. He said to me: 'Tell all my friends that my faith is unchanged, and my views of life and immortality the same. As I draw near to the end all is more beautiful and peaceful to me.' A clergyman, who was with them as a neighbor and friend, said he never saw so beautiful a death bed. A neighboring woman some hours after, as she stood looking at the face, so noble in its sweet majesty, exclaimed: 'Can this be death!'"

The poet's words are indeed true:
"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walks
Of life, quite in the verge of heaven."

The funeral was, at his wish, without formal services, a neighbor reading a paper he had prepared on the career and character of Mr. Zimmerman, and fit hymns being sung. At the age of sixty-five, he passed peacefully away, in May 1870. To such a man the change could not be a shock or a surprise, but a sweet Passover.

(To be continued.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
FROM DENVER, COL., TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Overland and Return.

The city of Zacatecas would not have been built where it stands but for the mineral wealth beneath the surface. Situated at an altitude of nearly 8,000 feet above sea level, in a narrow defile between barren hills, it does not seem as though there could have been any other inducement. It struggles along for a mile or two, accommodating itself to the sinuosities, elevations and depressions of the ground, and where the passage between the surrounding hills is widest, is where the busiest and densest portion of the city is found. Much of the architecture is quaint and unexpected to the traveler. The houses are massive in structure, from one to four stories high. The streets for the most part are of good width, well paved and clean, and thronged from morning until night with a straggly variegated multitude. The chief business has always been mining, and in years past her mines have given a great deal of wealth to the world. The mines have either played out, or got beyond a depth profitable for the Mexicans to work with their crude appliances. Foreigners are taking hold of them, and at no distant day the out put may again be considerable.

Ruined churches and convents give the place an air of antiquity. There used to be an army of priests and monks here to the number of from 7,000 to 10,000, and they were all supported by the toil of the people. They were the owners of mines, and immense haciendas, and the great mass of the lower classes were but a little better than serfs

for their benefit. The most of the wealth of the country was poured into their coffers, but their day of doom came at last. They became so oppressive and overbearing, that during a revolution some eighteen or twenty years ago, General Ortega, a native of Zacatecas and exceedingly popular among the common people, incited the populace against the minions of the Pope, and battering down the convent gates, he drove out the idle and dissolute hordes of Jesuits, Dominicans, San Franciscan and San Augustine monks, saying: "Go, you devils! and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow, and thus obey the scripture," and as they defied some sulien and moody, and some cursing him. The San Franciscan monks were the strongest, and offered the most resistance. The consequence was that their convent was almost entirely wrecked. It was an immense and massive affair, covering a great deal of ground, and I had the pleasure of being conducted through the ruins by a loquacious Zacatecano youth of eighteen years who was zealous in nothing so much as his antagonism to the religion in which he had been reared. He took me to every nook and corner of the ruined pile, to the cells and chapel and courts and underground passage-ways leading from one convent to another and to private dwellings a mile away. It is said that some have been daring enough to penetrate these underground passages, and I promised myself that I should stay there long enough. My guide told me all the truth he knew about the ruins and a great deal more! Bones belonging to the victims of inquisitorial iniquity had often been found and were still lying around some of which I examined and handled. There are also churches partly in ruins, but all the churches and convents of the city, and in fact of the entire Republic, were confiscated by, and are now the property of, the Government, excepting such as have since fallen into private hands by purchase.

The Zacatecano hotel, in which I put up for a while, and which is one of the best in the city, comprises a large part of what was once the monastery of the San Augustine friars, and the room I occupied was one of their cells. It was a room 14x20 and the ceiling at least 24 feet in height from the floor. The hotel, though immense, is but a small portion of the convent, the remainder being utilized in various ways. The whole became the property of Gen. Ortega by purchase since deceased, and is now owned by his only surviving son. A portion of the structure is four stories high, but is really as high as many eight story blocks usually are in Eastern cities. The chapel of the monastery was used for years as a billiard and drinking saloon and then for a stable. No objection was raised to this, or at least no conscience seemed to be violated, but when the Protestants took a lease of it for ten years and commenced making repairs, a terrible hullabaloo was raised at the audacious sacrilege. But the Government is on the side of reform, progress and freedom of worship, so that priests are impotent to work any harm. The renovation of the chapel seemed all but a hopeless task when the Protestants took hold of it, but they cleaned out the accumulated filth—the Government furnishing prison labor to do the work—calculated the walls and ceiling in blue and white and made a very handsome audience room of it. While relaying the floor and making necessary excavations, the remains of numerous infants were found. Query: How came they there? The stone carvings of the interior walls are of the most elaborate character, and excel, in that particular, every other church in the city.

I have been not only surprised but delighted to see the rapid strides that Protestantism has made. Zacatecas is classed with Northern Mexico, and the Presbyterians alone have something like twenty-five or thirty congregations in different parts of that department. The only trouble is to get efficient men to fill places—"the harvest is plenteous, the laborers are few." The church of San Augustine, as repaired, is beautiful. The inside finish is all of stone and, as I have before said, most lavishly and elaborately sculptured. The church is filled every Sunday with devout worshippers, all Mexicans with the exception of perhaps half a dozen foreigners. I attended on several occasions, and was surprised and pleased to see the auditorium crowded with dusky but attentive listeners. The church has a membership of over 600, and they all seem interested and zealous, and quite up to the standard of life and morals that is expected of them. The tunes familiar to church-goers in Protestant lands are here sung to Spanish words, and they all sing with a heartiness that out-Methodists old fashioned Methodism. In prayer every last one of the audience kneels, although it is a Presbyterian congregation, and in all they do they are enthusiastic and fervid. The creed is recited and also the commandments, and between every commandment is chanted: "Lord, have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law," after the Episcopal style, using the same music. So take it all in all, for the life of him the stranger can not tell whether he is in a Methodist, Presbyterian or Episcopal church from every thing he hears or sees around him. The missionaries say that in the work of Evangelization they cannot stop to split hairs—it is neither healthful nor profitable to do so. In whatever light we may regard this work, Protestantism is a big stride in advance of Romanism. Those who embrace the former very soon change in their outward appearance. Their faces gradually assume a freer, more vivacious and intelligent look, and they become better citizens. Enter one of the many Catholic temples of Zacatecas, and then go to the Protestant one; view the stolid, joyless, superstitious features of the women in the former, and then look upon the bright, intelligent and hopeful faces in the latter, and you will very soon mark the difference. Give them Protestantism by all means, and if there is anything better it will come in due time. The first essential is to break the chains that have so long bound them body and soul. The priests rave and foam, but are impotent to do any damage only as they work upon the feelings of fanatics and incite them secretly to violence, for the Government protects religious liberty *et cetera*. They can fulminate excommunications, but the people are becoming indifferent to such things and snap their fingers in derision.

The pastor in charge of the mission in Zacatecas is Rev. Mr. De Jessé, a converted Italian Romanist, who prepared himself for that ministry. He is a thorn in the flesh of the Romish priests there, for he knows all their weak and assailable points from experience. His wife is an American lady. He is an excellent physician and surgeon and thus gains access to people whom he could not well reach otherwise. He was converted in the United States. He is finely educated and was conversant with ten languages before learning the English, which he acquired scientifically well to preach in it after a year's study. At the time I met him he had been in Zacatecas one year and could already

preach acceptably in the Spanish tongue. The Catholic priests prohibit the poorer people from patronizing Dr. de Jessé as a physician on pain of being denied spiritual consolation (?) in the last extremity; but notwithstanding this, one of the Canons, who was gravely ill of a hemorrhage of the lungs, while I was there, was only too glad to send for Dr. de Jessé post haste for assistance. His devoted patient, a great number of anxious priests were standing around. This did not signify that they were friendly. They would burn Protestants alive had they the power, but they have not; their power is gone never again to return. They are greatly alarmed at their waning hold upon the people. Despite their threats and efforts to keep their members from attending Protestant service, the latter will do as they please—even the poorest and most ignorant are losing their former servile fear. The church owns no property as a society—indeed, no sect can. A church edifice has to be held by some one individual for the society.

The cathedral is a noble building and most luxurious in its furnishings and appointments, and there are many other grand, ecclesiastical piles only a little less gaudily and extravagantly furnished, throughout the city; but all these belong to the Government, and Mr. de Jessé says that any one of these might be *denuenciado* (condemned) at any time and sold to the highest bidder, and should Protestants take it into their heads to bid the highest, they could walk off with the prize and convert it into a Protestant temple.

This people have great capabilities. A corrupt priesthood has kept them down for ages and nothing but the strong arm of the law has made it possible for Protestant effort. As I have before intimated, to look over this congregation of native Protestants and then over a Catholic one the contrast is most striking. The former look happy and free—the latter servile and superstitious, and the effect of the new teachings is more noticeable when a contrast is made between the women of both classes—the former having frank, happy, intellectual countenances, while the Romanists have a spiritless and inanimate look. Each convert from Romanism is good for two or three more, and the leaven is thus doing very efficient work.

One day while seated at the table of an eating house a youth of about eighteen years came in and sat opposite me. He was a little better dressed than the average of his class and carried conspicuously under his arm a Bible. He eyed me attentively, and seemed desirous of entering into conversation, so I spoke to him. He was the same who conducted me over the San Franciscan convent ruins, and who told me things "new and old," things so old or new as not to be well founded in truth. He was anxious to have me know that he was a Protestant. He had abjured the faith of his father's, and enjoyed nothing as much as contradicting and battling with the priests, who were frequent visitors in his mother's home. His course was greatly distasteful to her, and so he did not get along very well in the family. I learned afterwards that he was a smart student, and in consequence had received aid and encouragement from the Government, which is ever ready to assist promising and deserving young men. But there was a likelihood that he would not be long assisted, for though naturally smart, he was distressingly lazy and prone to neglect his classes. He had become cranky on religion. He did not consider himself anything if not a Protestant, and he was ready at any time to dispute and argue with those of his abandoned faith. He spent a great deal of the money given for his necessities in Bibles and tracts, and distributed them freely; and he also borrowed money for the same purpose without knowing how he was to repay. But for all his zeal the pastor of the church did not feel as though he were a suitable person for membership. He was a wonderful story teller; that is, there was a great dearth of truth in what he would say, and somehow his statements would never bear rigid investigation. He was, therefore regarded as cranky on religious matters by those who best knew him. Time may do much to tone him down. He has a brother who publishes a monthly paper, wielding vigorous blows against Romanism.

The schools of the Zacatecas are said to be good of the kind. Several of the confiscated churches are used as schoolhouses. The primary schools are pandemoniums of confusion, as in all Spanish-speaking countries, for the pupils all study their lessons aloud, and with all the lung-power they can command. The higher grades of schools will hardly compare favorably with our high schools, and yet a good scientific and classical education is obtainable in them. Here flock the youth of the State to take advantage of the educational privileges offered, and during my stay I met many a brilliant and promising young man who will hereafter let the world know that he lives in it. It seems somewhat peculiar to find that all the higher grade of several books used are in the French language. The pupil is necessarily compelled to acquire the French tongue in order to be able to make use of his text books. The reason for using French works was not satisfactorily explained to me. The students said it was because the French text books were the best; but granted that this be so, I told them I had seen translations of the same works used years ago in the schools of Havana, and I would have to look further for a good reason for giving preference to the French in the schools over the vernacular of the country.

The whole of the month of May was given, as is customary in all the Romish churches, to the worship of Mary. All the Maryolity of the year comes to a focus in May, and the churches are thronged with devotees. Votive and floral offerings were made every day by processions of young girls, and the churches were decked out in the gayest manner. On visiting the different churches in the evening I found it customary for some woman of piercing but musical voice among the kneeling multitude, to chant in a wailing tone a verse or a line or two, to which the people would all respond in chorus by repeating the same. I have not said much about the worship of Catholics in Mexico. A great deal of it is quite unlike anything in the same Church in the United States, and is downright heathenism. Even Catholics from the States are disgusted, and find but little in common with the native worship that they can commend. I saw many ceremonies and practices in different churches in several cities of Mexico that I never saw elsewhere, and I have traveled some. The Christian religion was never degraded so low anywhere in the world as in Mexico before the revolution, and enough remains to show the stranger something of what it must have been.

I have spoken of the gorgeous interior furnishings of the churches of Zacatecas. The cathedral of the city once contained untold wealth. The altar railings and the steps leading to the altar were of solid silver; gold and silver plate was there in immense quantities; but General Ortega, in order to pay off the soldiers and to feed a starving populace

despoiled the temple of her treasures, and converted them into food and raiment. Fanatical as the lower classes are in that country, and as sacrilegious as the priesthood regarded General Ortega, the former always held their chief in the most enthusiastic admiration, while the latter as heartily despised him. The General died only a few years ago in the City of Mexico—was brought home and buried with the highest honors. Since his death the priests have been a little bolder, but are kept in subjection by the free thinking element of the country. The governor of Zacatecas is a free thinker. In fact, were it not for free thought among the heads of government there would be no Protestantism allowed. It is the liberal element that keeps Romanism in bounds and tolerates other forms of worship.

Speaking of churches, the chapel of the Bufo, though the smallest, is the most conspicuous. The Bufo is a high, precipitous hill, rising abruptly, perhaps 500 feet above the lower level of the city. The apex of the hill was leveled off decades of years ago and a chapel built thereupon, which is still in an excellent state of preservation. The hill is ascended by a winding path, and every year on a certain day crowds of devotees crawl up the difficult way on bare knees, and as pilgrims make their offerings at the shrine of the little church on the dizzy height. The building is visible from every part of the city, and a view from the top of the mount is grand indeed.

Hitherto the presence of Americans in Zacatecas had not been very common. The oldest resident American was Dr. Prevost, who had resided there for over thirty years, married a Mexican lady and raised a large family. When he married his wife she was a liberal Catholic, but afterwards became a very zealous Presbyterian, and both have done good service in aid of missionaries. But I had not been in the city long before many strange Americans' faces began to appear. Contracts for grading the Mexican Central road were being let, and Americans were flocking in "to have a finger in the pie."

After a three weeks' sojourn, I began making preparations for departure for the city of Mexico, which by staging and railroad is reached in three days. New tribulations awaited me which I did not dream of, and no monitor, visible or invisible, was able to warn me against them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PRODIGAL SON.

A Buddhist Version of this Parable.

Lillie in "Popular Life in Buddha." A certain man had a son, who went away in a far country. There he became miserably poor. The father, however, grew rich and accumulated much gold treasure, and many store-houses and elephants. But he tenderly loved his lost son, and secretly lamented that he had no one to whom to leave his palaces and treasures at his death. After many years the poor man, in search of food and clothing, happened to come to the country where his father had great possessions. And when he was afar off his father saw him, and reflected thus in his mind: "If I at once acknowledge my son and give him my gold and treasure I shall do him a great injury. He is ignorant and undisciplined, he is poor and brutalized. With one of such miserable inclinations, 'twere better to educate the mind little by little. I will make him one of my hired servants." Then the son, famished and in rags, arrived at the door of his father's house, and, seeing a great throng of upraised and many followers doing homage to him who sat upon it, was awed by the pomp and wealth around. Instantly he fled once more to the highway. "This," he thought, "is the house of the poor man. If I stay at the palace of the King perhaps I shall be thrown into the prison." Then the father sent messengers after the son, who was caught and brought back, in spite of his cries and lamentations. When he reached his father's house he fell down fainting with fear, not recognizing his father, believing he was about to suffer some cruel punishment. The father ordered his servants to deal tenderly with the poor man, and sent two laborers of his own rank of life to engage him as a servant on the estate. They gave him a broom and a basket, and engaged him to clean up the dung-heap at a double wage. From the window of his palace the rich man watched his son at work, and, disguising himself as a poor man and covering his limbs with dust and dirt, he approached his son and said: "Stay here, good man, and I will provide you with food and clothing. You are honest—you are industrious. Look upon me as your father." After many years the father felt his end approaching, and he summoned his son and the officers of the King and announced to them the secret he had so long kept. The poor man was really his son who had wandered away from him, and now that he was conscious of his former debased condition and was able to appreciate and retain vast wealth, he was determined to hand over to him his entire treasure. The poor man was astonished at this sudden change of fortune, but overjoyed at meeting his father once more.

The parables of Buddha are reported in the Lotus of the perfect law to be veiled from the ignorant by means of an enigmatic form of language. The rich man of this parable, with his throne adorned by flowers and garlands of jewels, is announced to be Tirthagata, who dearly loves all his children, and has prepared for them vast spiritual treasures. But each son of Tirthagata has miserable inclinations. He prefers the dung-heap to the pearl mani. To teach such a man, Tirthagata is obliged to employ inferior agents, the monk and the ascetic, and to wean him by degrees from the lower objects of desire. When he speaks himself he is forced to veil much of his thought, as it would not be understood. His sons feel no joy on learning spiritual things. Little by little must their minds be trained and disciplined for higher truths.

Red Jacket, whose memory was honored at Buffalo a few days ago, never in his life forgot a thing he learned. Mr. Bryant, in his oration, said: "On a certain occasion, in a council at which Governor Tompkins was present, a dispute arose as to the terms of a certain treaty. 'You have forgotten,' said the agent, 'we have it written down on paper.' The paper then tells a lie," rejoined Red Jacket. 'I have it written down here,' he added, placing his hand with great dignity upon his brow. 'This is the book the Great Spirit has given the Indian—it does not lie!' A reference was made to the treaty in question, when, to the astonishment of all present, the document confirmed every word the unlettered statesman had uttered."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 25, 1884.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

Promotion of Psychical Research.

Specialists, after equipping themselves with the most thorough training attainable, are in different countries devoting their lives to the study of the mind. As a result, each year brings valuable additions to the world's stock of psychological knowledge. But none of these specialists are giving to the phenomena of Spiritualism the attention they deserve. If perchance now and then one dabbles with Spiritualism, he is ever so gingerly, he is forthwith pounced upon by his brother scientists, and soon gives over the effort. This need not be so. There are competent men who will gladly devote their time and talent to the work when assured of proper backing.

The very scant allusions incidentally made in the editorial columns of the JOURNAL and by its editor during his summer travels, concerning a society or institution for Psychical Research have been widely noticed and treated in a most friendly way in various non-Spiritualist quarters. A number of papers have quoted what has been said or published and seconded the suggestion; quite a number of scientific and literary people, together with many progressive men in the ministry, have written the editor or approached him in person upon the subject. The very general encouragement of the plan is indicative of the universal interest in the matter involved and the readiness with which hearty co-operation will be forthcoming and powerful allies obtained in quarters most influential and desirable. B. F. Underwood, widely known as one of the ablest thinkers of the Agnostic school, and associate editor of the Boston Index, devoted nearly a column of his paper to the suggestions made by the JOURNAL for a Psychical Research Society. He says:

"We should be pleased to see such an organization effected for the thorough study of psychology in general, and for the close, honest and impartial examination of alleged spiritual manifestations in particular. We should be glad to unite with the editor of the JOURNAL and all other honest Spiritualists in bringing the least questioned and the least doubtful phenomena alleged to be spiritual to the test of a rigid scrutiny, with a view to ascertaining the exact value of claims that are boldly made as to matters of fact, and the legitimacy of the conclusions which are by many intelligent and honest minds drawn from these alleged facts."

A leading Unitarian minister, whose genial face and hopeful, cheery words are familiar to the liberal people of two continents, when a project including as one of its chief activities a Psychical Research Department was broached to him, said with great enthusiasm: "Tell Mr. —, the demonstration of a life hereafter and the return of spirit friends, in such a way as to meet general acceptance, will be the greatest achievement of the nineteenth century." Another Unitarian preacher, whose strong, brave words along the line of advanced thought have made for him a national reputation, writes us expressing the deepest personal interest in the successful inauguration of a Psychical Research Institution. A talented Methodist clergyman has expressed the keenest interest. In the work, and voluntarily offers to leave his little fortune to further its interests. A newspaper man of wide experience on the secular press, and a zealous Spiritualist makes the same offer; and these are only isolated instances selected at random from quite a number who have written us. One of the most thoroughly accomplished and painstaking essayists and lecturers of New England wrote us immediately after seeing Mr. Under-

wood's article in *The Index* of the 9th inst., as follows:

"I do not, as you doubtless know, have much confidence in the Spiritualist hypothesis as one likely to be of service in explaining the various phenomena which it is sought to explain by it; but I am glad to see it tested reverently by every sincere person to whom it does commend itself. And permit me to say in simple frankness, that I know of no one else who is working in that direction with a spirit as method so commendable and so interesting as your own. I am glad to see you favor the establishment in this country of a Society for Psychical Research, like the English Society. I should heartily welcome such a society as that, and I sincerely wish that Stanley Hall and some other of our psychologists would take to it."

Very many representative Spiritualists, as well as people of wealth and prominence who, while believing in Spiritualism, have refrained from identifying themselves publicly with it, together with the body of acute, critical and fearless Spiritualists and investigators constituting the bulk of the JOURNAL's constituency, deeply feel the need of more thorough scientific effort and the imminent importance of constructive work; which, thoroughly grounded upon a scientific basis shall steadily lead onward and upward, dealing more and more with the higher aspects of Spiritualism. It will be seen that in the movement for a Psychical Research Institution there is a community of interests among those who, while widely differing in many respects, are all equally anxious and ready to find the truth. The benefit of an Institution for Psychical Research will be realized as much by those already Spiritualists, as by the world at large; indeed, the Intelligent Spiritualist will say that Spiritualism as a distinctive Movement will be the greatest gainer.

The average man is prone to assumption and the empirical method in his treatment of whatever comes before him; every party or sect has a majority of such people, Spiritualism being no exception. Spiritualists and Liberalists are much given to criticising the beliefs of their evangelical neighbors, yet are themselves equally guilty of dealing in dogmatic assertion and predicated views upon assumptions, which are too often but the assumptions of ignorance. This is plain talk, but it is just; and to whom should one talk candidly if not to those of his own household?

The class who steadily oppose the JOURNAL's demand for test conditions and accuracy of observation and statement, will no doubt sneer at a Psychical Research Institution and raise the stock cry, "the spirits won't be dictated to." Those who raise this hue are such as once believed in the literal truth of all the allegories contained in the Bible, and who are now lend in their denunciations of those who can not see their way clear to accept Spiritualism upon the evidence so far brought to their attention. Such people are ever ready to fortify their positions when questioned, by quoting Prof. Crookes and other scientists in favor of the reality of the phenomena, yet these men they so love to quote are all sticklers for scientific methods; and because of this, and because their researches were conducted with scientific skill, are the results weighty when brought forward by those who at other times sneer at and discourage scientific methods. Professor Crookes, in writing of the phenomena, says: "We must not mix up the exact and the inexact. The supremacy of accuracy must be absolute. . . . No observations are of much use to the student of science unless they are truthful and made under test conditions; and here I find the great mass of Spiritualist evidence to fail." On the same page he gives such a perfect description of some who oppose the JOURNAL, that our subscribers will be able to readily name them. Here is his picture: "The pseudo-scientific Spiritualist professes to know every thing; no calculations trouble his serenity, no hard experiments, no long laborious readings, no weary attempts to make clear in words that which has rejected the heart and elevated the mind. He talks glibly of all sciences and arts, overwhelming the inquirer with . . . a mere play upon words, showing ignorance rather than understanding."

To match the all-believing, superstitious, incompetent observers who are always in a state of impassioned anticipation when witnessing manifestations, are those who loudly declare these phenomena never occur; that they are all tricks of the so-called medium, or delusions of the narrator. These two classes, though arrayed one against the other on the subject of Spiritualism, are both on the same intellectual level; both so completely dominated by preconceived opinions that supervening facts find no place in their minds upon which to impinge, no ingress even possible. Fortunately the promotion of Psychical Research depends on neither of these classes, and will be carried forward regardless of both.

Rational Spiritualists owe it to themselves, to the Cause and to the world, to take the initiative in psychical investigation and furnish the necessary means for its continuous and successful prosecution. There is no lack of wealth, and no good reason why the work should not be speedily begun. We can name off-hand twenty Spiritualists whose aggregate wealth exceeds \$500,000,000, and we can supplement the list with hundreds worth from \$10,000 to \$100,000 each. If the scheme is inaugurated with the money of Spiritualists, it is to be expected the Institution will start out with the assumption that a portion of the phenomena now generally acknowledged as occurring, are the manifestations of spirits once in mortal form. Naturally this would be assumed as a working hypothesis; but it would not restrict the most rigid scrutiny and thoroughly scientific methods. The patrons of the Institution would heartily co-operate, and follow the truth as fast as developed. To more fully set forth to the public our views concerning such an Institution,

a portion of a private letter written several months ago to one deeply interested may with propriety be published in this connection. It reads as follows:

In compliance with your request that I embody my views of a general plan for the proposed combination of activities, . . . I now do so; though of necessity what I may say will be incomplete, somewhat crude, and needing modification and clarifying; as, even if competent for the entire task, which I am not, the pressure upon my time forbids that undivided attention so essential to thorough work.

Spiritualism—that is the return and manifestation of those once living on earth—proves the continuity of life beyond the grave. This knowledge is working a tremendous revolution in the religious world; and, indeed, affects man's entire environment, his social, political, business, and religious life. Spiritualism has been, by one of its most astute students, aptly called, "The Philosophy of Life." So all-embracing is its larger scope. In its narrower, technical meaning it may be defined as a synthesis of well attested facts. The use to be made of these facts depends upon the individual receiving them; they may be the source wherefrom he will derive such grand lessons, and imbibe such high and pure inspiration as shall make him an exemplar of all that is noble and good, a benefit to this world and a wise and radiant denizen of the next, when his work on earth is done; or, he may prostitute them to evil purposes, use them to advance his selfish interests, to pander to his animal passions, thereby increasing his power for evil-doing and his deleterious influence over those about him. The world needs to know the facts; it needs still more to study this Philosophy of Life; for the potencies of temporal as well as spiritual happiness lie therein. The mere knowledge of the continuity of life and of spirit return does not, of itself alone, necessarily make men better, and often does make them worse, by removing theological beliefs which have before held them within bounds of seeming propriety, and opening the flood gates to a tide of wild vagaries, crude, illogical views, and vitilating laxness of sentiment as to morals and religion.

Potent with beneficence and happiness, Spiritualism, following a universal law, is equally potent for maleficence and unhappiness. Hence the imperative importance of its being carefully studied and more fully comprehended by those accepting it.

Although thirty-six years have passed since the modern manifestations began at Hydesville, and thousands of mediums have been developed to a greater or less—generally less—degree, and hundreds of tons of paper used in recording the observations and opinions of witnesses, yet beyond the one fact that spirit manifestations do take place, but little comparatively is known with sufficient certainty to cause general agreement, even among Spiritualists.

In order that the intercourse between the two worlds may continue uninterrupted and yield the largest amount of good to all, it is essential that it be reduced to a science. Already we have a Scientific Basis, as has been most convincingly shown through experiments supervised by scientific experts, and most cogently set forth by Epes Sargent and other writers. It is folly, worse than folly, in my opinion, for us to sit idly watching phenomena and never reflecting upon or studying the cause, or endeavoring to utilize the power to its fullest extent. It has been truly said that "those who observe phenomena without reflection become superstitious," and we need not go outside the ranks of Spiritualists to prove the truth of this. The Spiritualism of to-day is to that of the future what ancient alchemy is to modern chemistry.

Spiritualism in both its narrow and broad definitions is here; it is a fact. How can its potencies be best developed, how can we learn more ourselves and at the same time present the subject to an anxiously inquiring world so as to give it as clear and pure and effective as possible, how can we make it a leading factor in hastening the millennial day? . . .

1. AN EXPERIMENTAL SCHOOL OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, is the primary step.

Essential requisites for the work of this school are:

(A) A sum of money adequate to secure the services of mediums and sensitives, to pay rent for permanent rooms if necessary, and for such material as may be needed in experimenting; salary to a competent secretary whose duties would be to carefully record the working experiments and prepare the accounts for publication, and also to attend to the large correspondence which would inevitably grow up in connection with the work; and for incidental expenses. The amount used would, of course, depend upon the supply; but in my opinion at least \$5000.00 could be profitably expended the first year and possibly more—yet even less would give some valuable data for use in generalization.

(B) Competent Experimenters. And in selecting these great caution and sound judgment must be exercised. The corps of experimenters must as a whole combine a quite thorough knowledge of Chemistry, Mathematics, Mechanics, Anatomy, Physiology, Electricity, Mesmerism, Psychology, Biology, etc. Each member of the corps or committee must be a fair-minded investigator who approaches the subject in the truly scientific spirit, to find the truth and not to confirm preconceived opinions; and he must have the courage to stand by the record of experiments and vouch for their accuracy to the world, when published. It is not essential that the members reach a unanimous conclusion as to the cause of one or all of the phenomena, but it is important that the observers of each experiment shall agree as to the methods used and the manifestations witnessed. This corps of experimenters should be made up partly of experienced Spiritualists. The general supervision and management of this Experimental School should be in the hands of a Spiritualist widely known and one in whose judgment and honesty the intelligent, reflecting class of Spiritualists has confidence, and who also has the respectful attention and confidence of the general public.

These experiments need not of necessity be confined to a single city or one set of investigators, but if conducted in different localities, they should all be under one management.

The thanks of the JOURNAL are extended to Brother Wm. Skinner of Clinton, Iowa, for a splendid cabinet picture of himself.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McDonald will spend two months in Washington, then go to Florida for the remainder of the winter. We are glad to hear Mrs. McDonald has been greatly benefited by her stay at Saratoga Springs. We shall miss them both very much this winter.

Prof. Kiddle's Idiosyncrasies.

Correspondents occasionally call attention to the very strange spirit evinced by Mr. Henry Kiddle in his persistent misrepresentations of the JOURNAL and its editor, and ask why public notice is not taken of them. In reply it may be said that the gentleman is rather to be pitied than blamed; his aberrations are usually best met by silence. They have force only with intellects clouded by prejudice or superstition, and consequently exercise no influence with intelligent, fair minded readers. Some time since the gentleman in his capacity as editorial contributor to an obscure sheet published and edited by one Dorus Morton Fox, took occasion to exhibit his animus in an article upon Mr. Bundy's remarks made last July at the Concord School of Philosophy. It would seem from indications that care was taken to have Mr. Kiddle's views in this instance brought to the attention of some, not subscribers to the sheet referred to. A number of letters have reached the JOURNAL office inspired by a perusal of the article, and the following private letter is, with the permission of the writer, given to the public as a fair expression of the views of many who have been Spiritualists from twenty-five to thirty-five years:

DEAR BROTHER:—While at Lake Pleasant, I first read the report of your visit to the Concord School of Philosophy, and your reply to the attack then made on Spiritualism. Of course it furnished a theme of conversation, and all who spoke of it, and there were many, distinguished in the cause, expressed admiration for your daring to brave the opposition in its strong hold, and for the masterly manner in which you presented the claims of the philosophy of Spiritualism. An eminent speaker remarked, that considering the suddenness with which the matter was sprung upon you, the perfect answer you gave was evidence of its inspiration.

Entertaining the same views, I was greatly surprised to find in a late number of the Spiritual Offering, an editorial article by Prof. Kiddle, traducing your effort, and so garbling your words as to make it appear that you really sneered at Spiritualism, "belittled and slandered" it "before this narrow tribunal." This rancor and enmity is so sharp and deep, he makes no mention of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, or of you by name; you are simply "the editor of a Spiritualist journal."

From many other sources this attack would not merit a passing notice, but Prof. Kiddle is regarded by some as a teacher of Spiritualism, and a leader, and as such his opinions demand attention. He has made great sacrifices for his belief; of position, honors, and emoluments; the friend-hips of his youth, the ties of ripper years; all for what to him appears the truth. I honor him for this, and because he has at times accepted manifestations on frail evidence, or circumstances which were not as satisfactory to others as to himself, I have said it was because the subject was new and as yet uncomprehended by him in its completeness.

The real point at issue, which especially angers Mr. Kiddle and causes him not only to lay aside the fraternal feelings workers in a common cause should entertain, but ordinary politeness as well, is the stand for pure and "clean" Spiritualism the JOURNAL takes. This prompts the reflection made upon its editor, "whose avowed object," says Mr. Kiddle, "appears to be to cover public mediumship with obloquy as 'mercantile Spiritualism.'"

Prof. Kiddle may feel aggrieved, and have written honestly, but if he for a moment thinks he advances the cause by an attack so gratuitous, statements so erroneous, so unjust, he is most assuredly mistaken. If the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has ever in a single instance published a single word against genuine mediumship or true mediums, there might be some foundation for his assertions. On the contrary, it has from the beginning advocated the cause of mediums, and by its efforts to suppress the fraudulent and dishonest, been the strongest friend of the true and reliable. HUDSON TUTTLE. Oct. 5th, 1884.

A Remarkable Cure.

A short time ago we gave an account of the remarkable healing powers possessed by Mr. Myers, of York, Pa. This week we have the pleasure of again chronicling another of his wonderful cures as set forth by the Philadelphia Times. Mr. James Kennedy of Philadelphia was the sufferer. When he called upon Mr. Myers, he was a complete wreck. For more than nine years he had been crippled by what eminent physicians of Philadelphia pronounced sciatica and for which they had applied all the known remedies without avail. Mr. Myers began by making a number of inquiries of his patient. After satisfying himself in regard to the nature of the trouble, he then began his treatment, which is remarkable only for its simplicity. After making a few delicate passes over the afflicted parts, the operator placed one hand upon the patient's forehead and the other upon the back of his head. This was continued for a few minutes and then the operator said, jocularly, but with an assurance which was indicative of his own confidence: "Instantaneously cured! I must now say, in the language of the Scripture, 'Take up thy bed and walk.'" Mr. Kennedy obeyed, hesitatingly at first, but more boldly when he discovered that the task was not difficult.

Marvelous as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that a man who has been for years a helpless cripple, who labored painfully along with half paralyzed and useless limbs, now walks the street and promenades the office of the Central Hotel with the vigor and buoyancy of youth without a perceptible halt in his gait.

The white missionaries among the Fijis have succeeded in introducing some very peculiar usages of civilization among the natives. They have taken to cricket and play with great energy. The rival clubs challenge each other and the games are desperately contested. Each game is opened and closed with prayer, and their challenges are embued with a religious spirit always ending "with great love, Amen."

GENERAL NOTES.

Henceforth the address of Giles B. Stebbins will be as follows: 164 Howard st., Detroit, Michigan.

Sidarth gave a lecture on Wednesday evening last, at 314 State street, on the Reorganization of Society, much to the satisfaction of those present.

Professor Mach, a scientific investigator of Prague, is reported to have carried the art of instantaneous photography to the point of securing photographs of a bullet in its flight.

It is said the English Claude Missionary Society has expended in thirty-three years upward of \$600,000 on "missions" to Jews and Mohammedans, in Palestine, without making a single convert.

Lyman C. Howe, who is now speaking at Springfield, Mass., wishes to make lecture engagements for November and December. He is to be in Kansas City, Mo., during the first two months of the new year.

Mrs. M. M. Lewis of 295 31st street, is one of the magnetic healers who has stood the test of time and proven well worthy of patronage. In addition to her medical gifts, she is a lady whom it is a pleasure to know.

Robert Buchanan thinks that America possesses in Walt Whitman the most original poet in the world, the noblest soldier in Sherman, the profoundest philosophic physiologist in Draper, the greatest humorist in Mark Twain, the finest living actor in Jefferson, and the wisest statesman in Lincoln.

Gen. T. L. Clingman of North Carolina continues steadfast and enthusiastic in his faith in tobacco as a panacea for the "ills that flesh is heir to," and reports several new cases in which remarkable cures of dropsy, sore throat, corns, warts, etc., have been effected by tobacco-leaf compresses.

A French Archbishop looked with complacency on the first railroad, on religious grounds. He declared that "railroads were an evidence of divine displeasure against innkeepers; they would now be punished for having supplied meat to travelers on fast-days, by seeing said travelers carried swiftly past their doors."

Dwight L. Moody and Mr. Sankey are at work in Brooklyn. Of the former it is said that "he brings tears to the eyes of the listeners by his word-pictures of the punishment of those who have transgressed." Mr. Moody has grown stouter since his last visit to the City of Churches, three years ago, and gray threads his hair.

Excitement has been produced in learned circles in Berlin by Professors Finkler and Prior, of the University of Bonn, who claim an equal share with Dr. Koch in the merit of the discoveries usually associated with the latter's name. Dr. Koch was forced to recognize the justice of their claim at the Imperial Board of Health.

In the rotunda of the capitol at Raleigh, N. C., is located a stone called Center Rock, upon which, if a man squarely stands, his words become inarticulate to those about him. This is upon the authority of the Raleigh News, which adds that several gentlemen, in experimenting recently with this peculiar stone, all experienced its curious effect.

Much interest has recently been excited in English engineering circles by the announcement of the discovery of a new motive power by Mr. Edwin Sturge, who has patented the means of application. According to report, the new motive power threatens to displace steam as the motive power for driving light machinery, and for all purposes of light locomotion either on land or water. Arrangements are in progress to give the invention a public test.

A dispatch to the Boston Globe of the 10th, from Onset Bay, says: "At a meeting of stockholders of the Onset Bay Grove Association yesterday, it was voted to stop further operations upon the building of the new association temple, now in process of erection at the grove, and a committee of five was chosen to prevent the erection if possible. The directors have seen fit to build contrary to the wishes of a majority of the stockholders, and no end of trouble is expected in consequence."

The arrangements for the establishment of an Irish colony in Utah are now all but complete. A tract of 100,000 acres are secured, and all that is wanted now is that the water rights should be guaranteed. Mr. John Dillon, late M. P. for Tipperary, who accompanied Mr. Parnell through this country, has thrown himself into the scheme with great vigor. At first it was intended that the settlement should be exclusively devoted to Irish immigrants. That scheme has been abandoned now. All poor people of all nationalities will not only be welcomed, but will be assisted until they obtain a footing, and be allowed to pay for the land they occupy "as soon as they can."

Not long ago a Scottish clergyman reproved a member of his flock for being drunk. "Gin't please ye," said Jimmy, "I dinna drink as melkie as yersel." "Why how is that?" said the minister. "Aweel, dinna ye aye tak a glass o' whisky and water after dinner?" "Why, yes, Jimmy, sure I take a glass o' whisky after dinner, to aid digestion." "And dinna ye tak a glass o' toddy every night when we are ganging to bed?" "Yes, to be sure, I just take a little toddy every night to help me to sleep." "Well," continued Jimmy, "that's just fourteen glasses a week, and about sixty every month I only get paid once a month, and then if I tak' sixty glasses it wud mak' me dead drunk for a week. Now, you see, the only difference is that ye time it better than I do."

BY SARAH GRAVES.

The "Boy Preacher."

"The Mistakes of Dawbarn."

Mary L. Mineer writes: The JOURNAL, as a weekly visitor, cannot be spared. The contributions show learning, research and careful thought, and the whole make-up places it in the foremost rank of first-class journalism.

Two hundred cars are now in use transporting fresh fruit from California to the East.

A Miserable Empress.

W. W. Keith writes: I can't bare to lose a single number of the JOURNAL. I had rather live on two meals per day, if I were obliged to, than to go without the JOURNAL. I have buried my last child four in all, and you can judge how much comfort the JOURNAL is to us in our loneliness. It is by far the best paper published on the subject of Spiritualism in the United States.

Slate Writing.

Captain C. B. Dix, of 47 South street, New City, has received a letter from Captain Alex. Wilson of the bark Financor, dated Irvigut, Greenland, Jan. 12, 1884, saying that he has found another lot of ice which he supposes to be from the wrecked steamer Jeannette. Wilson found certain articles some time ago about which there was much discussion as to whether they could have drifted from the Jeannette's location to the place where they were picked up. Captain Wilson now reports that since his voyage the *Equilmaux* of St. Julien's Haab found at Mianardit, forty miles northwest, on a lot of ice, a slop chest of clothing, twenty overcoats with deer skin, twenty pairs of trousers, and other things which the captain believes came from Jeannette, as he will try to show when he arrives Philadelphia.

A clergyman recently told his congregation, describing heaven, that "it will always be Sunday here." This assurance ought to please those nineteen since the decision of a New York judge that there is no law against playing base ball on Sunday and persons who deride the day to fishing may make an effort to get there; but the Sunday law, which obliges every company to assemble in church twice a day, and attend Sabbath school in the afternoon, is apt to go in training for some other place, where Sunday does not come oftener than once a year. *Norfolk-Herald.*

Continued from First Page

and were convinced there was nothing whatever about her which could be utilized in masquerading.

"Now," said Miss Hill, please baste up the front of my Jersey with strong white thread, put mittens on my hands, sew them up to the Jersey and also sew the Jersey to the skirt of my dress."

While these instructions were attended to by the ladies the gentlemen of the party, under the pilotage of the host, were shown the arrangements for a sort of cabaret between the two rooms. An arch divided the sitting room and parlor, leaving a space between the two of about four feet in width. At each side of this aperture heavy wooden curtains were held back temporarily by loops, which were to be removed when the curtain dropped. In the sitting room a door opened out upon a stoop and walk, another into a bed chamber. Back of these rooms was the kitchen and other rooms.

On the return of the party to the parlor chairs were arranged in three rows across the room, the first row probably ten feet from the curtains of the arch. The front seats were assigned to the ladies and the reporters were of the number relegated to the seats back of all. The gas was then turned low, but a single jet burning, throwing out a flickering light which seemed suggestive of ghostly visitants. "Now as we succeed in getting a perfectly harmonious condition," Mr. S. said, "the better the manifestations will be. Music, however crude, is an excellent help in getting the circle in a condition of relaxation and calm, when the electrical currents blend in assistance to the medium."

A quavering soprano in a moment struck up "The Sweet Bye and Bye," in which all joined, the shrill tenor of the senior reporter balancing the lower F's of reporter junior. As the lines were repeated again and again, gradually softening to more mellow cadences, Miss Hill arose and approached the curtains, deeply agitated. As she turned and the curtains fell the spectators caught a glimpse of her face, distorted by wild emotion, with glassy, staring eyes like those of the dead. The senior reporter's tenor ended for a moment in a plaintive quaver and the rumbling melody of his companion's tune came to an equally abrupt end. The more experienced of the company kept on, however, with in probably ten seconds of the lady's disappearance within the curtains a beautiful white arm darted out at the side of the curtain followed by a larger one, a smaller one, then all together until dozens were presented, several at one time. We had every connecting door locked and the keys deposited on the piano within plain sight at any time, yet here were evidences of something, which, if juggling, was certainly of a skillful order.

There was then an interval of silence, almost painful in its intensity, during which every eye was bent expectantly upon the curtain. Suddenly without the faintest rustle, it seemed, the curtain was lifted and in the full view of the audience stood a little girl, clad in loose, gauzy drapery, long golden hair resting in showers upon her shoulders and falling below the waist. In a moment, with a quality of voice impossible from the lips of the living, one would think—so distant, yet pure and mellow it was—she said: "Good evening all," with a courtesy, and the curtain fell before her.

"That's Maudie, her control," somebody whispered, and another hymn was begun. To one perfectly unfamiliar with alleged manifestations of the kind the simple presence of this child, thing or what the reader may choose to call it, was one of those rare sensations which leave ineffaceable impressions behind. Certain it is that at least two persons present will never forget the indescribable sensations of that moment. More wonderful either as mysteries into which the mind has not penetrated or as most cunning examples of jugglery were the succeeding scenes of this strange spectacle, but the impressions given by the unexpected appearance of this apparition were of all most vivid.

The form was that of a child of about ten years, delicate, angel-like it may be said, with features which, in the dim light, seemed wonderfully clear-cut and anything but suggestive of masquerading. As the second hymn ended a voice corresponding to that of "Maudie" chattered away in an indistinct monotone behind the curtain, finally raising the tone first heard and saying in a beautifully childish way: "You don't sing good 'night, tall, tall, and somebody here's scared just awful, I know there is."

Those persons present who were familiar with the sensations of such a time giggled. The representatives of a fearless press were discreetly silent.

"Can't you tell us who it is?" one of the doctors asked.

"Oh, he mightn't like it," the voice resumed; "he's a stranger here, too, and—"

What was seen at that moment by the persons present will probably never be believed by others. Instantaneously three full forms, apparently flesh and blood, appeared together at the side of the curtain, a tall, broad-chested man in the uniform of a Russian officer, it was afterward concluded, a youth of possibly fifteen years in modern costume, and a girl probably younger, in filmy white. The pose of each was with right foot advanced and left receding as in taking a step, though with the crouch of limb as in a spring. The right hand of each touched the lips. "Possibly for thirty seconds these figures remained in the position described, when, as suddenly as they had appeared, the curtain fell as with one gliding backward step they passed behind it. During that time not the slightest movement disturbed the quiet of the parlor and, however skeptical the beholders were, there was a common sigh of relief as the curtain rested at the wall and floor again. "That was a remarkable test," somebody said, and the singing was resumed.

At the close of this ditty a weary groan echoed from the alcove and the curtains rustled. "She is conscious again," Mrs. S. said; "I will speak to her," and approaching the curtains she drew them aside, returning in a few minutes with Miss Hill, leaning, as if in great exhaustion, upon her arm. More than this, if more was necessary, the reporters did not see, except ocular demonstration that the stitches in the dress and the condition of the alcove had in no way been disturbed. This ended the séance which, the reader will agree with the reporters, was sufficiently out of the common to be worthy of description.

New York's crematory will be ready for business Jan. 1.

Dr. Tanner, the faster, has gone to Mexico to live on a ranch.

A cat story, in which it is shown that a favorite feline ran mewing violently from one bed-room door to another at midnight in a house at Hartford, Conn., until she succeeded in getting somebody to go down and close a street door that had been carelessly left open, is told in the Hartford Times. As to whether the cat feared an enterprising burglar or a stray dog, no opinion is ventured.

Address of Sidney Thomas, Esq., Delivered Oct. 18, 1884, at Weber Hall, Chicago, Before the Philosophical Society.

(An abbreviated report.)

The lecturer began by enumerating the programme thus far selected for the course, including a defense by an eminent prelate on philosophical and scriptural grounds, of the authority of the Pope; a discussion of theism by a distinguished heretic; a defense of faith on rational grounds by a celebrated jurist; the character of Marcus Aurelius; Whittier's rank as a poet; while the oil of "materialism" would be poured on the dark sea of pessimism. The lamb of faith and lion of infidelity would meet in peace, while reason tried to reconcile them. Mr. Thomas mentioned Capt. Armstrong, Dr. Abbott, Gen. Buford, I. N. Arnold and Mrs. Doggett as members of the society who had passed away, but whose memory would long be cherished.

The lecturer said he did not expect to show any marked difference between philosophy of the present and past. The various schools were represented in Chicago: Roman Catholic, Protestant, Armenian, Calvinistic, liberal and secular. Here, as once at Athens, the philosophy of Gorden, Porch, Lyceum and Academy were taught. The Chicago Philosophical Society, the only one of its kind here, stood for no school or method. It included disciples of Plato, Epicurus, Bacon, Schopenhauer, Zeno and Kant, the adherents of the objective as well as the subjective method.

The speaker drew attention to the following considerations as being fundamentals in philosophy:

1. Wisdom is the capacity to make due use of knowledge; knowledge, the apprehension of facts. Copier says:

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge is proud that it has learned so much. Wisdom is humble that it knows no more."

Ingenuity and wit both imply acuteness. Ingenuity comprehends invention, and wit knowledge. Wit is seen in aptness of expression. Wisdom is the discreet use of understanding relative to causes and effects. Coleridge calls wisdom "Common sense in an uncommon degree." Solomon was deeply impressed with the superiority of wisdom, as Proverbs clearly show. Every age has been supplied with learned and eloquent men, but not so well with wise. How few of the 773,000 words of the Bible are words of wisdom. The wisdom of Christ is substantially contained in the 5th of Matthew.

2. Who are philosophers? Pythagoras, being asked in what art he most excelled, said he was master of none, but was a philosopher; that as in the public games some contended for glory and some for gain, while others were merely spectators; so in life, amid the pursuits of men some are indifferent to all pursuits, but apply themselves to wisdom. He who is engrossed with one art is necessarily a specialist; and this is the antithesis of the philosopher. Pope says:

"One science only will one genius fit; So broad is art, so narrow human wit."

If this is true of the sciences, with what greater force must it apply when one proposes to devote the mind to those universal laws by which alone phenomena of the universe can be understood. Pythagoras taught the philosopher was not only the most modest of all men, but the most independent, anxious to differ to both glory and gain. Being to accumulate, or to gain popularity, takes from perfect independence. The philosopher, rather than surrender his profession, would say:

"Give me again my hollow tree, A crust of bread and liberty"

or with another:

"Were e'en Paradise A prison, I'd leap its golden walls."

One may excel as a specialist, be eminent as a chemist, accomplished as a theologian, wonderful as a mathematician, comfortable as a millionaire, and still be no philosopher. The accumulation of details beyond a comprehensive knowledge and the possession of wealth beyond competency would be a hindrance to the philosophic mind, which has little time or patience to dwell on multifarious details. The scientist deals with nature concretely in its objects; the philosopher abstractly in its laws. Single phenomena are facts; grouped they are laws, and laws are the alphabet of philosophy. The known is history. Philosophy is not history. The philosopher pursues some new principle which shows the relation of the special to something more universal. When that is discovered, he seeks another. Were he to stop for profit from his discoveries, he might become an eminent scientist, mechanic or divine, but he would cease to be a philosopher.

3. No two philosophers have been able to define philosophy alike. The popular conception is, that it is a tangled mass of absurdities. It is like love—the more you have of it and the less you say about it, the better.

The lecturer gave Sam Weller's illustration of a philosophical mind; also that of Mr. Squeers, who regarded "measles, rheumatism, hooping cough, fevers, agers and lumbagers," all together as philosophy.

Philosophy is the love of wisdom; the knowledge of phenomena. When applied to any department it denotes the general laws and all the subordinate facts relating thereto. Thus when applied to God it is called theology; when applied to material objects, physics; when it treats of man, anthropology—the science of things human and divine; of causes and effects; of things possible as much as they are possible; of truths and their application; the science of science.

While we may gain a conception of what philosophy is, its pursuit is sometimes attended with uncertainty; as instance Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller experimenting in an alley at night with dark lanterns, and the learned treatise of the scientific gentleman who observed the wonderful phenomena and endeavored to explain them on natural hypotheses. But the benefits derived from speculative philosophy are seen to-day in every department of human experience.

The lecturer said he approached metaphysics with awe. It is a wilderness where many minds have been hopelessly lost; a jungle whither superstition and intolerance have always escaped when defeated on the plains of reason. It is the science of the real as distinguished from the phenomenal. Some unknown metaphysician has simplified the matter as follows:

"Across the moorlands of the Not We chase the gruesome When And hunt the lines of the What Through forests of the Then."

"Into the inner consciousness We track the crafty Where; We spear the Ergo tough, and beard The Ego in his lair."

"With lassos of the brain we catch The lances of the Was, And in the copes of the Whence We hear the Think-bees buzz."

"We climb the slippery Which-bark tree, To watch the Thousens roll, And pause betimes in gnostic rhymes To woo the Over-soul."

Is it strange that Newton exclaimed: "O physics, beware of metaphysics." The Popular Science Monthly recently remarked: "Are you metaphysicians quite sure you do not take words for ideas? To what increments of real knowledge can you lay claim? Have you done more than clothe old thoughts in new words? Have you not been engaged since the dawn of philosophy in doing much; accomplishing little? Can you point to unanimity of creed which shall demand as its right the world's acceptance? You disagree with one another. Shall we not in turn doubt you all? Did not Kant confess he could not master Spinoza, and declare Fichte's system untenable? Does not Schopenhauer repudiate Kant? Has not Mill said Hamilton's characteristic was that he seldom adhered to any philosophical statement he had adopted? Do not the panegyrists of Kant aver he never understood the import of his own doctrines? Has not Berkeley admitted: 'We metaphysicians have first raised a dust and then complain we can not see.' Of all misfortunes to philosophy, metaphysics run upon the subjective—plan is the greatest. Draper says that metaphysics and psychology and mental philosophy cultivated as they have been in Europe could yield no other results than they did among the Greeks. A lever is no mechanical power without a material point of support."

In conclusion Mr. Thomas said that philosophy comes to us friendless and alone. No attendant train ever heralded her approach. She has never been supplied with credentials from priest or king. She has crept along the alleys, dwelt in garrets, thankful if in so doing her life could be spared. You can read the history of earth in strata of rocks. So you can trace philosophy's experiences in the scars which intolerance, superstition and despotism have inflicted upon her. On its 50th anniversary the Philosophical Society of Liverpool, in a city of half a million, numbered only 150 members, and among those were few of wealth and leisure. Thirteen years ago, Chicago was destroyed by fire. To-day it numbers 700,000 in population and in business ranks with the first in the world. No other has had such a rapid growth. Our society organized after the fire, and surrounded by such material prosperity has never exceeded a membership of 150. Our very atmosphere is suspicious of philosophy. It is believed with Colton that "Philosophy is to hope what old age is to youth; that the stern truths of philosophy are as fatal to the aspirations of the one as the chilling testimony of experience is to the happiness of the other." or with Moore:

"Such was the rigid Zeno's plan, To form his philosophic man; Such were the modes he taught mankind, To weed the garden of the mind— They tore away some weeds, 'tis true, But all the flowers were ravished too."

Keats said: "Philosophy will clip an angel's wing." Tertullian, "that Philosophy is the patriarch of all heresies." Our neighbors read the story of the deluge, and Campbell's words with satisfaction:

"Triumphal arch that fill'd the sky, When storms prepare to part, I ask not proud philosophy, To teach me what thou art."

as though it were not the result of the operation of fixed laws. Philosophy has not received much encouragement at our hands. Two celebrated divines have rebuked the independent searcher after wisdom. Our churches open their doors not a whit wider than in medieval times. We have advanced alone in material things. Is there nothing higher than hogs, loftier than lumber, grander than grain, more precious than pork? The very names of the merchant princes of Athens have perished. The memory of their priests who conducted worship is lost, along with the superstitions they endeavored to preserve. Her philosophers rescued her from oblivion and crowned her the intellectual metropolis of the ages.

We trust in the future the walls of a Philosophical Temple shall rise in architectural grandeur in our midst; that with conceptions of life and duty which could not have been born of mysteries, society will at last enter upon its triumphal march. Then will the world understand with Plato that philosophy is a modest profession; that solemnity and pretense with pride and selfishness are hateful things; with Voltaire that the discovery of the true and practice of the good are the two most important objects of philosophy; with Burke that philosophy is the queen of arts; with St. James that the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

Aristotle having taught thirteen years in the Lyceum with the highest reputation, was charged with irreligion and only escaped punishment by flight. May the time come when the charge of irreligion shall never again be made; when the brotherhood of mankind shall gather around a single altar—the altar of truth as revealed by nature and reason.

A Haunted Express-Car.

Sights and Sounds That Were Too Much for a Messenger.

Aaron Ross, the express messenger on the Central Pacific who recently made a demand for a new car, averring that the old one in which he had been on duty so long was haunted, sticks to it that he was not mistaken as to what he saw and heard in it. He is a brave and intelligent man, and the fullest credence is given the stories he tells. On two or three occasions, when attacked by robbers, he has shown such nerve that his employers would give him a new car each month rather than let him go. There are some bullet holes in old No. 5, and on the floor is a stain made by the blood of a man who was murdered in it one night several years ago. Concealed behind a pile of boxes at one end Ross sat and killed a train robber last spring at Monticello, just as the bandit was forcing the door.

In talking about the case to-day, Ross said: "I am usually alone in the car, and I make it a rule to go to sleep about 10 o'clock. One night about a month ago I was awakened at 12 by a crashing noise as if a box had fallen down and been smashed to pieces. I got up and looked around. The train was moving along at the usual speed, and everything seemed all right. My lights were burning, and the safe was all right. Thinking I might have made a mistake, I went to bed again and slept all right."

"The next time I went over that part of the road the noise woke me up again. Once more I got up and looked around, but I saw nothing. When I lay down and closed my eyes the crash came again and again. By this time I was a good deal mystified, but I concluded to pay no further attention to the noise, thinking that some time the cause would be clear to me. I heard them after

that right along, but never even opened my eyes until one night, about a fortnight ago, an unusually loud crash caused me to sit up and look around. At the other end of the car, standing up at my desk, with pen in hand, was the shadowy figure of a man.

"The train was in regular motion, and the doors were all locked and barred on the inside. I was wondering how anybody could get in, and at the same time reaching for my rifle, which lay beside the bed. Suddenly the figure disappeared. I looked around, found nothing, gave the thing up as a mystery, and kept it to myself. Two or three nights after this I saw the same thing half a dozen times during the night. Every time I opened my eyes there would be the same man always at my desk writing. Well, I was getting uneasy nervous, and fidgety, and I made up my mind that I wouldn't stand it any longer; so I put in a requisition for a new car. I ain't afraid of any man that ever walked, but I can't fight devils, and I know old No. 5 has a devil in her."—Salt Lake Cor. New York Sun.

An ingenious inhabitant of York County, Pennsylvania, exhibits himself in a dress composed of rat skins, which he was collecting for three years and a half. He made the dress himself, consisting of hat, neckerchief, coat, trousers, cape, gaiters and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was 670, and the person, when thus dressed, appears exactly like one of the Esquimaux as described by Ross. The cape is composed of the pieces of skins immediately around the tails, containing about 600 tails.

There has been started in Berlin a "share company for the removal of trichina from pork." A patent is being applied for to employ a recently invented process to that effect, consisting of pickling pork by means of a highly heated brine, in which muritic acid forms a large ingredient, which process, it is claimed, will kill any trichina that may be in the meat, and preserve the latter permanently.

Horace Greeley never said "Good morning," or "Good evening," "How do you do?" or "Good by," or inquired after anybody's health. But he scrupulously answered every letter that came to him, and answered it on the spot, so that the writer generally got the reply in next mail. He probably wrote 20,000 letters that did not need writing and died the sooner for it.

The astronomers at Cambridge have recomputed the orbit of the Wolf comet, discovered Sept. 17th, and find it to be an ellipse, having the short period of only 2,429 days, or six and two thirds years. It will be in perihelion Nov. 17th, at which time it will be about 146,000,000 miles distant from the sun.

Dr. Hall has his church doors closed and fastened now when he begins his service, so that he and his congregation shall not be disturbed by late-comers.

A student of history has discovered that false teeth were quite common among the ancients, and this gives rise to the horrible suspicion that Cleopatra had some.

The Methodist ministers of Wyoming Conference, New York, have got excited about roller skating rinks and adopted resolutions against them.

A man living at Orville, Neb., says he has frequently heard the whistle of the railway shops at Grand Island, twenty-eight miles away.

A young medical student in Nashville has been driven mad by the horrors of the dissecting room.

Stanley, the explorer, says that on several occasions he bought his life of wild tribes for a pound of two-shilling powder.

Five millions of dollars of English capital has been invested in Montana stock ranches during the current year.

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From the Home Journal.

The thirty-fourth annual report of the old-established

Manhattan Life Insurance Co. gives evidence of the sound

financial condition and increasing prosperity of this institu-

tion. Its income for the year 1883 was \$2,080,729.00; its

disbursements \$1,476,179.81, leaving a balance of nearly

seven millions of good assets. The fact that the claims not

yet due, reported claims, unpaid dividends, the reserves on

existing policies, there remains a surplus of nearly two

and a quarter millions. The increase in its net assets over

last year is \$250,000.